

"A Little Lost Word."

I lost a very little word
Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
I had not meant to say.
If it were only really lost,
I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find
Again that little word,
So that no more from any lips
Could it be ever heard,
I'm sure we all of us should say
That it was something fine
With such completeness to have lost
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost
When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
And now he says it too.
Mamma said that the worst would be
I could not get it back;
But the worst of it now seems to me,
I am always on its track.

If it were only really lost!
Oh, then I should be glad.
I let it fall so carelessly
The day that I got mad.
Lose other things, you never seem
To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
It's always coming back.

The Multiplication Table.

Kitty sat out under the sweet-apple tree in the golden October noontime, crying real salt tears into her Primary Arithmetic.

"Now, what's the matter, Kitty?" asked big brother Tom, coming out with his Greek Grammar under his arm. "I supposed you were eating sweet apples and studying, and I came out to do so, too, and here you are crying."

"It's—this—dreadful—multiplication table!" sobbed Kitty. "I can't never learn it, never!"

"Hard?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it's awful! Harder than anything in your college books, I know. It's the eight times this afternoon and I can't learn 'em, anyhow."

"Don't you know how much eight times one is?" asked Tom, picking up a small apple and beginning to eat it.

"Yes, of course. Eight times one is eight. I can say up to five times eight all right."

"Can you?"

Well, that's encouraging, I'm sure. Let's hear you."

Kitty rattled it off like a book.

"Five times eight is forty"—and there she stopped.

"Oh, go right on," said Tom. "Six times eight is forty-eight."

"I can't," said Kitty. "I can't learn the rest. I've tried and tried, and it's no use."

"Do you learn so hard?" asked Tom. "Now, hear this, and then repeat it after me as well as you can." And Tom repeated a verse of a popular college song.

Kitty laughed, and repeated the nonsense word for word.

"Why, you can learn!"

"But that has a jingle to it. It is not like the dry multiplication table."

"Let's put a jingle into that, then:

Six times eight was always late,
Hurried up and was forty-eight;
Seven times eight was cross as two sticks,
Had a nap and was fifty-six;
Eight times eight fell onto the floor,
I picked it up and 'twas sixty-four;
Nine times eight—it wouldn't do,
I turned it over and 'twas seventy-two."

"Did you make that all up, now?" asked Kitty, in wonderment.

"Why, yes," laughed Tom.

"Oh, it's splendid! Let's see, how is it?" And she went straight through it with very little help.

"Ten times eight is eighty. That one's easy enough to remember."

"And now," said Tom, when she had the jingle well learned, "say the table aloud and the jingle in your mind as you go along."

Kitty tried that, and a very few times made it a success. With the ringing of the first bell she was ready to start to school, with those "dreadful eights" all perfect.

"You're the best Tom in the whole world!" she said, with a good-by kiss. "And I don't believe there's another boy in college that could make such nice poetry."

Tom laughed as he opened his Greek Grammar.

A Prudent Plan.

"The sentiment of Fear," declared my Uncle Zebedee, "is beneath the recognition of a valiant man like me. I loathe timidity; I scorn a coward; and, oh, dear! I should so hate to feel the paltry sentiment of Fear! And in order to prevent it, why, I take some pains at night To have the house closed up and barred securely, snug, and tight."

I should really hate to have a burglar getting in; and hence I have placed alarms at frequent intervals along the fence, And on the doors and windows, and the cat-hole in the shed, And the scuttle in the attic roof. Before I go to bed I lock and bar the doors, and fasten weighty iron chains Across; I don't like burglars, and I therefore take the pains To place, as an additional precaution, pots and pans At all the doors and windows, and tin pails and empty cans; So if a burglar should come in, I'd wake in time to fling My watch and money where he'd see them on first entering. And then just step into the wardrobe, which I have supplied With a key with which it may be firmly locked from the inside.

Thus, by these simple plans, it is indisputably clear I shall never feel the despicable sentiment of Fear. So far beneath the calm, composed and noble dignity Of a brave man such as I am," said my Uncle Zebedee.

How Rubinstein Played.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sat down he peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedleleede a little on the treble, and twoodleodler some on the bass, just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to the man sittin' next to me, says I, "What sort of playin' is that?" And he says, "Hush!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird awakin' up away off in the woods and call sleepy like to its mate, and I look up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east. The breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begin singing together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. The next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats. It was a fine mornin'. And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is;" but he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Then, all of a sudden, Old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he taired, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once. It was a circus and a brass band and a ball all going on at the same time.

He changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the keyboard. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bellsover the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to world's end, and all the angels went to prayer. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop-drip, drip-drip-drip, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory.

He stopped a moment or two to catch breath. Then he got mad. He ran his fingers through his hair; he shoved up his sleeves; he opened his coat-tails a little further; he dug up his stool; he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old

pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean to the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder after thunder through the hollows of perdition.

Then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard tow'd, he crossed over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, up and down, perpetual motion, double, twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand double-bow knots.

By jinks, it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigade. He opened his cannon—siege guns down there, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF LA RIBIDA.

Columbus at the Court of La Ribida.

The interesting episode in the life of Columbus illustrated in our picture is thus referred to in Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus":—

"A stranger who was 'travelling on foot, accompanied by a boy, stopped one day at the gate of a convent of Franciscan friars, and asked for bread and water for his child. Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story:—that stranger was Columbus."

Here we see the great navigator, with his son Diego by his side, demonstrating on a map his theories of the possibility of sailing to the West, and thereby reaching the Indies. That the great discoverer stumbled on America in his way detracts nothing from his broadminded, farseeing courage, and the great debt of humanity to him. In the picture, to the right of Columbus is the Prior, listening with lively interest. The man leaning over the table is a physician named Garcia Fernandez, invited to the conference from his known interest in all scientific knowledge. The third man is a renowned sea captain of his day—Martin Alonso Pinzon, who became so convinced of the practicability of Columbus' plans that he became his companion on his first voyage.