

### THEY MET BY CHANCE.

They met by chance, the usual way,  
Down in the meadow near the lane,  
Where thrive the ferns and flow'rets gay,  
And wild birds join in sweet refrain:  
A calm enrapturing rest—  
A calm, secluded resting place—  
A spot where lovers love to meet  
And blend their souls in love's embrace.

The dew caressed the tiny flow'rs,  
The moon rolled silently above,  
And all throughout the hazy hours  
The nightingale sang to his love.  
There was the very deuce to pay  
Down in the meadow near the lane  
They met by chance, the usual way—  
The cow and that 'ere railway train.  
—[Eugene Field.]

### PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

The Boy Runs a Funeral and Shows That  
He is Not Half as Mean as Folks  
Thinks He Is.

#### Peck's Son.

"Well, you don't look very kitteny this morning," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he stood up behind the stove to get warm, and looked as though life was not one continued picnic, as heretofore. "What's the matter with you? Your father has not been tampering with you with a boot, has he?"

"No, sir?" said the boy, as he brightened up. "Pa and me are good friends now. He says he has discovered that my heart is in the right place, and that I am going to amount to something, and he has forgiven every foolish thing I ever did to him, and says for me to come to him any time when I want advice or money to do good with. Why, when pa found I had pawned my watch to get money to buy medicine for the old woman, he went and redeemed it, and offered to whip the pawnbroker for charging me too much for the money. O, pa is a darling now. He went to the funeral with us."

"What funeral?" said the grocery man, with a look of surprise. "You are crazy. I haven't heard of any funeral at your house. Don't you come no joke on me."

"O, there is no joke about it," said the boy. "You see, the little apple girl's grandma lost her grip on this earth, soon after she got the medicine and the doctor, and died. I was down there and it was the solemnest scene I ever witnessed. I looked around, and see that somebody had got to act, and I braced up and told the girl I was all wool, a yard wide, and for her to just let me run things. She was going to the poor master, and have the city bury the old lady, but I couldn't bear to see that little girl play solitaire as mourner and ride in an express wagon with the remains, and not have any minister, and go to the pauper burying ground where they don't say grace over the coffin, but two shovelers smoke black pipes and shovel the earth in too quick and talk Bohemian all the time. It didn't seem right for a poor little girl that never committed a crime except to be poor and sell wormy apples, to have no style about her grandma's funeral, so I told her to brace up and wipe her eyes on one of my handkerchiefs, and wait for Henery. Well, sir, I didn't know as I had so much gall. You have got to be put in a tight place before you know the kind of baled hay there is in you. I rushed out and found a motherly old lady that used to do our washing, and give me bread and butter with brown sugar on it, when I went after the clothes. I knew a woman that would give a bad boy bread and butter with brown sugar on it, and cut the slices thick, had a warm heart, and I got her to go down the alley, and stay with the little girl, and be a sort of mother to her for a couple of days. Then I got my bicycle and took it down to the pawnshop and got twenty dollars on it, and with that money in my pocket I felt as though I owned a brewery, and I went to a feller that runs an excursion hearse and told him I wanted a hearse and one good carriage, at two o'clock sharp, and the mourners would be ready. He thought I was fooling, but I showed my roll of bills and that settled him. He would have turned out six horses for me, when he seen I had the wealth to put up. I went down and told the little girl how I had arranged things, and she said she wasn't fixed for no such turnout as that. She hadn't any clothes, and the toes of one foot were all out of the shoe, and the heel was off the other one, so she walked sort of italic like. I told her not to borrow any trouble, and I would rig her out so she would do credit to a regular avenue funeral, with plumes on the hearse, and I went home and hunted through the closets and got a lot of clothes ma wore years ago, when my little brother died, and a pair of her shoes, and a long veil, and everything complete. I was going to jump over the back fence with the bundle when pa got sight of me and called me back. I felt guilty, and didn't want to explain, and pa opened the bundle, and when he saw the mourning clothes that he had not seen before since we buried our little baby, great tears came to pa's eyes, and he broke down and wept like a child, and it made me weaken some, too. Then pa wanted to know what it all meant, why I was stealing them clothes out the back way, and I told him all, how I had pawned things to see that little girl through her trouble, and had taken the black clothes 'cause I thought pa would go back on it, and tell me to let people run their own funerals. I expected pa would thump me, but he said he would go his bottom dollar on me, and, do you know, the old daisy went with me to the house, and

patted the girl on the head, and said for her to keep a stiff upper lip, and when the funeral came off pa and three other old duffers that are pa's chums, they acted as bearers. I had tried a couple of ministers to get them to go along and say grace, but I guess they couldn't see any more money or glory in it, for they turned me away with a soft answer, and I had about closed a contract with a sort of amateur preacher that goes around to country schoolhouses preaching for his board, but pa he kicked on that, and said we should have the best there was, and he sent word to our minister that he had got use for him, and he was on deck, and did his duty just as well as though a millionaire was dead. Well, I rode with the little girl as assistant mourner, and tried to keep her from crying, but when we passed the house of correction, where her father is working out a sentence for being drunk and disorderly, she broke down, and I told her I would be her father and mother, and grandmother, and the whole family, and she put her hand on mine and said how good I was, and that broke me up, and I had to beller. I don't want to be called good. If people will keep on considering me bad, and let me do what good I want to on the sly, it is all right. But when she put that little hand on mine, and it was so clean and plump, something went all over me, like when you step on a carpet tack, or hit your funny bone against a gas bracket, and I felt as though I would stay by that girl till she got big enough to wear long dresses. Everything passed off splendid, and as a pauper funeral passed us on the road, the driver smoking a clay pipe, and the coffin jumping around, I couldn't help noticing the difference. I was proud that I pawned my bicycle and got up a funeral that no person need be ashamed of, and when I arranged with the washwoman to take the girl home with her and be her mother till I could make different arrangements, I felt what a great responsibility rests on a family boy, and when I dismissed the hearse and carriages and went home, and pa took me in his arms and said he wouldn't take a million dollars for me, and that this day's experience had shown him that I was worth my weight in solid gold, and that he had stopped at the pawn shop and got my watch and bicycle, I never felt so happy in my life. Say, don't you think there is a heap of solid comfort in doing something kind of unexpected, to make other people happy, or didn't you ever try it?"

"Of course there is," said the grocery man, as he passed the boy a glass of cider. "I remember once I gave a poor woman a mackerel, and the look of gratitude she gave me, as she asked me to trust her for half a peck of potatoes, kept me awake two nights just thinking how much happiness a man can cause through one rusty mackerel. But she never came oack to pay for the potatoes. I suppose you will be marrying that apple peddler, won't you?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that," said the boy, as he looked red in the face, "but if it would make her feel half as contented as it did for me to fix her up for the funeral, and go along with her, I would marry her quicker than scat, when we get big enough. But I must go and pay the undertaker. He stuck me for two dollars extra on the driver's wearing a black suit, but I guess I can stand it," and the boy went out whistling. As he passed out the door without taking any fruit, the grocery man said to a man who was shaving off some plug tobacco to smoke, "That boy is going to turn out all right, if he doesn't have any pull back."

### Is the Old Faith Dying?

November Century.

It is often said specifically that men of affairs, as a class, have lost their interest in the churches, and an attempt was lately made to test the truth of this assertion. In an eastern city, with a population of a little less than forty thousand, the president and cashier of one of the national banks were requested to furnish a list of the fifty strongest business firms in the city, with the name of the head of each firm. The gentlemen furnishing the list had no knowledge whatever of the use that was to be made of it. In classifying fifty-four names thus given, it was found that there were seven whose relation to the churches was unknown to the gentleman who had obtained the list; six who were not identified with any of them; and forty-one who were all regular attendants upon the churches and generous supporters of their work—the great majority of them communicants. In a western city of a little more than sixty thousand inhabitants, a similar list of fifty-two names was obtained in the same way; and the analysis showed three whose ecclesiastical standing was unknown; one Jew; six not connected with churches, and forty-two regular church-goers, of whom thirty-one were communicants. These lists were both made up by well-informed and sagacious business men; the cities represented by them are not conspicuously religious communities; and the composition of them gives small color to the notion that the business men of our cities are estranged from the churches. It is astonishing that such a notion should ever have gained currency, in the face of the palpable fact that so much money is contributed every year for the support of the churches and the prosecution of their charitable and missionary enterprises.

Some people can't get along without much work, but the butter-makers certainly belong to one of the classes which churn a living.—[The Judge.]

The horse prefers to dine at the table 'oat.—[Boston Bulletin.]

### One Hundred Years Ago.

It was the 25th of November, 1783—a brilliant day, that an excited crowd surged and shouted about Mr. Day's tavern in Murray street, near the road to Greenwich. Cunningham, the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole, from which floated the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic. "Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag—I'll have no such striped clout as that flying in the faces of his majesty's forces!"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly. Cunningham turned to his guard.

"Arrest that man," he ordered. "And as for this thing here, I'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. Bnt, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powdered wig. Old men still lived, not twenty years ago, who were boys in that excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom.

Sir Guy Carleton, K. C. B., commander-in-chief of all his majesty's forces in the colonies, stood at the foot of the flag-staff on the northern bastion of Fort George. Before him filed the departing troops of his king, evacuating the pleasant little city they had occupied for over seven years. The waves of the bay sparkled in the sunlight, while the whale-boats, barges, gigs and launches sped over the water, bearing troops and refugees to the transports, or to the temporary camp on Staten Island. The last act of the evacuation was almost completed; and, as to the strains of appropriate music the commander-in-chief and his staff passed down to the boats, the red cross of St. George, England's royal flag, came fluttering down from its high staff on the north bastion, and the last of the rear-guard wheeled toward the slip. But Cunningham, the provost-marshal, still angered by the thought of his discomfiture at Day's tavern, declared roundly that no rebel flag should go up that staff in sight of King George's men. "Come, lively now, you blue-jackets," he shouted, turning to some of the sailors from the fleet. "Unreeve the halyards, quick; slush down the pole; knock off the stepping cleats! Then let them run their rag if they can."

His orders were quickly obeyed, and the marshal left the now liberated city. In a few moments Col. Jackson, halting before the flag-staff, ordered up the stars and stripes.

"The halyards are cut, Colonel," reported the color-sergeant; "the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed."

"A mean trick, indeed," exclaimed the indignant colonel. "A gold jacobus to him who will climb the staff and reeve the halyards for the stars and stripes!"

"I want no money for the job," said a young sailor-lad as he tried it manfully once, twice, thrice, and each time came slipping down covered with slush and shame. "I'll fix 'em yet," he said. "If ye'll but saw me up some cleats, I'll run that flag to the top in spite of all the tories from 'Scopus to Sandy Hook!"

Ready hands came to the assistance of the plucky lad.

Then, tying the halyards around his waist, and filling his jacket-pockets with cleats and nails, he worked his way up the flag-pole, nailing and climbing as he went. And now he reaches the top, now the halyards are rove, and as the beautiful flag goes fluttering up the staff a mighty cheer is heard, and a round of thirteen guns salutes the stars and stripes and the brave sailor-boy who did the gallant deed.—From "The Little Lord of the Manor," by E. S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas for November.

### The Capture of Jefferson Davis.

Burton N. Harrison, Esq., Jefferson Davis' private secretary, who was an eye-witness of the confederate president's capture, describes it in the November Century, as follows.

"We were taken by surprise, and not one of us exchanged a shot with the enemy. Col. Johnston tells me he was the first prisoner taken. In a moment Col. Pritchard rode directly to me, and pointing across the creek, said, 'What does that mean? Have you any men with you?' Supposing the firing was done by our teamsters, I replied, 'Of course we have—don't you hear the firing?' He seemed to be nettled at the reply, gave the order 'Charge,' and boldly led the way himself across the creek, nearly every man in his command following. Our camp was thus left deserted for a few minutes, except by one mounted soldier near Mrs. Davis' tent (who was afterward said to have been stationed there by Col. Pritchard in passing) and by a few troopers who stopped to plunder our wagons. I had been sleeping upon the same side of the road with the tent occupied by Mrs. Davis, and was then standing very near it. Looking there, I saw her come out and heard her say something to the soldier mentioned; perceiving she wanted him to move off, I approached and actually persuaded the fellow to ride away. As the soldier moved into the road, and I walked by the side of his horse, the president

emerged for the first time from the tent, at the side farther from us, and walked away into the woods to the eastward, and at right-angles with the road.

"Presently, looking around and observing somebody had come out of the tent, the soldier turned his horse's head and, reaching the spot he had first occupied, was again approached by Mrs. Davis, who engaged him in conversation. In a minutes this trooper was joined by one or perhaps two of his comrades, who either had lagged behind the column and were just coming up the road, or had at that moment crossed over from the other (the west) side, where a few of them had fallen to plundering, as I have stated, instead of charging over the creek. They remained on horseback, and soon became violent in their language with Mrs. Davis. The order to 'halt' was called out by one of them to the president. It was not obeyed, and was quickly repeated in a loud voice several times. At last one of the men threatened to fire, and pointed a carbine at the president. Thereupon, Mrs. Davis, overcome with terror, cried out in apprehension, and the president (who had now walked sixty or eighty paces away into the unobstructed woods) turned around and came back rapidly to his wife near the tent. At least one of the soldiers continued his violent language to Mrs. Davis, and the president reproached him for such conduct to her, when one of them, seeing the face of the president, as he stood near and was talking, said, 'Mr. Davis, surrender! I recognize you, sir.' Pictures of the president were so common that nearly or quite every man in both armies knew his face.

"It was, as yet, scarcely daylight. The president had on a water-proof cloak. He had used it, when riding, as a protection against the rain during the night and morning preceding that last halt; and he had probably been sleeping in that cloak at the moment when the camp was attacked. "While all these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the tent. The gentleman of our party had, with the single exception of Captain Moody, all slept on the west side of the road and in or near the wagons. They were, so far as I know, paying no attention to what was going on at the tents. I have since talked with Johnston, Wood and Lubbock, and with others, about these matters; and I have not found there was any one except Mrs. Davis, the single trooper at her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his imagination for his story."

"The president had on a water-proof cloak. He had used it, when riding, as a protection against the rain during the night and morning preceding that last halt; and he had probably been sleeping in that cloak at the moment when the camp was attacked. "While all these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the tent. The gentleman of our party had, with the single exception of Captain Moody, all slept on the west side of the road and in or near the wagons. They were, so far as I know, paying no attention to what was going on at the tents. I have since talked with Johnston, Wood and Lubbock, and with others, about these matters; and I have not found there was any one except Mrs. Davis, the single trooper at her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his imagination for his story."

"While all these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the tent. The gentleman of our party had, with the single exception of Captain Moody, all slept on the west side of the road and in or near the wagons. They were, so far as I know, paying no attention to what was going on at the tents. I have since talked with Johnston, Wood and Lubbock, and with others, about these matters; and I have not found there was any one except Mrs. Davis, the single trooper at her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his imagination for his story."

### Our Cat With the Scarlet Fever.

The ways of our cat "Becky" are always winning, and sometimes remarkable, but the feat which has made her famous—catching the scarlet fever.

Many persons do not believe that a cat can take disease from a human being, but this cat did it most undoubtedly, and was very seriously ill for more than a week. It begun by her insisting on visiting the patient, her young mistress, though the latter was too ill to notice the little animal lying on the bed, and when at last Becky was forcibly driven from her post, it was too late, for customary symptoms of the disease plainly showed themselves. She was taken violently sick, and her throat and tongue became so inflamed that she could not swallow; (no one thought to find out whether there was a rash under her fur), but at all events she grew thinner every day, as she could neither eat nor drink, and the physician in attendance prescribed for her an easy death by chloroform. However, someone suggested putting hot poultices on her throat, as this treatment gave great relief to the human patient, and accordingly flax seed meal was applied, Becky submitting without a struggle. Sometimes it seemed as if the poultice was hot enough to scald her, but she bore the heat bravely, evidently knowing what it was for.

One morning, the person who took charge of the poultices, was awakened before light by puss, who, after "clewing" her vigorously, went to the table under the gas-burner where the linseed was heated, and sat looking up wistfully. It was very evident that she wanted a hot poultice, for the one last put on was quite cold, and after obtaining what she had come for, Becky went down stairs again contented.

In a few days she was convalescent, and spent most of her time before the fire in the invalid's room, making weak attempts to lick her coat, which through neglect had lost all its gloss.

The first sign of returning appetite showed itself when she endeavored to eat the cork of the cod-liver oil bottle. She probably thought it would give her strength, she being a reflective cat, and particularly fond of fish. This case of scarlet fever is an absolute fact, as can be certified by several witnesses. —[Isabel Smithson in American Agriculturist for November.]

Queen Victoria is said to have entrusted the task of writing her life to Miss Keddie, a Scotch woman.

In China corpulence is the symbol alike of social and spiritual distinction. All their gods are represented as enormously fat.

Trimmings of silk or satin upon traveling dresses are now considered wholly "bad form."

A thousand million dollars is the estimated shrinkage of Wall street values within two years.

Lady Campbell, of London, wears the divided skirt, and is said to look well in it.

### The Polar Hare.

Far away to the north of us stretches a land white with snow during most of the year, where bleak winds in unobstructed fury sweep over deserted wastes; where night hangs like a somber cloud for months and months unbroken, and where those crystal mountains called icebergs are born. There is the home of the polar hare. There, where man aimlessly wanders in a vain search for food or shelter, this dainty creature thrives.

Strangely enough, however, it sometimes happens that men are overtaken by starvation in the midst of numbers of polar hares. This is because the little creature has a peculiarity which makes it difficult for the inexperienced hunter to shoot it.

When approached, it seems to have no fear at all, but sits up, apparently waiting for the coming hunter. Just, however, as the probably hungry man begins to finger the trigger of his gun, and to eat in anticipation the savory stew, the hare turns about and bounds actively away to a safe distance, and, once more rising upon its haunches, sits with a provoking air of seeming unconsciousness until the hunter is again nearly within gun-shot, when it once more jumps away.

This must be tantalizing enough to a well-fed sportsman, but how heart-breaking to the man who knows that not only his own life, but the lives of all his comrades as well, depends upon the capture of the pretty creature.

Notwithstanding, however, the apparent impossibility of approaching near enough to the hare to shoot it, there is in reality a very simple way to accomplish it. This plan is practiced by the natives, who no doubt have learned it after many a hungry failure. It consists in walking in a circle around the animal, gradually narrowing the circle until within the proper distance. Simple as this plan is, it is so effective that, with care, the hunter may get within fifty yards of the hare, which seems completely bewildered by his circular course.

Perhaps the sad story of the heroic suffering and final loss of Captain De Long and his brave comrades might never have had to be told had it not been for their probable ignorance of a matter of no more importance than this of how to shoot a polar hare. When they left their ship, the "Jeannette," they took with them only rifles, thinking, no doubt, that they would fall in with only such large game as bears, reindeer, and wolves.

As a matter of fact, such large animals were very scarce, while ptarmigan, a species of grouse, were plentiful, and would have supplied food in abundance to the whole brave band had there been shot guns with which to shoot them. As it was, the rifles brought down but a few of the birds, and thus, in the midst of comparative plenty, the brave fellows starved.—From "Snow-Shoes and No Shoes," by John R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas for November.

### Preachers and Women.

St. James' Gazette.

Luther liked preachers to be handsome, "so as to please the eyes of women." Toward the sex his tone is always that of kindness, tinged occasionally with the good-humored contempt of a superior for an inferior being. Even in regard to his Catherine he declares that he had married her out of compassion. He thought her so pretty that he vowed he would send her portrait to a council of Catholic divines then sitting, as an argument against celibacy. The portrait in question, by Lucas Cranach, scarcely bears out the eulogium. The lady's face is large and bony, with round, unmeaning eyes, and wide, open nostrils. But she was pre-eminently a good woman; and one remark of hers, made in the family circle, will bear repetition. "What must have been the feelings of Abraham," exclaimed Luther, "when he consented to sacrifice his only son and to slay him? He would never have spoken of it to Sarah. It would have cost him too dear. Truly, had God imposed such a command upon me, I should have contested the point with Him." Here Catherine interposed, saying, "I cannot believe that God would require any one to kill his child." Dominus Ketha—"My Lord Kitty"—appears to have had a will of her own. "If I were to marry again," remarked her husband, "I would carve an obedient wife for myself out of a block of marble; for unless I did so, I should despair of finding one." Luther would scarcely have approved of female suffrage; but he was probably ahead of most of his contemporaries in his ideas of the rights of women. Thus the Saxon law, which assigned as the widow's portion a chair and a distaff, he condemns as "too severe." And he would have it interpreted largely, "as implying by the first gift the widow's right of remaining in the dwelling of her husband; and by the second her subsistence, her maintenance. A man pays his servant more liberally; nay, he gives more than this to a beggar." Being asked to advise on a matrimonial cause, he refrained from giving more than a general opinion as to the method to be followed, in such cases. "These things," he concluded, "concern the civil authority; for marriage is a temporal matter, which interests the church in no way except as to the conscience." M. Naquet could hardly use language more anti-clerical.

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. He replied, "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time." "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced. —[Somerville Journal.]