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### EXIT TOMMY.

"Tommy must leave us to-night," we said, moving so softly about his bed. Though seven years he had borne our name, His father above had the better claim.

His poor little curls had browned away, And his tiny face was old and gray; God was his hand and most his brow, And his voice was only a whisper now.

Tommy lay there with his great round eyes, And we, the watchers, were old and wise, But do not weep, for in those eyes we saw, That touched our grief with a tender awe.

A message had come from the King of Kings— We heard the faint whisp'ers and glimmering gleams, But the words and the touch were for only him.

Much had we pondered, and probed, and read, Had questioned the living, invoked the dead— "What is Death's secret?" had cried—wide— The child of seven, went forth to awe.

We might follow him down to the awful shore, We drenched and stann'd with the spray and roar, But we must linger, with wav'ing fond, While he would sail to the land beyond.

We felt that the angel that held his hand And led him down to the misty strand, Was telling him now, in whisp'ers low, What sights he would see, and wait for.

But hush! the voice from the little bed, And the wonderful mother bent her head: "Mamma, I know that in those eyes we saw, And I want to wish them all good-bye."

"I shouldn't like anything here to say; He didn't shake hands when he went away; We would like to see him in those eyes, And couldn't remember his poor old days."

"In Heaven I should never feel content; If I haven't been kind to his mother and friend, So let me take leave of him in those eyes, Animals, people, and toys, and all."

So the word went forth, and in no great while, The servants out, and the household all, The stout old cook, and the housemaid Rose, And the grooved boy with his smutted nose.

To each of the women, with streaming cheek, Bent over and kissed him and could not speak, But he said that they must not grieve and cry, For they'd meet again in the happy sky.

"Twas longer and harder to look at Jim— The child grew grave as he looked at him— He told to himself: 'He bids and swears, And I hardly believe that he says his prayers.'"

"Oh, Jim, dear Jim, if you do such things, You'll never be crossed in a harp and wings." He took to the boy as a father should, And begged him hard to be grave and good.

The lad lounged out with a braven air, And whistled decisively down the stair; But they found him in the hall on the coal, Sobbing and praying in grief of soul.

Old Rover came next, and sat and rood, And azeared at his master and understood, Then we carried in the rabbit, Maria, the cat, and her sisters two.

Proud purred the mother, and arched her back, And vaulted her kittens, one white, one black; And the sweet white kitten was good and nift, But the black one played with his sister's gift.

He stroked them all with his poor weak hand, But he felt that they could not understand, He smiled, however, and was not vexed, But they found him in the hall on the next.

He welcomed Punch with a loving smile, And hugged him close in his arms awhile, And we knew for the dear child's eyes grew dim, How grievous it was to part with him.

His mother he bade, with tearful cheek, Give Punch his carrot three times a week, With lettuce-leaves on a saucer plain, His good eye just moisten his daily brain.

Then next we brought to him, one by one, His drum and his trumpet, his sword and gun; And we tucked up for his fondling hand, His good eye gazed on the musket-band.

Then close to his feet we placed a tray, And we set his arms in array; And his eyes were bright with fire and dew, As we propped him up for his last review.

His mark came next, and pair for pair, He kissed good-bye to his rifle and air, He kissed good-bye to his Ham, and Shem, And waved his hands to the rest of them.

But we saw that his eyes had lost their fire, And his dear little voice began to tire; He lay quiet still for a little while, With eyes half-closed, and a peaceful smile.

"Then, 'Mamma,' he said, and never stirred, And his mother bent for the whisp'ered word, "Give him his carrot each second day, Our Tommy murmured, and the message lay."

—Rev. Frederick Lombard, in *Harper's Bazar*.

shall I describe him? The faint powers of descriptive lore belonging to an old watchman will not suffice to portray the nobility which was his, both by right of birth as well as the general characteristics of his nature.

A form of an Apollo, features befitting some grand knight of the age of Crusade, a wealth of yellowish golden hair, flowing away from a broad, white brow, cut after the model of a classical hero.

He was two-and-twenty years of age when he first made his *entree* here before the faculty. He made friends wherever he went; and enemies as well. Men of the stamp of Herman Von Berg are born to win friends.

They find enemies besetting their path also. The envious is akin to admiration in the hearts of men. He was a student of the faculty. He made friends wherever he went; and enemies as well.

Le Guarde's particular admirer had been for a time back Lange Le Guarde, a French student. His features were thin, clear cut, and regular; in all, it was two-and-twenty years of age when he first made his *entree* here before the faculty.

Le Guarde's appearance was fine and interesting. He was a perfect gentleman in demeanor and carriage; yet his heart was black with the evil passion which swayed his morose disposition.

They made a handsome pair, the dark-complexioned Le Guarde and the rosy-cheeked, sunny-tressed Gretchen. Already three unlucky rivals bore the indelible traces of foul practice with the Frenchman, and one poor fellow had been wounded in the duel.

Gretchen at first turned from the French lover with the same horror that she had from the former victors. She answered him in the same words that she had used; still he was a most persistent individual, and as he was a man of stern determination, the students up here in the University looked upon it as a foregone fact that in the end she would bow to his will and give him her hand.

As I said before, Herman Von Berg first met Gretchen at a skating masquerade. The Frenchman was there of course, and Gretchen leaning close to Herman's white cap as the pair glided away, the storm in his heart broke forth in a half-muttered curse, and he ground his white teeth together with rage.

Then at a ball given by a member of the University, Herman again met the fair Gretchen. His whole heart was taken possession of from the first, and he loved with such love as befalls the man who will brave the storms of the tempest, surmount the heaving waves, go through fire to kneel at the feet of the loved one, and yet if another man should happen to be the preferred of the loved one, he was one of those noble beings who would lung the wolf to his bosom, even though it ate his very heart out, rather than stoop to win by base subterfuge what fair dealing and upright demeanor had denied him.

Two years there had been bloody frays between the White and Red Caps. Noses were split, cheeks gashed and eyes blinded by the frequent affairs; end, strange fatality as it might be, the rivals, Van Berg and Le Guarde, were the leaders of the two orders.

He who out of various remarks which lashed the latter into rage. But they were utterly powerless to challenge him, other than to accept a pass at arms in the armory. Before ten o'clock had struck he had a dozen affairs upon his hands, and doubtless would have had many more if Herman Von Berg had not stepped into the tap-room. His entrance was the signal for a loud chorus of cheers from the White Caps. The smoky rafters of the old inn fairly trembled as the young fellows arose, clinked their glasses together, and sent up a cheer of welcome.

tion that I am a fellow. What is your decision, Monsieur Le Guarde?" "This," returned the Frenchman, leaning on his hand, he slumped Herman's face was livid with rage. A dozen hands were put forth to drag him from venting his anger upon his rival. Pushing the hands away, he said:

"Stand away, gentlemen. You need have no fear that I will forget what is due the honor of a gentleman." Le Guarde then exclaimed, in impassioned tones: "You come here, and intrude your pretty baby face; you seek to circumvent by foul means men who have been here longer than you have; you are a mere boy, and you might excuse that has been for that. Doubtless you feel secure in the hope that you will some day win the hand of the fair Gretchen Crouse."

It was a cruel, cowardly speech; and even Le Guarde's face grew a shade more gray, for he might excuse that has been for that. Doubtless you feel secure in the hope that you will some day win the hand of the fair Gretchen Crouse."

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"I dare," responded Herman. "In France we have many affairs of honor, so to speak. Men meet at the foil's point, and die, grasping as their life blood gushes forth. Men measure off a score of yards, and, with pistol in hand, they will kill or be killed. Have you ever heard of the duel known as 'At the stroke of twelve'?"

"No, I am prepared to be enlightened," responded Herman. "At set of dice; we shake them, and the man who throws lowest is the victor. Do you comprehend, Monsieur Von Berg?"

"Go on. What of the victim?" responded Herman. "Why, you see, the victor is relieved of the disagreeable duty of—ahem—killing the other."

"Why, what do you mean, man?" quizzed Herman. "You see, after the dice are thrown, the one who throws lowest prepares to die. In other words, he makes his peace with this world, and gets ready for the other, and, when the clock strikes twelve, he—"

"He puts out his own life in a way which is honorable," burst forth a chorus of voices. "A hush fell upon the party. Such a duel was a hitherto unheard of affair; and when to death was added suicide, it was a thing which had never before taken abroad with a foreign name. Take, for instance, Men, as a rule, know and like it, though they do not often introduce it to their family fare; but very few ladies have seen it, and fewer still have tasted it. Be this as it may, the Frenchman's view was so varied and dainty, his choice for the invalid, it is a marvelous addition to the sick-room fare. Onions are homely vegetables, and are apt to flavor everything connected with them more strongly than suits a delicate palate; but when they are prepared with a flavor in a great measure to this despised vegetable, or its even coarser brother, garlic. Nothing but bad management is answerable if onions flavor a dish too strongly, or if every one is informed by their noses of the fact that they are eating onions. Curiously enough, directly economy becomes necessary, the housekeeper inquires, under the name of plain fare, about the most useful style of cookery attainable. Fish, vegetables, entrees, are all ruthlessly cut off, and the family fare is reduced to a few potatoes, and perhaps a pudding. In the first place, roasting is not an economical way of cooking meat, it shrinks so much in the process. In the second, trusting entirely to butcher's meat, as you do in the case we are supposing, certainly does not economize your expenditure. With proper care little dishes can be contrived easily out of scraps that five out of seven *so-called* 'good plain cooks' would throw aside as worthless. Take fish, for instance, what becomes of the head of a cod, and the tail backbone? Behind the fire or in the dust heap they go. Well, if you take this head and bone, with some of the water it was boiled in, some parsley, a small onion stuck with two or three cloves, a carrot, and seasoning to taste. Let these all simmer till it almost jellies, add a little milk, thicken with a little butter rolled in flour, and you have a simple and useful dish. If you have any scraps of fish, or a few oysters left from sauce, flake the fish over from skin and bone, and with the oysters lay it into the soup to heat, not boil, just before serving; or a little curried rice, rolled in flour, and a little butter and flour thickening, and a half a pint of preserved lobster carefully warmed in the soup. This may be a 'company' soup, but it certainly is appetizing on a cold day. Luckily, we are beginning to realize that soup does not mean a mere concoction of scraps of meat formerly considered indigestible for family fare, and that in some cases soups can be made, and very good soups, too, with no stock at all. Fish jelly, again, is admittedly a delicious delicacy, and the average housekeeper rarely thinks of using it for daily fare. But it is easy to make, and economical as it is dainty. The fish stock mentioned above, cleared, and with a little singlass or gelatine added to it, and a suspicion of tarragon vinegar, will turn scraps of fish into a jelly that garnishes with some freshly washed lettuce, will top a cold chicken, or the cold mutton at the other end, and will be tempting when the heat makes the very idea of solid food repulsive. Vegetables, again, can be used up in a variety of ways. There is always some left in the dishes, and a careful house-keeper will be haunted for days by those scraps, or be aggravated by seeing the vegetables left over thrown into the wast tub. Now any cooked vegetables, with the addition of a little salad, sauce, an anchovy or two, a few morsels of meat, or even the best parts of a boaster, will make a very fair imitation of Russian salad; or, a fair, chopped fine, seasoned rather highly, and mixed with a little butter or good dripping, and steamed or baked in a mold, they produce an appetizing and very economical fare. In the country extra vegetables are not such a loss, but in towns a conscientious housewife does get worried by waste. In the most admirably arranged kitchen scraps there must and always will be waste, and unusable scraps, there never will. A very little thought and a little economy will enable you to use up everything.

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Small Economies. Now this same saving is a trial; there is no denying it. We do not honestly think women, as a rule, are extravagant in large things, and they will cheerfully make large sacrifices; but in small things they do not usually find economy pleasant. This proceeds chiefly from ignorance, false shame, and, in extreme cases, from idleness.

Mistresses far too often do not know how to make the most of things, though, as far as their lights go, they will use them themselves, and oblige those connected with them to do likewise. They again, these petty economies are so small that one dreads to encounter cook's face of horror at such unheard-of meanness. The things are so petty! What difference can they make? The whole thing would not save a cent in the twenty-four hours, etc. Granted; but look through your eyes and see how your money goes. It is not mostly carried off by odd pence that at the time seem almost too unimportant to consider? None, until they try, realize how tiny sums will mount up in a short space of time, and how their scraps will go making faint dishes, tempting to eat, and saving the butcher's shop.

It is just in these small economies that French women are such splendid managers. They know exactly how far everything will go, and have no false shame at any management that will save even a penny. Yet in spite of this (perhaps because of this), French cookery is always quoted as the best. The fact is, French cookery is a cookery of scraps; and it is owing to this that the French 'menagers' can produce so tempting and varied a menu on the microscopic sum that does duty as wages. The great 'bordous blues' do not practice this rigid economy; but that is not the style of cookery we are referring to. It is French domestic cookery to which we allude, and how every scrap has its value, and is carefully adapted to the occasion. It is all, for to make 'rechauffe' and some and palatable the cookery must be most careful, and of the kind. A French menu reads most grandly, but write it out in plain English, and see how homely the fare is. In this country, in the case of the French, there is a wide-spread idea that it is bad economy to buy any but the best joints of meat, unless actually obliged to do so by the shallowness of one's purse, and for this reason parts are left as inferior which, if properly dressed, would afford abundance of the most palatable, and far less expensive than the more thought of 'prime' joints. It is curious how fashion has tabooed some dishes as quite too vulgar for any but the innermost privacy of the family circle, though many of these very dishes would be considered as excellent if taken abroad with a foreign name. Take, for instance, Men, as a rule, know and like it, though they do not often introduce it to their family fare; but very few ladies have seen it, and fewer still have tasted it. Be this as it may, the Frenchman's view was so varied and dainty, his choice for the invalid, it is a marvelous addition to the sick-room fare. 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### Our Young Readers.

**THE GENEROUS SPRING.**  
O the happy, happy spring!  
Paved with white and glistening snow,  
What a lovely life it gives!  
Gladly answering all demands  
Of the pleasant, sparkling spring!  
Where the crystal waters drip,  
The fragrance of the flowers,  
The music of the birds, and the  
Rabbit shy, with twinkling eye,  
Many a bird on airy wing,  
Singing, wheeling to the brink,  
Chattering, scolding, and snick,  
Human folk—be good to all!  
"Come, 'twinklers,' come and drink!  
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**TRUE COURAGE.**  
Shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the children of the school-house pell-mell.  
"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."  
There was a roar of laughter at this point, and the children of the eyes of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.  
He had looked painfully at Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.  
"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fat," cried Tom, and crowding close to him, he deliberately snatched the bowl from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the looks up, and then walked on again.  
He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but he was determined to give him no cause for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said that he could bear no strain whatever. But it was not for nothing that he was so careful of his health, and he was conscious of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions because no taunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reasons for not doing so. He was content to let his explanation be understood with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured. He did not know that this forbearance showed him possessed of a true heroism, for like most boys, he had a strong admiration for the deeds of his heroes, and a little merit in silent endurance.  
Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm, and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro, and one ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the school, but he was not Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro Academy."

But retubition was near at hand, and Tom's sins in respect to Ross, were all ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the school, but he was not Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro Academy."

A new town hall was being built in Hillsboro, and a very high, imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that he might get a view of the object obtained from his half-completed stable, and the next day at the noon recess Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.  
"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."  
The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stair led up to it; and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.  
"A good place for a suicide," said Tom, as he leaned out.  
"Do be careful," said a low voice in a tone of entreaty, and looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived by the others.  
"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom, rudely.  
"The carpenter gave me leave to come up," answered Ross, quietly. "I did not know any one was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."  
"It's likely you think so," sneered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I'd like to see the place where I wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"  
He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected for the stable for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.  
"We see it but what of it?" asked Louis Raymond.  
"You'll see what of it?" answered Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe; and before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding and was walking fearlessly about it."  
The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful.  
But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began a rather feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?" he said.  
As he spoke he looked down—a fatal thing; for his head, which had until now been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below. It seemed to fascinate him. The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger which menaced him; they knew it was only a question of moments now before he must fall and be dashed to atoms on the pavement below. He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the chasm, his eyes wild with terror. He, too, knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself.

The slight change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and the most fatal. The girl seemed to have him on his brain; his eyes were torpid every instant, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Back of him shuddered his horror-stricken comrades, waiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama, before they below him, and with a great crash, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set feet, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the stable onto the scaffolding, with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.  
"If he touches him, Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.  
Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and half turned his head towards Tom, pausing an instant as if to think. Then he made a quick step forward, ward, and throwing both arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backward.  
It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was perilous, drew him up, and with the help of the other boys, got him to the side once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unperceived, but safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible. "I don't feel well enough to go to school again this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower-beds for you."  
"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I'm afraid you study too hard."  
Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to mend the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town hall.  
He was still weeding a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and looking up, he saw about a dozen boys, who were coming in from the little wooden gate. Tom Lane first of all.  
"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly ass I've been."  
Tom's lips quivered as he made this humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort.  
Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd have done as much for you, had you would—been too late for me. Yes, it had been—too late for me. He—ah—ah—them her father planted!"  
A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and wept like a child. "I don't know what I was thinking of," he said, "but I don't think I can ever be a man. She's gone, an' parting's hard, but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop of something. It'll tone you up. Come, all I'll stand treat."  
They started eagerly towards the bar-room, except the one who was coming along in his bloodshot eyes, and every breath he drew of the impregnated air increased his thirst, but to the surprise of all, Tate Sikes declined the drink, even implored Farwell not to urge him.

### Temperance.

**TATE SIKES.**  
Why, here's Tate! observed old Farwell, from the tavern platform. His remark carried a double purpose, it accented Tate Sikes, and also let the other gentlemen know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of mandarin sympathy: "How do you find yourself after yesterday?"  
"Middin' well," said Tate, gravely, but walking on.  
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That was the last they saw of Tate at the tavern until the open door of the bar-room was turned in for one glass. It often became more.  
But two days before, a sad-eyed, tattered woman burst in upon their revels, her face full of agony.  
"Where's my man? Where's 'Tom Sikes?' Then imperatively: "Come home, Tate Sikes, and see to your dyin'!"  
Tate had some manhood left, for he followed his glass down with a groan, and set his wife out, bareheaded, in an unwonted stillness.

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