



**The Little Life.**

O lost delight! How chill and gray  
The breath and bloom of summer day.  
In robin's song there lurks a moan,  
The breeze takes on a sobbing tone,  
Since baby died.

O vanished joy! The hours thrice blessed  
When closely to my bosom pressed  
The flaxen head. And now the smart  
Of lightened arms, and weighted heart  
Since baby died.

O mother love! To dream, to wait,  
To hope, to bear, to bless my fate,  
Then death. Of what avail to rave?  
There still remains the little grave,  
Since baby died.

O pure, sweet life! Thy fragrance rare  
Still lingers in the silent air.  
Like voiceless prayer it lulls my pain,  
And frozen grief drops down in rain,  
Since baby died.

**Russian Fatalism.**

The Russian peasant is like a chita, ignorant of the practical bearings of events and utterly unable to cope with them. Yet he never loses his faith in God. During the famine, when the peasantry were living, or rather dying, on bread made of pigweed, chaff, and other equally nutritious and more noisome articles, they endured in submission. "God's will is at the bottom of it," said they. "He gave and He takes away." A writer in Temple Bar gives the following illustration of their fatalism, and the excuses they invariably find for inaction.

One day, a Russian village official was riding with me in search of some strayed horses. The black soil was like dust, and he sighed heavily as his mare sank in the light stuff.

"Ah," he said, "what land is this? It is like a woman broken with sorrow. How can she find food for her child?"

"Has it been so all summer?" I asked.

"Not so, indeed. There was frost in the spring, and men said 'Frost and fair weather.' But then came the dryness, and though mass was said in fields, it went to nothing. And then we dug up the drunkards—"

"The what?"

"The drunkards, your honor. Often it is, that when the drunkards are pulled out of their graves, and flung into pools of water, that rain will come; we know not why. But not only rain came, but hail and fierce storm and fire, and withered the little that was grown. Then after that, dryness again, and now," he shrugged his shoulders, "the famine."

"Must there be a famine?" I asked.

"Surely," he said with a smile, "the grain we have is soon eaten, and then what?"

"Will no provision be made for the future?"

"Who should make provision? Now we can buy much and eat much; afterwards, well, the little father will not see us die?"

So depending on the Czar and public charity, they rest content in making no provision for the future.

**Slavery in Kentucky.**

In the Shelbys of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we may find, as we are told by the author of "The Blue Grass Region," types of Kentucky's most kindly slave holders. These were humane individ-

uals who lamented what they felt to be the destiny of the negro, and endeavored to make their rule over him a sort of paternal government. As a general thing the field hands were allowed to work leisurely, and are described by an observer as "loitering in the fields."

On one occasion, a gang of them dropped work entirely to run after a rabbit the dogs had startled, and a passer-by indignantly reported the fact to the master.

"Sir," replied the old gentleman, hotly, "I'd have whipped the last rascal of 'em if they hadn't run 'im!"

It often happened that the negro head-servant on the farm was a sterner censor of public morals than his master. Such an "Uncle Tom" once told his master that a keg of lard had been stolen, and named the thief and hiding place.

"Don't say a word about it," said the master.

Next day, he rode into the field where the culprit was plowing, got down from his horse and walked along beside the man.

"What's the matter, William?" he asked after a time. "You can't look me in the face as usual."

Then William began to cry and confessed his theft.

"Come to-night," said the master, "and I will arrange so that you can put the lard back. Nobody shall know that you took it."

So, somewhat to the disapproval of the zealous head-servant, the culprit was shielded from punishment.

**Discovered.**

The other passengers in the street-car looked at Helen Martin with open approval. She saw the pleasant glances, and did not guess that they were called out by her own sweet smile and merry eyes. She was thinking as she glanced down at a neat brown paper bundle that she carried, "How mortified, how awfully mortified I should be, if all these people, who think how elegant I look in my new spring gown with my hat and gloves and parasol to match, could tell from the appearance of this bundle that it is a pound of cold ham!"

There is no denying that Helen was a little vain in her pretty clothes, and that she hated to carry queer-looking bundles, but it must be said for her that she had offered cheerfully to bring home that cold ham for supper.

Suddenly she was dismayed to see that the neat package was neat no longer. Great grease spots had appeared all over it. She signaled to a newsboy, and in a moment had the telltale spots covered under an evening paper.

She stared out of the window with a haughty air, which she hoped would counteract the inelegant effect of the newspaper bundle. Then she heard "Wough! Wough!" and realized that every one was looking at her with an amused smile.

What could it mean? There in front of her, sniffing wistfully at her carefully disguised bundle, was a little dog, standing on his hind feet, and "begging" as prettily as possible.

Her cold meat secret was discovered. Only one passenger in the car failed to join in the general laughter, and that was the hungry little dog, not Helen.

**He Was Born.**

Prof. Tinkitunk—You told me your son was a born musician. Why, if he had a hand-organ tuned to play Old Hundred he couldn't get more than 66½ out of it.

Old Man John—Of course he is a born musician. Did you think he was hatched or grew on a tree?

**At the Grand Central Depot.**

Young Lady—Mister Conductor, will I have time to say good-bye to my friends?

Conductor—Guess not, miss, this train leaves in two hours and a half.—Texas Sittings.



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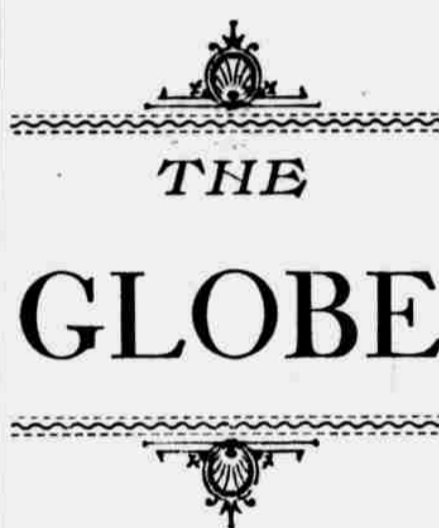


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