Our Hired Girl.

Our hired GITI.

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabeth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat;
She ist put dough in our pie pan.
An' pours in sompin' at 8 good and sweet.
An' nen she salts it all on top
With chinamon; an' hen she'll stop,
An' stoop, an' side it, ist as slow,
In the cook stove so's twon't slop
An' git all spilled; den bakes it so
It is custard pie, drest thing you know!
An' nen she'll say.

"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, and time fer play,
Take your dough an' run, child, run,
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"
When our hired girl though title she's road.

Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our bired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folk's got to walk the chalk
When she's around, er wish they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man' at mows our lawn;
An he says, "Whew!" an' nen leans on
His old crooked seythe, an' blinks his eyes,
An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swan!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'appears like I smell custard pies!"
An' nen he'll say,
"Clear out o' the way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play,
Take your dough an' run, child, run,
Eg she cain't git no cookin' done."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

'TONIA.

Mary Louise Sandrock in Catholic World. In the women's work-room of the Warham Penitentiary there were two or three dozen women languidly at There is not, as a rule, much zest of industry among the state compulsory servers, men or women, but always there is more purposeless performance of duty among the latter The reasons are evident enough; among them being, perhaps, the greate variety and pleasantness of the work allotted to the men. The women in this particular institution had no occupation but various kinds of mending. They were of all ages and of varying degrees of degradation in appearance The coarse, loose-fitting, blue-checked gowns they were were far more slovenly looking than the grey stripes of the men. They worked in silence except men. for an occasional whispered word o two, an occasional cough or giggle. Without much nagging from the matron their apathy would have accomplished nothing. Only one of them seemed industrious—a young mulatto at the end of the row, who sewed with a feverish rapidity that betokened an anxiety to compel into inactivity thoughts that were vigorous and un welcome. For half an hour her fingers flew, her eyes never left her work. At the end of that time there came a sound of noisy little feet along the corridor outside. The door opened and a child, about three years of age, came dancing in. The mulatto woman looked up and the sudden gleam of fierce affection that lit up her hand some eyes proved, more than the like ness between them, and this was her Most of the women smiled, look child. ing for the moment as if the chubby hand of a little child had taken from their faces the mask of sin and weak ness and placed there again the radi ancy of innocence and purity. The matron took the little girl in her lap and started to talk with her. mother sprang up from her work and stood gazing hungrily upon the child. "Tonia!" she called. The matron turned to rebuke this breach of discipline. The little one sprang from her arms and rushed to her mother. Just then the bell sounded for the end of the work. The women began filing away to their cells. The matron, a sharp-faced, kind-hearted women, came up to the mulatto and said to her, "Send away Tonia now. I will come

and talk to you in a moment.' When the prisoners were disposed of, and the spring had been drawn that locked the tier of cells, the matron returned and said, kindly enough, to the mulatto, "You may get ready to go, Rosa. In an hour your time is up."

here again. You're a bright, smart young woman and this is not the place Besides you've got your child It's your duty to make a respectable woman of her.

Rosa eagerly caught the matron's hand and said in a soft, sweet voice singularly free from the negro accent and peculiarities of pronunciation:
"Mrs. Last, what am I to do with I can't take her with me, and Tonia? I can't stay here with her, and I won't let her go into an asylum where strang ers will be unkind to her and teach he to despise her convict mother. Do you the superintendent would allow me to leave her here a few months till I have found work and made a little home for her? You will be good t her, I know, and the superintendent seems very fond of her."

Mrs. Last's sharp eyes measured Rosa p and down while she meditatively plaited and unplaited the hem of her After a few minutes she said apron. After a few minutes and apron. You may ge ready to go. I will give you your things, and when you are dressed you may come to the office and Mr. Sefton will tell you his decision.

In half an hour the mulatto, dressed neatly in a plain dark gown, brown ulster much the worse for wear, and close-fitting bonnet, tapped at the of the superintendent's private office In response to his "Come in" she entered timidly and stood, with downcast eyes, just inside the door. superintendent, a tall, loosely-built, shrewd-faced man of forty, looked keenly at her. She was clean, neat. intelligent-looking, and, with the ex ception of her color, possessed scarcely

any negro traits. "Well, Rosa," said he kindly, "Mrs Last has been telling me your request concerning your little girl. It is quite to all the rules, I am afraid but I will see what can be done. have a suggestion to make to you. am very fond of children and I am a childless widower. Your little girl is a bright, lovable child and I am willing to adopt her as my own. But you will have to sign a paper agreeing to forego "You shall stay with me always, ite. The fact of her adoption by the

all claims on her hereafter. You must promise never to seek any communication whatever with her. In that case, I am willing to take her for my own, to educate her, and care for her in all respects as if she were my own daugh-

violently, her eyes dilated, but she still said nothing. "There is another thing," he continued: "a negro called John Hunter, a short-term man, who will be out in a few days, wants to take your little, girl, with him. He wants He paused. The mulatto trembled your little girl with him. He wants your little girl with him.

to turn over a new leaf, and he says this paper?"

She took the paper mechanically and she would keep him straight. It is a risk for the child, but in some respects it would be better for her to be with

her own kind." 'No, Mr. Sefton, sir, I should never A nigger is not her own allow that. kind. My father was a French half-breed Indian, my husband an educated kind.

Italian. Sefton smiled incredulously 'You are sure that is true, Rosa?"
"Yes, it is true. I am a thief but

not a liar. "Yes, it was thieving, I believe, that brought you here. How did you come to it

"My husband died when Tonia was a year old. My parents had died long before. 1 was alone in the world. All before. I was alone in the my life I had been poor. Carlo was an educated man, but always in ill-health, always discouraged, always unlucky. He left me penniless. For a year I managed to earn a living for my child. I could not do much. There were no influential friends to help me on and procure me congenial work. I did whatever I could get to do, but finally constant anxiety and lack of proper food and rest wore me out. I could not work any more. One day there was nothing in the house to eat. I was sick Tonia was crying for and faint. Tonia was crying loo-bread. At last I could stand it no longer. I rushed from the house in despair. I came back a thief, but Tonia went to bed that night satisfied and happy. I was too miserable to sleep at

The next day I was caught, and —and then we came here, and you were very good, sir, to let Tonia stay here with me. But I can't let her go to the nigger, and I can't take her out with me.

She ended abruptly, a sob in her ce. Her black eyes filled with tears.
Sefton cleared his throat. voice.

"I can quite understand your feeling, my good woman, but I still think it might be a wise plan for the negro to take her. For your sake I wish you would decide to keep her yourself. I think I shall leave the decision to the A child's intuitions are somechild. times clearer than any man's judg Will that satisfy you, Rosa?

It did, indeed, satisfy her. Her pas sionate mother-love fought against the idea of giving her "Tonia" even to Mr. Sefton, which was the course that common-sense seemed to approve. Now her common-sense and her motherlove would at once be satisfied, for Tonia would come with her. Mr. Sefton sent for the convict, then for the child. When Tonia came running into the

room three anxious people looked at her. The mother, by a great effort, controlled her face and held back the tears that were gathering in her eyes The effort was so great that her face became positively gray in the struggle The passionate love in her heart was se ompletely held down that her expres sion became cold and repellent. negro's broad face grinned cheerfully when he saw the child. He was a burly, good-natured fellow, whose con vict stripes had not taken all manliness from him. Mr. Sefton's shrewd Rosa. In an hour your time is up.

There was no reply, and the matron continued, somewhat sharply: "I face relaxed when he, too, looked at hope you mean to behave and not get hope you mean to behave and not get hope. Tonia glanced from his blue eyes. one to the other. It was only her mother who looked coldly at her, although she half-involuntarily put out her hand to the child, then res drew back. Tonia came towards her then stood still, afraid of this new strange 'expression on "mammy's face. She looked up at the negro an smiled in answer to his grin she sprang toward Mr. Sefton. his grin.

'Oo want me, Missa Seffon?" "Yes, my child," he said gravely, and held out his arms to her. clambered up to his shoulder and put her little mouth to be kissed. mother clinched her hands.

"Tonia," said Mr. Sefton, "I want to know what you wish to do. Your mother is going away. Will you go with her, or with John Hunter, who wants you too, or will you stay with

The negro came forward. Tony come wif John an' she hab good times. Marse Sefton, lemme hab her an' I'se a good man. I'se keep straigh 'nuff ef she come 'long wif me. 'Tong gwine ter come?" And the negro dis played his ivories in another good-

natured smile. Tonia smiled, glanced from the negro to Mr. Sefton, and then slowly shook her head. The mulatto heaved a sigh of intense relief. The "nig ger," at least, should not have her Her face still wore its intense strained look, and her voice was ner vously husky as she stepped forward

and said, "Tonia, come to mammy The child buried her face on Mr Sefton's shoulder and made no answer There was pitifu Rosa came nearer. entreaty in her broken voice: '

on't you come to mammy The little girl raised her head and looked gravely at her mother, then her baby voice said, very gravely and decidedly: "Tonia 'fraid of mammy Tonia stay wif Missa Seffon."

There was silence for a moment. Mr. Sefton put the child down and solemnly kissed her. He laid his hand was of her.

'Tonia," he said, "but now run away for a while."

John Hunter, grumbling loudly at the child's decision, was ordered back to his work. Rosa still stood, silent and motionless. Mr. Sefton looked at her motionless. very sadly and pitifully for a moment. When he spoke his voice was very

but the child has decided, and I trust it will be for the best. I solemnly promise you to love and cherish her as if

read: "I solemnly promise neve henceforth, in any way, to attempt to hold communication of any kind with my daughter Antonia, who is hereafter to be known as the daughter of Charle Sefton, superintendent Warham Peni Mechanically she took th tentiary pen and wrote in a firm, legible hand, 'Rosa Corsini." She re-read the aper, seeming for the first time to realize its meaning. A strange light came into her eyes. She drew a long, deep breath, regained her composure. and, rising from her chair, handed the

paper to the superintendent.
"Now I am ready to go," she said slowly

"You must first go and say good-by to Tonia," said he gently.
"No, I do not want to see her again.

Now I can go. I could not consent to leave her if I were to look at her again

"As you think best," he replied.

"But tell me what you are going to do
now that you are free again?"

He spoke very kindly, but her face
hardened at his words. She gave a short, scornful laugh as she answered: 'Do? What do you think an ex-con vict can do? Is there any honest live lihood open for a woman who has served a year in the penitentiary; Do you think there is one home in this city ready to employ me as servant? Oh! there are plenty of charitable people, Mr. Sefton, in this big city, but their charity draws the line at the inmates of the penitentiary.

"You are too bitter," said Mr. Sef-"You do not consider how few inmates the penitentiary has who are at all desirous to do well when they are free. I am sure you will do your best for the sake of your child, and I am sure you will succeed in earning an honest living. Come, I am going to give you a 'character' that may help to get you a place in some respectable

He went to the desk and wrote, with a slightly humorous smile on his thin lips:

"This is to certify that Rosa Corsini is a neat, competent, and conscientious servant. Charles Sefton." ervant.

Rosa took the paper, read it with aint smile, and put it carefully in her pocket. Mr. Sefton took out his purse counted out two ten-dollar bills, put them in her hand as he cordially shook it. "This may help you shook it. little," said he. "Remember that you have always my best wishes for your success. Good-by."

She turned to thank him, but he had quietly slipped out of the room. She put the money in her pocket, picked up her small bundle, and noiselessly left In a few moments the heavy door of the penitentiary had opened and closed upon her. Rosa stood upon the stone flagging leading to the high gate in the great wall that surrounded the penitentiary and gave a last look at the white walls and grated windows of the dreary building that for a year had been her home. As she stood there the doors of the workshop in the lear of the enclosure swung open and a long line of convicts, marching with the prison lock-step, each man's hands upon his leader's shoulders, filed slowly from work. The dingy stripes of their ill-fitting garments, the tread so suggestive of shuffling chains, gave spectator the impression of a serpent writhing past. Rosa shuddered as she looked at thnm, and hurried from the place. In her face the gray and hope-less look had deepened and intensified.

II.

We hear often of children's "laughing eyes," but I think we very seldom see them. There is generally a sweet seriousness in a child's innocent eyes. It seems almost as if seriousness were part of innocence. It is only when the first wandering consciousness of glory and delight of the wide heaven and earth above and about has passed away that the carelessness of laughter amusement takes its place and twinkles even from the soul's fair winows. So perhaps it was not so stranged thing as Mr. Sefton fancied that Tonia's great black eyes—bright, gay active child though she was - should have been very serious and earnest. She was a remarkably beautiful child, in whose face it would have been difficult to trace either Indian or negro trait, excepting that her soft black hair fell in straight masses around her head and that her lips were too full for the delicacy of her other features. Her complexion was a clear olive, her

hands and feet were finely formed. Fortunately a child's remembrances fade quic'.ly. At the end of a few Tonia had grown used to 'mammy's" absence, and soon had ceased to talk of her. She grew accustomed to Mr. Sefton's caresses and constant attention, and she learned to lisp "father" very prettily. She was a gleam of constant sunshine for the lonely man who had made her his daughter. He felt that since the death but had suddenly been thawed back of his wife his heart had been frozen, into life. All his plans now had reference to Tonia; his last thought at night All his plans now had refer-Throughout the peniten-

Damilton Ont., Nov 12 1890 Part of Chamilton,

superintendent seemed to make her even better liked. She loved to spend hours in the workshops, fascinated by the whirr of the machinery, watching with deep interest the long lines of busy, silent men. None were too busy, silent men. abstracted, however, for a kindly glance, smile, a half-whispered word for the a smile, a half-whileheld was great even with these lawless characters; for in spite of the fact that a face of the Nero type, or of that of the utter sentence in the spite of the spite o sualist, is not infrequent among them there are more countenances that display weakness of will or good-natured irresoluteness in the penitentiary in-mates than faces which show complete and hardened depravity. No man possessing a spark of goodness is in-sensible to the influence of a sweet and

second of space of goodness has been been controlled that is a special problem. The property of the property o

THE HAMILTON SENSATION.

THE CASE INVESTIGATED BY A GLOBE REPORTER—THE FACTS FULLY VEHISTIFF—ONE OF THE MOST REMARKS FOR THE CASES ON RECORD—A SHARKS FOR THE CASES ON RECORD—A SHARKS FOR THE CASES ON RECORD—A SHARKS FOR THE CHESQUES FOR SJOOD PAID BY ROYAL TEMPLARS FOR TOTAL DISABILITY—HUNDRESS OF VISTORS.

TOTORDERS—PACSIMILE OF THE CHESQUES FOR SJOOD PAID BY ROYAL TEMPLARS FOR TOTAL DISABILITY—HUNDRESS OF VISTORS.

Toronto Davily Globs, July 25—This is an age of doubt ; especially in regard to cure by patent medicines, and the cure by patent medicines, and the regard of the state of the concentration of the composition of the comp

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