Publishers and Progressies.

FINANCIAL EXTREMES. "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

SOLOMON RAY. A bard, close man was Solomon Ray; Nothin o' value he gave away o' value he gave away. He hoarded an' saved; He pinched an' shaved;

An' the more he had, the more he craved. The hard-carned dollars he toiled to gain

Fur nothin' he spent, An' all that he lent He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Sech wus the life o' Solomon Ray.

The years went by, an' his hair grew gray,
His cheeks grew thin;

His soul within Grew hard ez the dollars he worked to win. But he died one day, ez all men must, Furlife is fleetin' an' man but dust; An' the heirs were guy That laid him away;

An' this was the end o' Solomon Ray. They quarreled now who had leetle cared Fur Solomon Ray while his life was spared;
All his lands were sold,
An' his hard-carned gold

Wus paid to the lawyers, I am told, Yet many will cheat, an' pinch, an' save, Nor take the'r treasures beyond the grave. All the'r gold some day Will van sh away, Like 've selfish savin's o' Soloman Ray.

PELEG STOW. Strong an' healthy, but alwaz slow, Large an' lazy, was Peleg Stow: Labor an he Did disagree:

Why he should worry, he couldn't see. The tall, thick weeds in his garden grew;

His wants were many, his comforts few:
Fur lectle he made,
An' he had no trade, While he borrowed money he never paid While others labored, he calmly slept:

While others hurried, he bumbly crept;
An' he seemed inclired
To be left behind In the journey o' life by all his kind He hed no manhood, he hed no pride

His frail wife fasted, his children died, An' the whole world said They were better dead Than livin' the pitiful life they led.

Idle he lived, an' without a care— A worthless load for the town to bear. He resped no grain; He died in pain, An object o' pity an' just disdain

Yet many will live in sloth an' ease Till out at the cibows an' the knees; Their means will spend, An', in the end.

Will go to the grave without a friend.

-Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Tribune.

## TWO HOMES.

A Chapter of Rent Life.

There was trouble on a certain morning in two homes at opposite ends of the City of Dublin. The homes were very different, and so was the nature of the trouble; nevertheless, the latter in less than no time." the respective inhabitants of both.

The first of these dwellings was on known to those whose experience lies the south side of Merrion Square, a goodly mansion, the abode of wealth and luxury. The lady to whom this belonged sat disconsolate in the midst of her rich surroundings. Books and embroidery were on the dainty little flower-decked table at her side, but they were untouched; and a restless, troubled expression was on her face while she nervously clasped and unclasped the jeweled hands lying idle in her lap.

The door opened, and a footman announced a visitor.

"Oh," she exclaimed, rising to greet her, "you got my note. How kind of you to come! I am in such distress." "And for what?" asked the friend, "Tell me all about it."

"You remember my cousin, Emma

"Of course. But no one has seen her for years. She has shut herself up in her country place ever since her hus-

band died; has she not?"

"Yes; and she is still a prey to grief. Before they married, her husband gave her, as her engagement ring, a valuable jewel that had been in his family for time out of mind, and had come to him from his mother. It was a diamonda single stone of great size and the purest water. Of course she valued it immensely, as, indeed, she would have any gift of a man to whom she was so devoted. Since his death, this ring has been simply inestimable in her eyesthe earnest of happiness ruined so soon. Prized so highly by the giver as an old family possession, and in itself of such exceeding value, it has never left her finger day or night. Latterly, she has fancied that the stone was becoming loose in the setting, and spoke of sending the ring to me to have it examined by a jeweler, but could never make up her mind to part with it, even for a few days. At last, however, the stone came out. She sent it to me, and"-here the speaker broke down-"I have lost it!"

very unfortunate! No wonder you are so wretched! Tell me how it happened."

The lady told her story, pouring the kind tact, abstained from the, "If you had only done this or that;" or, "I wonder you did so-and-so," common on such occasions; remarks that drive painfully home the arrow of self-reproach and fruitless regret, already stinging so sharply. Every one is so wise, so full of precautions, after a thing has happened.

the recovery of the lost treasure were be required, and I may have good news ing .- Chambers' Journal. discussed by the two ladies, and fresh for you before long. measures anxiously suggested. At last the visitor departed, leaving the owner under her cloak, straining them hard were abolished, half the dertists in

The other home was in a very differ- young benefactress. Very bitter was | -Burlington Hawkeye.

one room in a house let out in "tenements' to poor families, in a squalid back slum. The place was clean, though bare of everything except mere necessaries; every article of furniture that could be dispensed with, as well as the wearables of the inmates, having gone to the pawn-shop to procure food. Lying outside the bed, partly dressed, was a man-the wreck of a fine, stalwart, broad-shouldered young fellow. He was a day-laborer, and had lately left the hospital after a long and heavy fit of illness. Two small children were playing quietly in a corner; and the wife-her apron thrown over her head rocking herself backward and forward, sobbing bitterly.

"A' don't take on so, my girl," said the man-"don't now, Mary, honey. Sure God is good, Maybe He'll rise up something for us. I'll get strong and able again perhaps. Didn't the doctor say when I was leaving the hospital, that I hadn't a ha'porth the matter with me? I was cured; and he need do no more."

"Ay; and didn't he say, too, that you was to have good food-good nourishment: and that without it you wouldn't do? And 'tis that what's breaking my heart en-tirely,' added Mary, with a with fresh burst of grief; "looking at you there melting away before my eyes day "Sure, I'm losing my mind entirely by day; wore to a skeleton with next to starvation, and nothing on the living earth to give you. And now here's the man come for the rent, and I haven't a half-penny to give him-not one! Sure and certain, we'll be turned out on the world. Nothing for it at last but to go to the workhouse, and be all parted asunder from one another-you and I and the children. And we so comfortable, so happy in our little home before you took ill, with full and plenty of everything! Oh, Jim, jewel, isn't it hard?"

"Well, 'twas from no fault of ours, and couldn't be helped. The sickness came from the Lord-glory be to His holy name! How do we know but what help will come from Him, too? Anyway, darlint, there's no use in fret-

ting. "If I could get work, I wouldn't fret," said the young woman. "We might struggle on, and keep the life in us till such time as you were on your feet again. But I can't. It's a poor case to be able and willing to earn, and not get it to do. The last job of needlework Miss West got for me-she's a good friend, Heaven bless her!-was well paid for. She promised to try and get me more amongst her ladies. I'll go off to her now, and see has she heard of anything. You'll be good, avourneens, while I'm away, won't ye?" said she, kissing the two halfstarved mites in the corner; "and ye won't cry, or disturb the poor sick daddy. I'll be back, Jim, my heart,

the lower orders. Poor Jim had a full share of both; nevertheless, when his wife had gone he broke down to Merrion Square. My first tuition miserably. "God help her!" he said, looking after her retreating figure; and God forgive me for deceiving her, and making up stories about getting strong and well, when I know stretched here, that the never a stroke of work I'll do again in this ring." world. 'Tis dying I am-dying for the want of everything; as weak as water, and not able to lift my head. If she was to slave day and night, and work her poor fingers to the bone, the craythur! she couldn't get me the nourishment I'd want. Though I purtend to her that I'm not one bit hungry or in-clined to make use of victuals, I could eat the world if I had it. I'm just ravenous! When I was sick at the hospital, I wasn't able to look at even the cup o' tea; but now the hunger is gnawing and tearing at me. My heart is weak from fasting, and the longing and the craving are killing me."

Meantime poor Mary was hurrying through the streets with anxious footsteps, speculating on the possibility of her friend having found her work

among her pupils. Miss West was a daily governess. Though but just nineteen, she was the main prop and stay of a widowed invalid mother and young sisters; carning by her daily toil that which eked out the pittance left of better days, and made by frugal contrivance the two ends meet. But none are so poor as not to be able to help in some way those worse off than themselves; and the young girl had pleaded successfully for Mary, and had procured employment nochs"- Poor Mary couldn't finish that had been the only support the picture; and soon her wretched re-of the poor family during Jim's illness. flections were put a stop to by their ar-She was going to breakfast when her protege was shown in: just preparing to attack, with the healthy appetite of "You have lost the stone? How youth and the knowledge that many into the drawing-room, and displayed busy hours would pass before she before the enraptured eyes of its occu-should again see food, a goodly slice of pant the precious jewel whose loss had thick bread and butter; the thickness, be it observed, referable to the bread Mary, it was some time before she details of the grievous misadventure in. only, the butter spread thereon being could realize her good fortune, or take "scrape."

with the bright, pleasant smile that was healing in the very thought of such always seemed, Mary declared, to prosperity! "rise her heart out of trouble." "I am afraid I have no orders for you this houses clouded so lately with trouble morning, but I have got a new pupil, and anxiety, peace of mind was reand she tells me that there will shortly stored. Heaviness had endured for a be a wedding in the family. So there's night -a long weary night in one case-The means that had been adopted for a chance for you. Needle-work may but joy to both had come in the morn-

Poor Mary wrung her hands together of these gorgeous drawing-rooms with a in the agony of disappointment that she America would be obliged to shut up

ent quarter of the city. It consisted of the pang of deferred hope; but she would not seem ungrateful

"And I daresay," said the girl, glancing at the white, pinched face, that you've left home without your breakfast. Here's a nice cup of tea I've just poured out, and a round of breadand-butter," her own whole morning meal: "sit down while you take them.

"Thank ye kindly, Miss; I'm double thankful for the tea; and," added the poor woman, all unconscious that she was robbing her benefactress, "as you're so good, I'll put the slice in my basket, and carry it to poor Jim.' Maybe it'll tempt him-lovely white bread! He does be saying always that he has -was sitting beside the fireless grate, no mind to eat; but I think 'tis just purtending he is, poor fellow! He knows I haven't it for him.

"If I could only get you some work!" said the girl, touched to the quick by the utter woe in her poor friend's face.
"Ah well, sure you're doing your best -the Lord bless you!--and who can do more? And now, Miss, I'll go; axing your pardon for all the trouble I'm giv-

ing you."

With a heavy heart Mary turned away, retracing her steps wearily along the passage. Remembering something, however, before reaching the hall-door, she came back, and reappeared in the room where the little governess was tying her bonnet-strings, preparing to set out. "I forgot this." she said. with the fret that's on it. God help me! my burden is making me foolish. Coming along this morning. I seen this on the flags, and put it in my pocket. thinking maybe if it was clean, one of your little sisters might fancy it for her cur'osity-box. Let me wipe the mud off it for you, Miss. It shines beautiful now a bit of glass like."

A moment's scrutiny of the object sparkling on the woman's outstretched palm, and Miss West, crying out "Give it me, quick, and wait," snatched it from her-Mary staring in astonishment at her vehemence-and rushed up-stairs to her mother's room.

"What is it, dear?" said the startled invalid as she dashed in. "What ever is the matter?"

"O mother, look! Can this be what we saw advertised for the newspaper? Is it possible poor Mary can be the lucky finder? I can scarcely believe it. Do look."

The advertisement was as follows: " £50 REWARD,-Lost, a valuable diamond." [The description and further particulars given. | "Whoever finds it, or can give information leading to its recovery, will receive the above reward by applying at No. --, Merrion Square, South.

Mrs. West at once pronounced what was submitted to her experienced judgment, to be a diamond of great value, and was strongly of opinion that it might be the missing jewel; but both mother and daughter agreed that it would be better not to tell Mary the extent of her possible good fortune, for durance of suffering are traits well ing to her, the young lady only said:
known to those whose experience lies 'My mother thinks this may be something we have seen advertised for in the newspaper, to be taken, if found, this morning happens to be in that square, so I will go with you to the house mentioned."

"Thank ye kindly, Miss. The footmen in them grand houses wouldn't look sure as that I'm lying at the likes o me. They'd just slap the door in my face, if I made so bold as to

> As she tripped along, the young governess' heart beat high at the prospect of what might be the happy result of her errand. No more slaving for poor Mary; good food for Jim: an airy lodging at the sea-side, where he would soon recover his strength; clothes and furniture redeemed from pawn; and, after an interval of rest and ease-sorely needed after their sufferings-her humble friends restored to their old life of industry and comfort.

She might have been tempted to impart some gleam of these bright hopes to the poor grief-laden young wife plodding wearily behind her, had she seen the tears that dripped slowly down over her miserable face, or guessed at the gnawing thoughts that were driving her to despair. "Dying! yes, dying before my eyes; and not one to reach a hand to save him! And he so young, and so good, my darling Jim! Not like a many of the other boys, his comrades, with their feet ever on the floor of the 'public," getting as drunk as drink can make 'em. Steady and industrious always; bringing his earnings to his little home, and that sober you wouldn't think he had a mouth on him! And now to be hid away from me for ever in the clay, an' myself and my two wee-

rival in Merrion Square. It is needless to dwell upon what followed when Miss West was shown up pant the precious jewel whose loss had caused such tribulation. As for poor to sympathetic ears. Her friend, with limited to an almost imperceptible in the bewildering tidings of the wealth that had so providentially come to her. "Ah, is that you, Mary?" she said. And Jim, what news for him! There

So it came to pass that, in the two

strove to keep down and hide from her shop and hunt around for another job.

## Youths' Department.

BOBBY BOY AND ROBIN BIRD.

"Oh, Robin, Robin bird, Wise as wise can be, Why do you sit on the chestnut bough, Nordding your head at me?
Haven't you any work to do.
Hopping about all day?
Is it the whole of a Robin's life
To whistle, and eat, and play?"

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby boy, Why shouldn't I look at you? Why shouldn't I look at your
If I am only a little bird,
I have plenty of work to do.
Don't you whistle, and eat, and play,
And play, and whistle, and eat?
Don't I see you at breakfast-time, And out in the sunny street?'

Yes, but Robin, Robin bird, I study as well as play; I'm half-way through my spelling-book, And many a lesson I say; But you don't have any books to read, A life that you must enjoy: I wish I was only a Robin bird, Instead of a Bobby boy."

"Ah, Bobby, Bobby boy, You don't know what you say; There's nobody longing to eat you up, Whenever you go to play: There's nobody ready to bunt your nest,
And steal your innocent brood.

Or shoot you at sight with a horrid gun
If you yenture into the wood.

But yonder the eat sits blinking Her great, green eyes, you see; She'd break ever; bone in my body If she got her claws on me. I never can be any other Than only a Robin, you know, while you, perhaps, from a little boy, A tall, strong man will grow,

"And maybe win fame and honor, Wherever your name is heard. While my greatest-grandson Robin Will be nothing but a bird.

So don't be idly wishing,
For God knew best, you see,
When He made you a pretty Bobby boy,
Instead of a Robin like me,"
—Harper's Young People.

## TOMMY'S "DAY OFF."

" Botheration!" said Tommy Trent, as he dammed the door very hard. He was playing marbles with Jim Coe in fore school-time.

"I wish a feller could do as he's a mineter," he continued, giving a fling to his cap. Mrs. Trent looked pained, but made no eply. The baby sat on the floor, with his

reply. The baby sat on the floor, with his big blue eyes fixed upon Tommy.
"Who yer starin' at?" ejaculated that amiable young gentleman, contorting his freekled countenance until he resembled a Chinese idol.
"Tommy," said Sister Sue, who was writing her grammar exercise, "if you do not keep your hands out of your pockets I

shall sew them up." The bands or the pockets?" queried the incorrigible Thomas, withdrawing one grimy list, in order to throw a worsted doll

"You're a dirty, bad boy!" retorted Sue.
"You needn't put on airs and pretend to be so orful good," answered Tommy. "Jim Coe and me, we seed you an' 'Kier Mills—
There! you needn't make eves at me neither.
We seed you eatin' choklit kallermak by the company to at the baby.

We seed you eatin' choklit kallermels be-hind the blackboard yesterday, when you was fast asleep. wuz copyin' sums."
"I wouldn't be a tell-tale," said Sue,

ing, to pacify the child, and the school-bell

"Whose a-goin' to?' replied Tommy, catching up a dilapidated "Greenleaf 2 and a cracked state, and scrambling over the back of the sofa for his cap, which, when

last seen, was flying rapidly in that direc-

"Thomas," said his mother, when be emerged, with a very red face, "what is the matter with you?" "I don't see why I can't ever do as I

druther," grumbled Tommy, rattling the door-knob. "I never was bavin' enny fun yet, but I had to quit, and run errands, or tend the baby, or go to that mean old school. I hate errands, and the baby's a bother, and I can't bear school. Our new teacher's got one glass eye; but he sees more with that than most folks do outer two good ones, and there ain't no chance to sling paper wads. Then I can't never sit up nights, and I know there's apple and nuts just the minute you think I'm asleep; but I wuzzent. I pecked through the stove-pipe hole. And then in the mornin' everybody hollers at me to get up. I hate to get up. I wish I wuz blg. Big folks don't have to mind." And Tommy kicked up the corner of the rug, by way of

variation.

Mrs. Trent had been gazing thoughtfully out into the garden. When Tommy ended his remarks, there was a faintly perceptible

smile about her mouth, as she replied: Grown people do not always please themselves, my son; but I am sorry that my little boy has such a hard life. All over-worked people should occasionally have a day off, so I have decided that from suppertime to-night until bed-time to-morrow night you shall do nothing but 'have fun.' You shall slimp as late as the rest of the family, lie abed in the morning, and stay home from school. If you like, you may throw paper wads at the chickens."

Tommy looked puzzled. "Did you really mean it?" he said. "Certainly, I do," she replied. Grandpa's eyes were twinkling behind his

paper. 'How jolly!" exclaimed Tommy. 'Hold on, Snapper!" he cried in the next breath,

There was a rush, a slam, and he had gone. "What shall I do with him?" said poor Mrs. Trent, turning tearful eyes toward grandfather.

"I think, Car'line," said the old gentleman, as he slowly polished his glasses on his slik handkerchief—" I think you've fixed him this time.

"I hope so," sighed the weary mother,
"Now," said Tommy, that night, at the
tea-table, after he had finished his fifth hiscuit and drank a third glass of milk-"now I'm goin' to have fun.

Nobody appeared to pay the slightest attention to his remark. Papa Trent was dis-cussing politics with Grandfather. Mamma-Trent was listening patiently to an old lady who had "dropped in" to tea. Sue sat twirling her napkin-ring in the absentminded manner which she sometimes adopted, when she wished to impress her brother with an idea of his utter insignificance; but Tommy was not easily impressed. As the family adjourned to the sitting-room, he went and stood by a window. The old lady gathered up her knitting and departed, Tommy repeated his remark, but with the same result as before.

Sue had taken her history for half an hour's study. Tommy feit almost overpowered by In two days it will be fit to use.

his new independence. What to do with it be didn't know. How he wished Sue would ask him if he had done his multiplication sums, that he might wither her with a word; but no. Sue was rocking backward and forward, tying her apron-strings into hard knots, and muttering: "America was dis-covered in fourteen hundred and nine-two -fourteen-hundred and rine-ty-two, and

Tommy felt that each moment he stood there idle he was losing dignity. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He would go down to the village. Perhaps Sue would say he'd better not go, and oh! the joy of walking away from under her very eyes.

It was raining fast as he slipped into the hall, took his hat and an umbrella, and returned to the sitting-room.
"I think," he said, faintly. Nobody looked at him. He gathered courage. "I

think I will go down to the viliage.' Unconsciously he imitated his father so perfectly that the family nearly spoiled the effect by a general burst of laughter; but Grandfather did not raise his eyes from the "Life of William Pitt;" Mamma lost not a note in the lullaby she was humming to the baby; Sue continued to discover America in 1492; and Papa simply replied, "Very well,

my son."
The truth of the matter was that Tommy was a great coward and terribly afraid of the "dark," and there was not the least danger of his carrying his threat into execution. The thought of opposition was all that had braced him to make the venturesome decision. How he wished that umbrella back in the rack. He stood a moment or two, quaking inwardly. Sue began to look sarcastic. She evidently thought he was afraid. The idea was madness. He would go into the hall, anyway. So he went, leav-

ing the sitting-room door open a few inches. He heard Sue say:
' Papa, mayn't Tommy shut the door? I feel a draught.' "Close the door, Thomas!" said papa.

Poor Tommy obeyed. How gloomy the hall was! What was that tall, dark thing in the corner? Ugh! Tommy began to tremble. Hark! he thought he heard Sue laugh. That was enough. He hurried to the front door, opened it, stepped out, shutting it with all his might, and stood alone on the wet, dark verandah, with the wind rattling the leafless vines and the elms tapping the roof with their long, bony fingers. He thought how pleasant it was inside, and how nice it had been to sit beside his father, with the front yard, and his mother had called his state and book. No, he would not cry, him in to amuse the baby a few minutes benot for a hundred agates. Somebody came up the path. It was Maria Mills, who had agreed to spend the night with Sue,
"Why, Tommy Treat," she said, "what
are you doing?"

"Wanted to see if 'twas goin' to clear off," said Tommy.

He went in with Maria, and Sue asked him what he saw "down to the village," She hadn't forgotten the "kallermel" story.

Perhaps it was his hearty supper or his subsequent adventure; but somehow Tom-

my was very sleepy and the clock had only just struck eight. Mr. Trent brought out the backgammon board, for a game with his wife. Sue and Maria were playing duets and the grandfather nodded over his book. Tommy thought he would make pictures on his slate; but, after delineating a few horsesand dogs, which looked like the sole survi-

ing around on the piano-stool; but Tommy

Next morning he woke, and saw the sun-shine falling across the floor and heard a faint clatter of dishes. There was a pleas-ant, savory odor of breakfast in the room; offily.

"Children?" said Grandfather Trent, sternly, lowering the Morning Intelligencer Just here the baby put in a powerful protest against the state of the domestic atmosphere. Mrs. Trent dropped her sew-mosphere. Mrs. Trent dropped her sew-mosphere. ing on the table but some work Mrs. Trent had been cutting out. The clock struck began to ring.

'You needn't wait for me, Tominy
Trent, 'said Sue, with rather suspicious sweetness.

had been cutting out. The clock structs the could have eaten mackerel, which he particularly detested. Bridget was in the kitchen, paring vegetables for dinner.

"I want my breakfast!" snapped Tommy. "Hear the biy!" exclaimed Bridget. "Thin why were yez not here to ate it with the rist? Yer mar's gone ridin' wid wid the babby."

Tommy wandered into the pantry, and was obliged to content himself with bread and butter and a baked apple. He started out to find a boy to have a game of marbles; but there seemed to be a sudden dearth of boys in the village. How the time dragged. He ventured down to the post-office, and somebody asked him if he were "playing hookey." He saw his Sunday-school teacher coming, and, turning a corner, to avoid her, met the carriage containing his father and mother and the baby.

"Oh! papa, take me in!" he cried. His father stopped the horse. "What lazy boy is this 22 said Mr. Trent." All respectable boys are in school." Then they drave on. Tommy went toward home. School was

"Hello, Trent!" cried several voices. "You missed it this mornin'. Snapper got a lickin'. He hollered awful." "Had a good time?" said Sue at the din-r table. "Played marbles with Bridget ner table.

or the cat?", Tommy could bear do more. You shut up! he said.

"Thomas, leave the room!" commanded Poor Tommy! He hadn't finished his roast beef and there was a delicious meringue

pudding in the near future. "Weren't you rather hard on the child?" said mamma. "No, my dear; he was getting quite un-

Tommy longed to go to school; but he was too proud. He spent most of the afternoon on the side steps, the panys of his solitude being somewhat soothed by an immense dish of pudding which Sue had purloined, in a sudden moment of peni-

About four o'clock he disappeared. When as he saw one of the school-boys passing the the table, with a pair of very red eyes, house.

As Mrs. Trent turned over her plate, she the supper-bell rang, he took his place at found a tear-stained, blotted and dirty piece of paper, which read thus:

my Deer ma I think this Iz piaide Out. 1 "my Deer ma I think this Iz plaide Out. I druther do az you druther I aint. Had no Fun please Forgive me and I Will be a Betar boy I wuz goin To ask you to do Sutha to su but I Changed my mind fer She iz A brik. "p. S. I like the baby kinder "p. s i Hed jest az leaf go on erants ef you want Eant retrons.

"P. s i Hed jest az leaf go on craw want Enny rayzens.

"P. s i doant Want to stay Away from Schule Enny moar, a feller got Licked today and i Dident see Him.

"P. S. Wuz thair Enny moar uv that Pudin left this Noon. your Lovin son "Tomas e Trent."

—N. Y. Independent.

-Spiced Cabbage. -- Quarter a cabbage head, put it in a kettle of hot wafer with a little salt, boil until very tender, take out carefully and drain, then place closely in a jar. Take two quarts of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of whole cloves and allspice, a stick of cinnamon and one pound of sugar, boil all together ten minutes; pour over the cabbage while hot and cover the jar.