

JUSTICE.

MR. MURPHY EXPLAINS HIS SON'S CONDUCT. That boy, do ye mind, isn't yet seventeen— Ye'd imagine in tricks of the world he was green; He'd always such gentle an' innocent ways...

DOLLIE'S HAND-ORGAN.

Dollie's uncle, who was a sea-captain, brought home a hand-organ from Italy on one of his voyages. It had belonged to a passenger who had died on the way to this country, and as Uncle George knew nothing of his relations, if he had any, the organ, which was all he possessed with the exception of the clothes which he had on, was left on his hands.

He was right in thinking the children would be pleased with it. There were three of them, and they were all wild over it. He gave it to Dollie, who was his favorite, but, of course, Will and Nell enjoyed it just as much as she did; and, as for that matter, so did all the children in the neighborhood.

Sometimes Mrs. Evans, the mother of the children, would declare that she should go distracted with the sound of it, for it was never silent from morning until night, unless Nell, who was too little to go to school, and just large enough to grind it, were asleep and the others at school. And, strange to say, though of course it was not always quite so enchanting as when it was a novelty, it never ceased to be a delight.

Good-natured Uncle George was delighted at the success of his gift. He remained at home a few months on account of ill-health, and the noise the children made with it must have been rather tedious to him, but he bore it like a martyr, and when he first went away he wrote home that he actually missed the noise of the old organ almost

as much as he did that of Dollie herself. Three years passed away, and great misfortune came to the happy family. Mr. Evans died after a long illness; the farm, which was heavily mortgaged, passed into the hands of strangers; and dear, kind Uncle George came home no more from sea. His ship was wrecked and all on board perished—so the newspaper said which was sent to Mrs. Evans, after two years of suspense. Dollie was eleven years old now, a grave, womanly, but beautiful little girl, with large dark eyes and an exquisitely fair complexion.

Will, taking the advantage of a pause, modestly passed around his hat, and quited a shower of pennies fell into it. Nearly every one contributed one or two pennies, and many more moved to give as many as five; for they enjoyed the fun, and did not dread to part with a few cents, as thriftier people, who have much more, often do. The children went at the right time and to the right place.

The peal of the organ was still heard within their little home for a good part of the day, and the children of the neighborhood were as much interested in it as the farm-house children had been when it was first presented to Dollie. The parrot, who had grown very old, and was crosser than ever, still shouted: "Polly wants quiet, keep still, keep still!" and old Rob, the dog, who had been with them through all their misfortunes, still seemed to enjoy its music as if it were the very voice of home.

But the work in the mill was too hard for a delicate woman like Mrs. Evans, and the end of the year found the family in a sordid condition than ever. The poor mother was ill in bed. The last penny was gone from the purse, there wasn't a mouthful of food in the closet, and the rent of the little cottage had been due for nearly two weeks.

Poor Dollie, who was twelve years old now, felt a great responsibility on her shoulders, and did not know which way to turn. She felt that she was able to do a great deal of work, but no one would hire her because she was too little. She did manage to earn a few pennies every day, by taking care of Mrs. Carter's baby, while she went to the mill to carry her husband's dinner, and these pennies she had expended to-day in a bit of oat-meal and milk for mamma; and now Nell was crying with hunger, and Will, who had been out in search of errands to do, came home with empty hands and a very doleful little face, for him, Rob, who had been favored with a nice bone by the butcher, who came round in a cart, was the only one of the family who did not seem dejected. Even the old parrot seemed to feel that she was passing through serious times, and was silent and motionless upon her perch.

"What shall we do, Will?" said Dollie, clasping her hands tightly together. "The doctor said mamma must have broth and a plenty of nutritious food, and we can't starve ourselves." Will shook his curly head dismally. "I could pick up shavings," said he, "only they have fell clear down, so you can't get anything for 'em even if folks would buy 'em at all."

"Fallen, you mean," said correct Dollie, whom distress of mind did not render less fastidious. "There must be something that we can do to earn a little money. We must have money, Will, and that at once. We haven't had any dinner, we had only a crust for breakfast, and we shall have no supper."

Suddenly a bright thought struck her as her eye chanced to fall on the hand-organ. "O! I tell you what we will do, Will," said she, "we'll take the hand-organ and go round with it as the men do. Don't you know what a stir it makes about the mills when an organ-grinder comes out from the city? and I haven't seen but one this summer."

"How can we carry it?" said Will. "It's awful heavy, and I haven't any straps to strap it on to my back like the men do."

"Why can't we wheel it in your wheelbarrow?" said she, after a moment's thought. "Jolly, so we can!" said Will. Let's go right off, Dollie. You can play, and I will pass round the hat."

"It's a dreadful thing to do, it seems almost like begging, but perhaps we shall be able to collect enough to buy something nice for mamma and our own supper besides."

And bidding Nell to take good care of mamma, and not let her know what was transpiring, Dollie put on her bonnet, and she and Will went down the street, wheeling the hand-organ.

It was noon of a warm April day, and the girls and men at the mill, during eating their lunches, were seated in lazy groups in the open doorway, or promenade in couples about the grounds until the great bell should call them back to their labors.

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"Dolly," said Will, when they had got out of hearing, "what a pile of money we've got! Let's sit down here by the side of the road and find out how much."

"We have three dollars lacking a few cents," said Dollie, after a few eager moments spent in counting, "but do not let us go home quite yet. There are a quantity of children in those little houses by the river, and we may pick up a few pennies there."

"There is a new brig in this morning," said Will, looking down the river. "I wonder where she came from. I'm going to be a sea-capt'n when I grow big. Say, Dollie, what are you going to get for mamma, and what are we going to have for dinner? I'm almost starved," he added, after a little pause.

"It will depend on how much more money we get, Will. I don't care to spend very much of this, for we may not be able to get any more for a whole week."

"Oh, yes we can," said Will; "we can go all round the lot with the organ, and get a great deal."

A tall, brown-bearded man who looked strangely familiar was coming toward them. He was evidently a sailor, and Dollie regarded him wistfully, thinking of Uncle George. She could not remember how Uncle George looked, for four years had passed since he went away, and still she fancied that this strange gentleman looked like him, but perhaps it was only because he wore sailor clothes. He was walking as if he were in a great hurry, and merely glancing at the children, was hastening on, when his eye suddenly fell on the hand-organ in the wheelbarrow.

"My goodness! are you Dollie Evans?" said he, stopping, and pushing Dollie's hat from her forehead. "That used to be Dollie's hand-organ, any way." And without waiting for a reply, he caught her up and kissed her. "And this is Will. Will, why, you young rascal, why didn't you have some Evans look in your face, so that your uncle would know you when he met you?"

"I haven't got so uncle," said Will, whose grammar was always uncertain. "Uncle George was drowned at sea."

"Indeed! But if Uncle George was drowned how can he be here? and I certainly am he. Uncle George came near being drowned, but he wasn't; he was picked up from the wreck of his vessel by a ship bound for China, so of course he was bound to go to China himself, and ever since he got home he has been looking for you. They told me you had moved to the city," turning to Dollie, "but when I reached there, I found that you had left, but no one knew where you had gone. If it hadn't been for that old hand-organ I should have missed you to-day. You have both grown out of my knowledge, but I could not mistake that, any way. Why are you wheeling it about?"

Dollie was shedding tears of joy. She told the story of their circumstances in a few words. Uncle George shut his mouth very hard, and Will said afterward that he saw tears in his eyes.

"Let us go to see your mother as fast as we can," said he.

Mrs. Evans was well-nigh overcome with surprise and joy when she found that Uncle George was alive and well, and in the very next room, though Dollie broke the news very gently. Rob knew him, and nearly went wild with delight, and the parrot shouted "pleased to see you, pleased to see you," until they were obliged to take him away up-stairs.

Dolly and Will never went about with the hand-organ again, but they prize it more highly than ever. Uncle George, who had money enough and to spare, bought back the old homestead in the country, and before the strawberries and daisies had fairly blossomed in the fields, the family was established there, Mrs. Evans growing stronger and more like her old self every day; the children happy as the familiar birds in the trees, and Rob pretending that he was young again, and frisking like a puppy. Even the parrot seemed to share in the general joy, and scold no more at the hand-organ, though its voice was still heard at all hours of the day.—Ballou's Magazine.

—There is considerable evidence to show that Nathan D. Marshal, of Camden, N. J., who committed suicide recently, was influenced to take his own life by his extraordinary friendship for Horace Hamel, the defaulting Secretary of the Newton Building Association. The two men had lived upon terms of the closest intimacy from boyhood, and the horror of testifying against his life-long friend, of whose trial he had been summoned as a witness, is thought to have unbalanced Mr. Marshal's mind. At least, there was no other known cause for the act of an estimable citizen.—Chicago Tribune.

—A Cincinnati factory makes eleven miles of candles a day.

Youths' Department.

LITTLE ROBIN ADAIR.

The very oddest boy I know Is Robin Adair, with his head of tow. And his brave, bright eyes, where the questions grow.

For this very strange boy is asking why, From the time that morning paints the sky Till the sleepless stars look out on high:

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky? It has no wings, and yet it can fly— And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is oatmeal healthy and candy good? Is it always naughty to do as you would? And would you be an angel if you could?

This rose was a bud, and why did it burst? This bird was an egg, and how was it nursed? The egg of the bird, and how was it nursed?

What is the wind? and where does it stay? When it hushes itself and creeps away? Is it crying or singing? and what does it say?

Why does the sun sleep back of the trees At home when in summer he takes his ease All night in the rocking bed of the seas?

Why is it bad for boys to fight? And for soldier-men's brave and right? Why do I love you best at night?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall, And the apple trees do the work for all With their gnarled old branches ready to fall?

Why does a great, strong gentleman ride In a carriage, pretty, and soft and wide, And a tired old woman walk by the side?

Ah! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry; But I'll tell you a secret, dear, and this is true: The grown-up children keep asking why.

And the answers are somewhere safe and fair Beyond the stars and the star-lit air For men and women and Robin Adair.

—Fannie K. Robinson, in Wide Awake.

NUMBER ONE.

"Look out for number one, my boy," said his father, as the baby held up his bread-and-milk for mamma to eat.

"That's what he never will do," laughed mamma. "He'd far rather look out for number two. Not a spoonful will he take till he holds it up for me to taste."

Just as mamma had taken her sip, baby caught sight of papa's curling beard and laughing eyes. Holding up the spoon to him, he made a little coaxing sound.

"The generous darling!" said mamma. "Number two and number three both come before number one in your arithmetic; don't they, baby?"

"We'll name him 'Number One,'" said aunty, from her easy-chair in the corner; and ever after that she playfully called him "Number One," although he soon had another name. Aunty had a way of proving that her choice of a name was a good one however. For, as baby grew older, his father was continually repeating the saying: "Look out for number one;" but it was with a proud feeling that his boy never could be selfish after all. He was so forgetful of self that he always thought of all other numbers before number one.

He chopped kindlings for mamma as cheerfully as if it were the best fun in the world; and often and often he scoured the knives, or even washed the dishes, if she did not feel well. He helped papa in many other ways. His sick aunty called herself "number four," for she came in for a large share of his loving thoughtfulness.

As Number One grew older, he had a darling baby sister, number five. Then, by-and-by, came number six and seven—another sister and a brother.

How could Number One look out for himself, when there began to be so many other numbers?

He kept finding out new numbers, too. There were Grandpa and Grandma Gray, Grandma Eaton, and aunts, uncles and cousins—so many that, when he counted the numbers, they went all the way from number eight to number forty-seven. He did not see them all every day, to be sure; in fact, some of them lived so far away that the visits were few and far between. But when they did meet, they were all sure to feel very soon that Number One was not looking out for himself, but wished rather to make them happy.

Number Forty-eight was poor old Darby, who had to sit in his chair from morning till night, year in and year out—poor, lame and blind! How Number One did delight to carry him a painful mother's broth, and perhaps sit and read a psalm to comfort him!

By-and-by he was strong enough to shovel snow for Miss Patty, who lived in the lane close by, or to dig up her little patch of a garden in spring-time. So aunty called her Number Forty-nine.

Then there were numbers fifty and fifty-one—Tom Hanson and his little brother. They had never asked to their names. How could Number One help lending them his for a ride every other time? True, Dick Jones and Jack Harvey didn't lend theirs; but perhaps they didn't think. Yet, somehow, Number One did think, and he couldn't enjoy his all by himself, seeing the little fellows look on with such hungry eyes.

And so the numbers kept adding up day after day, and year after year. At first, aunty kept account to amuse herself in her weary hours of sickness; but by-and-by there were so many that she gave it up.

"I believe there never was a more unselfish boy," she said; "and he's the happiest boy I know of, too."

The numbers counted up pretty fast when Number One grew to be a man; for he was married, and had boys of his own. But he often thought how much he should love a little daughter; and he soon found out a way to add two new numbers to his list. A poor woman died, leaving twin girls without father or mother, and Number One adopted them. He took them to his home, where his wife was all ready to welcome them. The twins were old enough to remember their own dear mamma; but before long they found that they loved their new mamma and papa just as

much. Their names were Catherine and Tabitha; but their new papa called them Kitty and Pussy, for short. In a few years they were old enough to go to boarding-school.

When they came home for their first vacation, they found that papa had added a new number—a splendid great tabby-cat, with yellow eyes. He had been sent out to sail on the harbor in a basket, by some cruel boy; and their papa, standing on the wharf, had heard him crying, and saved him from a watery grave.

"I've named him Moses," he said, "because I took him from the water. He pays me well by catching mice."

The next day was papa's birthday, and Kitty and Pussy each had a gift for him. As they were talking them over together, Kitty said: "The trouble is, Pass, I always want to do something my very own self for papa. He's so good to us, and to everybody. I do believe everybody loves him. Even Moses purrs on his knee, and catches mice for him; but all we can do is to buy something for him with the money that he gives us."

"Oh no!" said Pussy, "that isn't all. We can try to please him every day, and I'm sure he will understand from that how much we love him."

"But then I want to say it somehow, and not just act it out," said Kitty. "Oh! I know what I'll do, I'll write him a birthday note."

Half an hour after, Pussy was just putting the last stitch in the pretty watch-hook which was to be her gift, when Kitty held out the note for her to read.

"That's nice," said Pussy. "And I'll add a little."

Then they folded the note, wrote upon the outside, "For Papa's Birthday," and placed it with their gifts under his plate at table. When he opened it, he read:

"He stood alone upon the wharf; A wail came o'er the water, 'Can that be Moses' voice?' he cried, 'Then I'll pass Pharaoh's daughter, And lightly springing to a boat, He rowed to reach the coast. But lo! 'twas only tabby-cat, In east-of-butcher's basket. Now tabby-cats catch mice and rats— Thus daily doeth Moses; But if Kitty Cat, who can't do that, Her love in rhyme discloses, With many sincere pur-rs, KITTY CAT."

"Next Pussy Cat, with grateful pur-rs, A birthday greeting adds to hers; And wishes every day to try To show her love. So now good-bye. Fairly, Pussy Cat."

When papa first began to read he smiled, but soon the tears came into his eyes, and he put his arms around both little daughters, and told them how sure he was that they loved him as he loved them.

Say, boys and girls, would you wish to be loved by every one? Then don't be so careful to look out for number one, but think of the other numbers first.—Lilian Payson, in S. S. Times.

Emma's Ambition.

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face; "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard, and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger-cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice. "Why do you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books, tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother."

"O, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different; nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma," said Emma, again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do—listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.'"

"And once he said to a man: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning?"—Pussy.

—Kansas has 209 Presbyterian churches with 12,044 members.