

PHUSSANDPHRET.

Have you heard of the land called Phussandphret,  
Where the people live upon woes and regret?  
Its climate is bad, I have heard folks say,  
There's seldom, if ever, a pleasant day.  
'Tis either too gloomy from clouded skies,  
Or so bright the sunshine dazzles one's eyes;  
'Tis either so cold one is all of a chill,  
Or else 'tis so warm it makes one ill;  
The season is either too damp or too dry,  
And mildew or drought is always nigh.  
For nothing that ever happened yet  
Was just as it should be in Phussandphret.

And the children—it really makes me sad  
To think they never look happy and glad,  
It is "O, dear me!" until school is done,  
And 'tis then, "There never is time for fun!"  
Their teachers are all cross, they all declare,  
And examinations are never fair.  
Each little duty they are apt to shirk  
Because they're tired or 'tis too hard work.

Every one is as grave as an owl,  
And has pouting lips or a gloomy scowl;  
The voices whine and the eyes are wet  
In this doleful country of Phussandphret.  
Now if ever you find your feet are set  
On the down-hill road into Phussandphret,  
Turn and travel the other way  
Or you never will know a happy day.  
Follow some cheerful face—'twill guide  
To the land of Look-at-the-Pleasant-side.  
Then something bright you will always see,  
No matter how dark the way may be,  
You'll smile at your tasks and laugh in your  
dreams,

And learn that no ill is as bad as it seems,

So lose no time, but haste to get  
As far as you can from Phussandphret.

—Anna N. Pratt, in *Our Youth*.

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER IV.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

Some children are like little human seraphs,  
blotting all over with the sins and mistakes  
of their ancestors.

Monday morning came, as mornings do  
come, bringing to the overworked body and  
mind a certain languor difficult to shake off.  
As I walked down the dirty little street,  
with its rows of old-clothes shops, saloons,  
and second-hand furniture stores, I called  
several of my luggards, and gave them a  
friendly warning. "Quarter of nine, Mrs.  
Pinnigan!" "Bless me soul, darlin'!"  
Well, I will hurry up my children, that I  
will; but the baby was that bad with  
whoopin'-cough last night that I never got  
three winks meself, darlin'!"

"All right; never mind the apron; let  
Jimmy walk on with me, and I will give  
him one at school." Jimmy trots proudly  
at my side, munching a bit of baker's pie  
and carrying my basket. I drop into Mrs.  
Powers' suite of apartments in Rosalie  
Alley, and find Lafayette Powers still in  
bed. His twelve-year-old sister and guard-  
ian, Hildegarde, has over-slept, as usual,  
and breakfast is not in sight. Mrs. Powers  
goes to a dingy office up town at eight  
o'clock, her present mission in life being  
the healing of the nations by means of  
mental science. It is her fourth vocation  
in two years, the previous one being tissue  
paper flowers, lustre painting, and the  
agency for a high-class stocking supporter.  
I scold Hildegarde roundly, and she  
scrabbles sleepily about the room to find  
a note that Mrs. Powers has left for me.  
I rejoin my court in the street, and open  
the letter with anticipation.

Miss Kate.

DEAR MADDAM.—You complain of La-  
fayette's never getting to school till eleven  
o'clock. It is not my affair as Hildegarde  
has full charge of him and I never interfere,  
but I would suggest that if you believe in  
him he will do better. Your unbelief  
saps his will powers. You have only re-  
proved him for being late. Why not in-  
courage him say by paying him 5 cents a  
morning for a wile to get among his little  
maids on the stroak of nine? "declare  
for good and good will work for you" is  
one of our sayings. I have not time to  
treat Lafayette my business being so en-  
grossing but if you would take a few min-  
utes each night and deny fear along the 5  
avenues you could heel him. Say there is  
no time in the infinnit over and over be-  
fore you go to sleep. This will lift fear  
off at Lafayette, fear of being late and he  
will get there in time.

Yours for good,

MRS. POWERS,  
Mental Heeler.

Oh, what a naughty, ignorant, amusing,  
hypocritical, pathetic world it is! I tuck  
the note in my pocket to brighten the day  
for Helen, and we pass on.

As we progress we gather into our train  
Levi, Jacob, David, Moses, Elias, and the  
other prophets and patriarchs who belong  
to our band. We hasten the steps of the  
infant Garibaldi, who is devouring refuse  
fruit from his mother's store, and stop final-  
ly to pluck a small Dennis Kearney from  
the coal-hod, where he has been put for  
safe-keeping. The day has really begun,  
and with its first service the hands grow  
willing and the heart is filled with sun-  
shine.

As the boys at my side prattle together of  
the "percession" and the "sojers" they  
saw yesterday, I wish longingly that I  
could be transported with my tiny hosts to  
the sunny, quiet country on this clear,  
lovely morning.

I think of my own joyous childhood,  
spent in the sweet companionship of fishes,  
brooks, and butterflies, birds, crickets,  
grasshoppers, whispering trees and fragrant  
wild flowers, and the thousand and one  
playfellows of Nature which the good God  
has placed within reach of the happy coun-  
try children. I think of the shining eyes  
of my little Lucys and Bridgets and Ra-  
chels could I turn them loose in a field of  
golden buttercups and daisies, with sweet

Johnny Cass, tired, and not able to run  
and jump, and that they must be good to  
him as they had been to Johnny. This  
was the idea of the majority; but I do not  
deny that there was a small minority which  
professed no interest and promised no vir-  
tue. Our four walls contained a miniature  
world,—a world with its best foot forward,  
too, but it was not heaven.

At a quarter past two I went into Helen's  
little room, where she was drawing exqui-  
site illustrations on a blackboard for next  
day's "morning talk."

"Helen, the children say that a family  
of Kennetts live at 32 Anna Street, and I  
am going to see why Patsy didn't come.  
Oh, yes, I know that there are boys enough  
without running after them, but we must  
have this particular boy, whether he wants  
to come or not, for he is sui generis. He  
shall sit on that cushion

And sew a fine seam,  
And feast upon strawberries,  
Sugar and cream!

"I think a taste for martyrdom is just  
as difficult to eradicate from the system as  
a taste for blood," Helen remarked whim-  
sically. "Very well, run on and I'll re-  
ceive in your absence. I could say with  
Antony, 'Lend me your ears,' for I shall  
need them. Have you any commands?"

"Just a few. Please tell Paulina  
Strozynski's big brother that he must call



"THE BOYS AT MY SIDE PRATTLE TOGETHER."

wild strawberries hidden at their roots;  
of the merry glee of my dear boisterous lit-  
tle prophets and patriots, if I could set  
them catching tadpoles in a clear wayside  
pool, or hunting hens' nests in the alder  
bushes behind the barn, or pulling yellow  
cow lilies in the pond, or wading for cat-  
o'-nine-tails, with their ragged little trousers  
tucked above their knees. And, oh!  
hardest of all to bear, I think of our poor  
little invalids; so young to struggle with  
languor and pain! Just to imagine the  
joy of my poor, lame boys and my weary,  
pale, and peevish children, so different  
from the bright-eyed, apple-cheeked dar-  
lings of well-to-do parents,—mere babies,  
who, from morning till night, seldom or  
never know what it is to cuddle down  
warmly into the natural rest of a mother's  
loving bosom!

Monday morning came and went,—  
Monday afternoon also; it was now two  
o'clock, and to my surpris and disappoint-  
ment Patsy had not appeared. The new  
chair with its pretty red cushion stood ex-  
pectant but empty. Helen had put a coat  
of shellac on poor Johnny Cass's table,  
freshened up its squared top with new lines  
of red paint, and placed a little silver vase  
of flowers on it. Our Lady Bountiful had  
come in to pay for the chair and see the  
boy, but alas! there was no boy to see.  
The children were all ready for him.  
They knew that he was a sick boy, like

for her earlier, and not leave her sitting on  
the steps so long. Tell Mrs. Hickok that  
if she sends us another child whom she  
knows to be down with the chicken-pox,  
we won't take in her two youngest when  
they're old enough. Don't give Mrs.  
Slamberg any aprons. She returned the  
little undershirts and drawers that I sent  
by Julie, and said 'if it was all the same  
to me, she'd rather have something that  
would make a little more show!' And—oh  
yes, do see if you can find Jacob Shu-  
bener's hat; he is crying down in the yard  
and doesn't dare go home without it.

"Very well. Four cases. Strozynski  
—steps—cruelty. Hickok—chicken-pox—  
ingratitude. Slamberg—aprons—vanity.  
Shubener—hat—carelessness. Oh, that I  
could fasten Jacob's hat to his ear by a steel  
chain! Has he looked in the sink?"

"Yes."

"Ash-barrel."

"Certainly."

"Up in the pepper-tree?"

"Of course."

"Then some one has 'chucked' it into  
the next yard, and the janitor will have to  
climb the fence,—at his age! Oh, if I  
could eliminate the irregular verb 'to  
chuck' from the vocabulary of this school,  
I could 'make out of the broken sounds of  
life a song, and out of life itself a melody,'"  
and she flew downstairs like a breeze, to  
find the patient Mr. Bowker. Mr. Bow-

ker was a nice little man, who had not all  
his wits about him, but whose heart was  
quite intact, and who swept with energy  
and washed windows with assiduity. He  
belonged to the Salvation Army, and the  
most striking articles of his attire, when  
sweeping, was a flame-colored flannel shirt  
and a shiny black hat with "Prepare to  
meet Thy God" on the front in large silver  
letters. The combination of color was in-  
describably pictorial, and as lurid and sug-  
gestive as an old-fashioned orthodox ser-  
mon.

As I went through the lower hall, I  
found Mr. Bowker assisting Helen to search  
the coal-bin. "Don't smile," she cried.  
"Punch says, 'Sometimes the least like-  
liest place is more likelier than the most  
likeliest,'—and sure enough, here is the  
hat! I should have been named Deborah  
or Miriam,—not Helen!" and she hurried  
to dry the tears of weeping Jacob.

(To be Continued.)

CONSIDERATE.

One simple method of oiling the machin-  
ery of life lies in doing promptly those  
little things, the delay of which causes  
hinderance or trouble to others.

"I always did like that boy," said an old  
lady of a departed summer visitor. "He  
never once forgot to wipe his feet when he  
came into the house, and that saved Mary  
a lot of trouble."

It was Mary's business to keep the floors  
clean, but she had profited daily by a care  
and attention, the lack of which would  
have increased her work appreciably.

A horse-car conductor was one day over-  
heard, as he compared his present experi-  
ence with that of past years.

"It's an easy route, mine is," said he.  
"Most o' the passengers is workin' folks,  
and they have their change ready in their  
hands. Now last year I had the B Street  
car, and I used to think I never should  
get through collectin' my fares. It took  
some o' the women half an hour to find  
their pockets, and when they'd found 'em,  
they'd nothin' but five-dollar bills to give  
me."

The ladies in question would doubtless  
have returned that it was the conductor's  
business to wait for their fares, and so, in-  
deed, it was. Still, there was no reason,  
except that of thoughtlessness, for trying  
his patience unnecessarily.

No one needs to be prompted to think  
of his own rights; self-preservation, even  
in matters of detail, has become instinctive.  
We elbow our neighbors merely because  
we have a right of passage in the path of  
life, and use wastefully those goods which  
we have "bought and paid for." We may  
not all be able to assert that "the world  
owes us a living," but most of us insist,  
with unwearied persistency, upon obtain-  
ing all our just dues. Yet there are con-  
cessions owing to our neighbors, not, per-  
haps, under a fiat of justice, but through  
the law of love.

A gentleman living in a city "flat" was  
accustomed to arrange his fire for the  
night by putting on the coal, piece by  
piece, with the tongs.

"Why do you do that so noiselessly?"  
asked a visitor one night.

"Oh, the people downstairs retire very  
early," was the answer, "and I try not to  
disturb their dreams."

It was, of course, nothing to him that  
his neighbors chose to go to bed at nine,  
while he preferred eleven; he had an  
undoubted right to rattle coal over their  
heads as long as he pleased, but he pre-  
ferred to take such precautions as would  
leave their rest unbroken.

"What you can do you may do, in fairy-  
land," says an old story, but the fanciful  
axiom does not apply to real life.

"What you can do, without disturbing  
others, that you may do," is an amendment  
better suited to daily living.—*Youth's Com-  
panion*.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

If you have built castles in the air, your  
work need not be lost; that is where they  
should be; now put foundations under  
them.—*Thoreau*.

DOORS.

All the doors that lead inward to the  
secret place of the Most High are doors  
outward—out of self, out of smallness, out  
of wrong.—*George MacDonald*.