

Our Young People

Owney, of the Mail Bags.

One raw autumn day, some six years ago, a little puppy crept into the Albany postoffice building for warmth and shelter. He was a homeless, hungry little fellow, shivering with the cold, and even to be just inside the door seemed like bliss compared to the street.

Everybody was busy with their own concerns, and nobody saw him. The homeless little dog took courage, and ventured farther and farther into the warmth and comfort. There was a door opened and he slipped through it. In one corner was a pile of leather mail bags; he curled himself up among these and went to sleep.

In the morning when the clerks went for the bags they found him there. He could not tell them where he came from; but the way of his little tail and the pleading look in his brown eyes said plainly: "Please let me stay!" and they did.

That noon one of the postoffice clerks brought in a bottle from his dinner some soup for the puppy, and the next day another kind-hearted man treated him to a piece of steak.

Days went by and nobody came to claim him. Neither did he wander away from his new quarters. He liked his new home, whatever his previous one had been, and meant to stay there. As one and another came in and saw him; they would say:

"Whose dog is that?"

And then the postal clerks would reply, giving him a playful pat:

"Owney! Owney! who is your owner?"

After a time everybody called him "Owney."

Under good treatment Owney grew very fast, and soon became a very wise and intelligent little terrier. From the first night that he had slept on the mail bags he had been very fond of them. He had often wondered in his dog way, where they went to when they were tossed onto the wagons and carried off. One day he had made up his mind he would go with them and see; so when the driver jumped on his high rear and drove off, Owney trotted on behind. He saw the bags flung into the car, and when a good chance came he went in after them. Nobody saw him, nobody missed him; but Owney and the mail bags were old friends, and he was not afraid to go where they went. By and by, when the men began to overhaul the bags, they found Owney just as he had been found that first day in the office, asleep among them. They were men who knew who Owney was and where he came from, and they took care of him and brought him back on their return trip.

But Owney had learned the secret of the mail bags. Neither did he dislike the steady jogging of the train and the attention which he received. Soon after he took another trip. This time he was gone for several weeks, and his friends at Albany thought they had seen the last of him; but one morning he walked in looking a little thinner, a little more ragged, but very wise and happy. Though glad to be at home again, he had evidently enjoyed his trip very much. Where he had been, of course, was only conjecture, but it was thought he must have been a long distance. His friends, afraid that he might go upon another journey and perhaps be lost, took up a subscription and bought him a collar. The collar was marked:

"OWNEY,"
ALBANY POSTOFFICE,
ALBANY,
N. Y.

To this collar was fastened a card asking the railroad postal clerks to fasten tags to him showing where he had been, in case they should encounter him traveling about.

It was not a great while after this that Owney was gone again. His way of traveling was to jump aboard the first mail-car he met, and when that reached its destination and was emptied, he would take any other that was standing in the station ready to leave. If he ever got tired and wanted to go home nobody knew it; and as he could not ask questions as to the way, the only thing for him to do was to keep on going.

He went to all kinds of places, and met all kinds of dogs. Some days a generous postal clerk would give him a good dinner, the next day he would have none, but it was all the same to Owney so long as he had the excitement and change.

He went to Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and they attached checks to his collar. Then he went on through Salt Lake City to California, and from there to Mexico. In Mexico they hung a Mexican dollar on his neck. From there he came up through the South, finally reaching Washington. His collar was hanging full of tags and checks, and poor Owney was weary of the heavy load about his neck. Postmaster-General Wanamaker saw him and took pity on him. He carried him out one day, and had a harness made for him; then he took the badges from his collar and fastened them to his harness.

Owney did not tarry long in Washington, but was soon off again with his new harness. The farther he went the more checks he had to carry, and the heavier grew his load. At

last the attachments alone weighed over two pounds, and poor Owney was tired of carrying the dangling things about with him.

A Boston postal clerk saw him and took pity on him as Mr. Wanamaker had done; he carried him home to his house, and wrote a letter to the postmaster at Albany, telling him of the dog's difficulties. Word came back to take off the harness just as it was, and forward it to them. This was done, and the harness with its attachments can be seen any time in the postoffice building at Albany, preserved in a glass case with Owney's picture.

Once in his travels Owney reached Montreal, and, happening to follow the mail bags to the postoffice, he was taken possession of and locked up, while a letter was sent to Albany telling the officials there of his whereabouts. A reply came to let him go and he would take care of himself. This the Canadian postmaster refused to do till the cost of feeding him and keeping him was paid, in all amounting to \$2.50. A collection was called for among his old friends, the money forwarded and Owney released.

Everybody in the postal service in the United States knows him, and perhaps the next time he visits Canada he will not be a stranger.

Owney is a cross between an Irish and a Scotch terrier. His fur is short, gray and curly. He has beautiful, intelligent brown eyes, but somewhere in his wanderings has lost the sight of his right one, probably from a hot cinder.

When he wore his harness and railroad decorations, he was a dog of most unusual appearance, but he gave up the straps and medals some two years ago, and now there is nothing to distinguish him from any other gray mongrel cur. I had heard about Owney from a friend who in his travels had met the dog; but last summer, while out camping, I became acquainted with him. One of our party was a postoffice railroad clerk, and on the day he started for our camp Owney appeared in his postal car. My friend managed to lure the dog to our camping-ground. Owney seemed pleased at first with the broad fields, and enjoyed now and then a dip in the sea. But two days and two nights were enough for him. On the morning of the second day he disappeared.

At 6:30 in the morning Owney was still in our camp; but at 8:30 he was reported in the Old Colony station in Boston. He must have caught the first boat for the city, and made straight for the railway station.

Where he is now I don't know; and if I knew today, he might be half way to California a few days later. His home is with the mail bags; and nothing would induce him to ride in a passenger car. But no accident has ever yet happened to a train when Owney has been aboard, and the railroad postal men are beginning to look upon him as a "mascot."

An After-Christmas Suggestion.

No sooner had the writer finished her Christmas shopping than several things occurred to her mind which would have been more appropriate for this friend or the other than the articles she had especially designed for them, and in several cases the idea was so good that it seemed most important to keep it in mind for another year.

So a little Christmas book has been started in which these various happy thoughts have been jotted down, to have others added to them during the year as they occur to her mind or are suggested by others. At present the list reads something as follows:

"Six pots of primroses for Mary." (Mary loves flowers, the primroses will only cost a trifle over \$2, and set on shelves in her sunny parlor windows they will give pleasure to her and her friends until early spring.)

According to season, for Alice, who is deeply interested in botany. This little book is charmingly bound, and if a tiny silver bookmark is slipped between its leaves will be sure to meet with a delightful reception.

Another item—"Make small book-marks (soldier caps that fit on the corner of the page) of Whatman paper, and decorate them with water-color paints."

These are useful little things, and one might accompany every book sent out as a gift. Still another item reads, "Don't forget plaster bass-reliefs."

In buying these, however, it is important to make sure that one is selecting them for the right persons, for there are many people of taste who have not yet learned to appreciate these charming reproductions.

It may easily be seen what a comfort and convenience a list of such suggestions will be when the time comes around for the next Christmas shopping, and the writer, for one, intends to add to it faithfully during the year, hoping thereby not only to make the shopping easier for herself, but to present to each friend the very thing of all others which will give the most pleasure.—[Harper's Bazar.

With The Poets.

In the Highlands.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird-en-
chanted,
And the low, green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets
glimmered,
La, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

O to dream, O to wake and wander
There, and with delight to take and
render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there among the flowers and
grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds
and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, in Pall Mall Budget.

The Ode to Aegir.

The following is a free translation of The Ode to Aegir, written by the Emperor of Germany:

O Aegir, Lord of Oceans,
Whom Nick and Nix obey,
In rosy dawn of morning
The Viking host doth pray!
Grim is the feud we're seeking,
In countries far away;

Through storm and tide and billows
Lead us to glorious fray!

When Nick perchance doth threaten,
When fails this trusty shield,
Thy flaming eye may guard us,
To foe-man none will yield.
As Frithiof or Ellid
Undaunted plowed the wave,
So shelter thou this dragon,
And us, thy sons, we crave

When in the battle's fury,
As steel on steel doth ring,
Bold to men meet their death-stroke,
To Valkyries they cling,
Then may our song be wafted
Through clash of swords to sea,
To honor thee, O mighty god!
Like far-off storms so free.

—[Current Literature.

The Brook in February.

A snowy path for squirrel and fox,
It winds between the wintry firs.
Snow-muffled are its iron rocks,
And o'er its stillness nothing stirs.

But low, bend low a listening ear!
Beneath the mask of moveless white
A babbling whisper you shall hear
Of birds and blossoms, leaves and
light.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Aspiration.

He gazed into the starlit sky,
Impatient that the bright array
Of worlds, wrought by Infinity,
Beyond all human study lay.

He gazed, forgetting that replete
Earth's breast with gems for thought
is set;
Unmindful that beneath his feet
Lay crushed a dewy violet.

—Katharine H. Terry, in Kate Field's Washington.

The Natural Nerve Food.

When the late Dr. Brown-Sequard announced a few years ago his discovery of the elixir of life, the story was generally scouted as a wild delusion; but now comes the celebrated Dr. Alfred Robin, of Paris, and tells the world that it embodied a genuine discovery of great value, at the same time revealing openly its active principle, in the shape of a chemical compound called phosphoglycerate of soda.

This compound, says Dr. Robin, is found in the nervous system in its natural state, and its loss through the urine when cellular destruction goes on too rapidly produces a variety of diseases, among them the condition known as neurasthenia. It is better: to use this phosphoglycerate (or glycerophosphate, for he calls it by either name) than to use the Brown-Sequard liquid, says Dr. Robin, since "we substitute a well-defined substance, which can be given in accurate amounts, for an uncertain preparation, which varies constantly and cannot be preserved." Dr. Robin cites cases in which he used the compound, and reaches the conclusion that, administered in hypodermic injections, it will be of value "in the treatment of nervous asthenia of different origins, of phosphaturia, albuminuria, of phosphaturia, of Addison's disease, of some forms of sciatica and of tic-doloureux of the face. In locomotor-ataxia there seems to be nothing beyond an alleviation in the fulgurant pains." But Dr. Paul Gibier, of the Pasteur Institute in New York, commenting on this, says that thirteen months ago Brown-Sequard, giving a summary of observations of 1,200 physicians who had used his liquid in a great variety of affections, reported 347 cases of locomotor ataxia, of which 314 were cured.

Old Marriage Notices.

Married—In England, Mr. Matthew Rousby, aged 21, to Mrs. Ann Taylor, aged 89. The lady's grandson was at this unequal union, and was five years older than his grandfather. (Salem Mercury, Oct. 21, 1788.)

The 16th inst., Mr. William Checkley, son of Rev. Mr. Samuel Checkley, of Boston, was married to Miss Polly Cranston, a young lady of genteel Acquirements and of a most Amiable Disposition. (Old Boston Paper, Dec. 19, 1766.)

Thursday last, was married, at Newport, R. I., John Coffin Jones, Esq., of Boston, merchant, to the truly amiable and accomplished Miss Abigail Grant, daughter of the late Alexander Grant, Esq., a lady of real merit, and highly qualified to render the conjugal state supremely happy. (Old Boston Paper, May 22, 1786.)

In Williamsburg, N. C., Major Smith, of Prince Edwards, Va., to Miss Charlotte B. Brodie. This match, consummated only a few days since, was agreed upon 31 years ago at Camden, S. C., when he was captured at the battle of Camden, and being separated by the war, etc., each had supposed the other dead until a few months since, when they accidentally met, and neither plead any statute of limitation in bar of the old bargain. (Salem Gazette, July 19, 1811.)

Married—In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Haven, Mark Simes, Esq., Deputy Postmaster, etc., to the Elegantly Pretty and Amiable Delicate Miss Mary Ann Blount, youngest daughter of the late Captain John Blount, of Little Harbor.

Genius of Hymen, power of fondest love,

In showers of bliss descend from worlds above
On Beauty's rose and Virtue's manlier form,

And shield, ah, shield them both from Time's tempestuous storm!

(Oracle of the Day, Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 24, 1798.)

At Concord, Ebenezer Woodward, A.B., Citizen Bachelor of Hanover, N. H., to the Amiable Miss Robinson. At Longmeadow, Mr. John M. Dunham, Citizen Bachelor and Printer, as aforesaid, to the Amiable Miss Emily Burt. The promptness and decision which the said citizens have shown

In all the fond intrigues of love are highly worthy of imitation, and the success that has so richly crowned their courage and enterprise must be an invincible inducement to the fading phalanx of our remaining bachelors to make a vigorous attack on some fortress of female beauty with a determined resolution.

Ne'er to quit the glorious strife till, drest in all her charms, some blooming fair Herself shall yield, the prize of conquering love. (Boston, 1795.)—[Current Literature.

The Eloquence of Louis Kossuth.

Had our feelings been dead at the outset, that magical voice of his, when it had once got to telling his story, would, like the bugle-call of a Highland chief, have rallied every man to his side. Great Heavens! what oratory it was. I have heard many of the masters of speech, but I have heard none that had a completer mastery than he. In intellectual force and penetration he was the equal of any of them; his voice was as mellifluous, his manner as charming and persuasive, and his imagination was warmed and colored by an Oriental blood that was not theirs, and he surpassed them all in a depth and intensity of feeling which I cannot describe. It was a sort of perpetual white heat, which did not blaze or flame out, and yet was always hot to the core. For the most part his manner was easy and colloquial, as if he was talking to a friend on a point that concerned him; but when he was suddenly excited, as some great thought or image swam into his ken, his tones rose in the air like the chords of an aeolian when the wind plays over its strings, or like the roar of a torrent that falls from the crest of a mountain and wakens the echoes of far-off summits. His invective and his pathos were alike fearfully intense. No one who heard it could ever forget the awful bitterness with which, referring to the young Emperor of Austria, he spoke of the "Beardless Nero, the murderer of my country," and how spontaneously the tears gushed to the eyes when he referred to his dead comrades of the battlefield as "the nameless demi-gods, each with a smile on his face, as if he rejoiced to make so poor a sacrifice as his life for so great a cause as his country." Yet he was never boisterous, vehement, or gesticulative; he was equable, like the flow of his own lordly Danube. He never put himself in any temper or whirlwind of emotion; but he controlled his emotions, and by that self-control he controlled his hearers. In listening to him you soon lost all sense of the speaker, that is, of his form, his voice, his imagery, his action, and became simply absorbed in his theme.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. a

A Smile And a Laugh.

NEWLY MARRIED.—Husband—I thought we were to have macaroni for dinner?
Wife—I ordered some, but finding it was hollow I sent it back to the grocer's.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Auntie—Hullo, Tottie! Who gave you those chocolates?

Tottie (after a mental effort to describe the lady whose lap she has just left)—Wot I sat on!

Hubert—Can you explain why, if I should be upside down, the blood would run into my head, yet, if I stand upright, the blood doesn't run into my feet?

Charlie—Old chap, your feet aren't empty.

A young lady in a street car gave up her seat to an elderly woman. The old lady, near-sighted but grateful, was prompt in her acknowledgments.

"Thank you, sir," she said; "thank you very much. You are the only gentleman in the car."

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, "I'd like to give you a week's notice."

"Why, Mary, this is a great surprise. Do you hope to better yourself?"

"Well, no, not exactly that," answered Mary, with a blush, "I'm going to get married."

Little Jamie sat on his grandmother's lap one day, patting her withered cheek with his hand.

"Grandma," he said, "your face is getting wrinkly." And then he added, thoughtfully and lovingly, "But I think wrinkles is pretty on some peoples."

PATRIOTIC.—Pompey—Can you tell me who was de fust man?
Caesar—Guess dat was George Washington.

Pompey—Nuffin' ob de sort. Adam was de fust man.

Caesar—Dat's so; but I didn't know you wuz gwine to include furriners.

A LOVE OF JUSTICE.—"Where did you get that cake, Annie?"

"Mamma gave it to me."

"She's always a giving you mor'n she does me."

"Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us tonight, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

Little Howard had been told he must be punished, but that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought, he said:

"Well, papa, if mamma'll do it I guess I'll be whipped; but if you are going to whip me, I guess I'll be shut up."

Mrs. Wayback—Now, I'd like ter hev some one inform me what's the use of them havin' more than one choir down ter that Episcopal Church?

Mrs. Gadabout—Why, they only have one choir. What do you mean?

Mrs. Wayback—Well, what do they mean by talkin' all the time about their surplus choir?

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—Johnny Dumpsey—Oh, ma! I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day.

Mrs. Dumpsey (much gratified)—Why, darling?

Johnny Dumpsey—Because the scholars all laughed at me so today that the teacher had to excuse me, and I've had a bully time fishing with Bill Peck.

Applicant—Can't yer help an old soldier, mum?

Benevolent Lady—Poor fellow, here's a dollar for you. Were you wounded?

Applicant (pocketing the bill)—No, mum; but I wuz among th' missin' twice.

Benevolent Lady—How terrible! When was it?

Applicant—Just before the battles of Antietam an' th' Wilderness, mum.

Polyglot Coroner.

An exchange tells the story of a coroner who was called upon to hold an inquest over the body of an Italian. The only witness was a small boy of the same nationality, who spoke no English:

The examination proceeded thus: "Where do you live, my boy?"

The boy shook his head.

"Do you speak English?"

Another shake of the head.

"Do you speak French?"

Another shake.

"Do you speak German?"

Still no answer.

"How old are you?"

No reply.

"Have you father and mother?"

No reply.

"Do you speak Italian?"

The boy gave no sign.

"Well," said the coroner, "I have questioned the witness in four languages, and can get no answer. It is useless to proceed. The court is adjourned."

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy. a

Rev. Dr. Ramsford on Suffrage.

Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., rector of St. George's Church, New York, has lately stated his reasons for thinking women should vote. He says:

You hear it said on all sides this is not woman's sphere. I answer, "We can place no limitation to woman's sphere." Woman's sphere is what she can fill, not more, not less. It is not so many years ago since we were told it was unwomanly for a clever woman to write a novel. Jane Austen had difficulties in that line. At every advance in woman's education, at every step which seemed to place her in competition with men, she has been greeted with hootings and abuse. But the nature of things is too strong for us all, and whether we will or whether we will not, the tides bear us on, and she is man's competitor. You all know the various fields on which she has entered into competition with him.

The suffrage will not increase or lessen these. It simply recognizes that she is there, and there to stay, and enables her both to defend her position and feel truly the responsibility of it.

But woman cannot bear arms, be a soldier or a policeman. True. But would any man in his senses say that in bearing children she does not more than do her part in enduring the pains and carrying the burdens of the nation?

On all such questions the statement I have already made holds good—her sphere is limited and only can be limited by her ability. She will not do what she cannot do. You cannot make her do what she does not want to do; but what she can do and what she wants to do you cannot prevent her doing.

But I venture on a further point. Whether we greet it with dismay or with hopefulness, one of the results of our civilization is that legislation is entering on spheres which are peculiarly woman's. Once upon a time legislation chiefly had to do with protection of property. Now, points that we did not dream of legislating about are so dealt with as a matter of course. We legislate about homes, sanitary questions, education, relations of labor to capital, licensing questions, the drink trade, etc. All moral questions these, questions that in the most intimate way affect the home as well as the outside interests of life, and questions on which, I beg to point out, woman is not only a judge, but decidedly the best judge. It is most unreasonable and unfair that in these questions where experience is vital and all her tenderest interests are immediately affected, her influence should be confined to an indirect influence, and her vote, if recorded at all, only recorded through pressure on her husband or her sons.

Then there are those who say that a danger would arise if the suffrage be given to women, on account of the extraordinary power thus given to the Roman Catholic Church. I think the fear of the Roman Catholic Church is growing less among us, at least among those who know something of our city conditions. That church is always on the side of law, order and morality. She is freeing herself fast from the trammels of medievalism. She is not the menace that some make her out to be to our American institutions. And as I believe all forms of education combined do not educate more than does the use of the ballot itself, by granting the ballot to Roman Catholic women we should teach them to take a great stride forward and develop in them independence of thought and action.

Today the life of our women has grown wilder, has led them up to this point where they come asking the suffrage, and neither common sense nor the interest of the nation will permit its being refused to them.

Still a timid soul will press forward and cry: "We dread to see women in politics." I cannot share that dread. The time is coming when politics will be seen to be what it is—the splendid science of human direction and government. Once so seen, who shall dare longer to regard it as a field to be abandoned to the trickster, wire-puller, and men whose chief cleverness lies in intrigue; a sphere a man enters to advance his own fortune or to increase and defend his estate? I know this view still exists, but it is essentially a barbaric one. Politics and political science must soon be seen as they are—a living and ennobling effort to carry into the life of mankind principles of highest morality, and so to raise and keep aloft men's lives as well as to defend men's pockets.

In bringing about this better view and better day, I am very sure the morality and idealism of American womanhood must find its place. And so, for my part, I have done and will do what in me lies to win for the womanhood of our nation a voice in its fateful councils.

Seven vials hold Thy wrath, O God, but what shall hold Thy love except Thine own infinitude?—[Christina Rossetti.

The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harrassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

MILINARY ITEM.—Little Girl (chasing a butterfly)—Oh! here's mamma's new bonnet flying about!