



The Ladybug.

"Ladybug, ladybug, haste away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!"

Dear ladybug, I am so sorry for you!
If your house is on fire, oh, what will you do?
And your poor little children all burning! Dear me!
It does seem as cruel as cruel can be.

Oh, why don't you hurry, you slow little elf?
If I knew where you lived I would go there myself.

The house might burn down while you're turning about;

'Tis because you're feeling so badly, no doubt,

That you can hardly stir. No wonder, poor dear;

You must be half crazy such bad news to hear,
Though I've told it to dozens, I think, besides you

I feel just like crying whenever I do.

Now think of your babies! Run, ladybug, run!

I do hope some neighbors have saved every one
From the terrible fire; and, ladybug, then
You can build a new house and be happy again.

In Devonshire.

It is said that the dialect of Devonshire is so dear to persons born within sound of it that, whatever their after-training, they drop into its familiar phrases when under the pressure of strong excitement. Anecdotes couched in its rough and sometimes uncouth expressions have a charm all their own.

A colonel of the North Devon militia was one day reviewing his regiment and seeing a hare jump out in the midst of the men, he shouted, wildly: "There he go'th, a lashing great shaver!" Then forgetting the exact point at which he had ceased giving the word of command, he turned about and asked:

"Where wor I, drummer boy?"

"Present arms, sir," responded the youth, and the inspection went on.

At another time a yeomanry regiment was enacting a sham fight when a Capt. Prettyjohn was ordered to retreat before a charge of the enemy.

"Retrait! what doth that mane?" inquired the Captain. "Retrait meanth rinning away, I zim; then it shall never be told up to Dodbrook market that Capt. Pridgen and his brave men rinned away."

Accordingly, as the enemy came on, bearing down upon him at a rapid trot, he shouted to his troop:

"Charge, my brave boys, charge! Us baint voxes and they baint hounds! Us'll face 'em like men!"

The collision, as one might guess, was awful; men, horses and accoutrements strewed the ground on every side, and several troopers were more or less injured.

"Gentlemen," said one worthy nobleman, who loved to use the Devonshire dialect, "I wish to propose a toast; and that there is this here, 'Fox-hunting!'"

Lady Rent-Collectors.

Probably no city of the world has in its poor so much as London to be ashamed of, and in its dealings with them so much of which to boast. As the need has been very urgent, the response in organized charity has been astonishingly great.

London's model tenement-houses are models worth copying in every large

due in no mean measure to the plan by which the rents are collected.

Miss Octavia Hill in 1864 began the system by which women took the place of men as rent-collectors. Ladies in no need of remuneration offered their aid at once. But Miss Hill saw the wisdom of putting the plan upon a purely business basis, and insisted that the collectors should receive a commission of five per cent.

She took as her field the very lowest grade of tenement-houses. Besides the mere duties of collector, she undertook to better the condition of tenants. First inducing them to give up living in cellars, and removing other evils, she has gradually educated her tenants up to wanting the best possible quarters. Through her agency many model tenements have been built. The builders are always guaranteed a good percentage on their investments, and now it is said that a million and a quarter dollars' worth of property is under her management.

Many other ladies are engaged in the work, and though their achievements may not be told in large figures, it is very easy to see what good they can bring about. They must come into constant contact with the poorest classes, and full of the spirit of charity, must see countless ways to help the tenants' wives and children.

The men, too, come to look upon the rent-collector, not as a heartless agent to be shunned and put off, but as a friend with ready sympathy and real power to aid.

Modern charity follows more and more the good Samaritan example. American workers who copy from England this form of it need never fear ridicule as Anglomaniacs.

Wanted to Be Sure.

A few weeks ago, writes a correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, a local hackman was summoned to a clergyman's house to convey him to a meeting in another part of the city. On obeying the summons he found another carriage in waiting, and an impatient driver walking up and down before the door. The minister came hurriedly down the steps and got into the second hack, and the driver prepared to move off.

"Here, you," called out the promenading hackman, "what are you taking the minister away for? There's a couple of young folks in there waiting to be married. Why don't he jine 'em before he goes off? I don't want to wait here all night."

The minister's hackman chirruped to his horses without deigning to notice the other man's remarks. He was gone an hour and returned with the clergyman, and lo, the same hackman was pacing up and down in front of the house. He was in anything but an amiable mood.

"If I was running a business I'd 'tend to it," said he, as the minister was alighting. "Why don't he marry folks without makin' 'em wait all night?"

"Ask him," said the clergyman's driver, and the hackman followed his advice.

"Marry them!" exclaimed the clergyman. "Why, I did. I married them a long time ago. Don't they know they are married? I'll go in and see why they are wating."

Soon afterward a blushing bride and a vexed-looking groom came out of the house, and as they were getting into the carriage he said to her;

"I told ye we was all fixed."

"Well, George," she replied sweetly, "I wanted to be sure of it."

She Saw the Battle of Waterloo.

Mrs. Todd, one of the very few women who were present at the battle of Waterloo, is still living, in great poverty, at Spitalfields. Her father was killed in the battle, and her mother appears to have died of a broken heart.

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