THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I have a little Comforter,
That climbs upon my knee,
And makes the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
She never is the one to say:
"If you had only been
More careful and more sensible,
This thing had been foreseen."
She blesses me,
Caresses me,

Caresses me,
And whispers: "Never mind:
To-morrow night
All will be right,
My papa, good and kind,"

To give me wise and good advice
I have of friends a score;
But then the trouble ever is,
I knew it all before,
And when one's heart is full of care,
One's plans all in a mess,
The wisest reasoning, I think, Can't make the trouble less.

My Mamle's way
Is just to say:

"Oh, papa, don't be sad:

To-morrow night
All will be right,
And then we shall be glad." Some think I have been much to blame; Some say: "I told you so;" And others sigh: "What can't be helped Must be endured, you know."
Of course, if trouble can be helped, Then crying is in vain;
But when a wrong will not come right,
Why should I not complain?

in Mamie's eyes I'm always wise; She never thinks me wrong: It's understood I'm always good— Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face, All day I ve kept a cheerful face,
All day been on the strain;
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,
Or, if I like complain.
My daughter thinks as papa thinks
And in her loving sight
I am a clover, prudent man,
Who has done all things right.
Faith so complete,
Oh, it is sweet.

Oh, it is sweet, When neither wise nor strong; But Love stands best The better test Of Serrow and of Wrong. Then come, my little Comforter,

And climb upon my knee;
You make the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
For you've the wisdom far beyond For you've the wisdom far beyone
The reach of any suge,
The loving, t neler, hopeful trust
That best can strengthen age,
Say: 'Papa, dear,
Now don't you fear;
Before to morrow night
The cares you dread
Will all have tled,
And accounting be right." And everything be right."

-Harper's Weekly. IN THE CRANBERRY SWAMP.

"What do you keep him for?" queried Ned Edwards as his companion fastened the dog kennel with a wooden button, after having given its occupant his evening meal and a good-night petting. "He's certainly of no use, and must be a good deal of trouble."

"Yes, he's of no use." replied Jim Harrington, "but the time was when old Major was my best friend and could well earn his living, and it's only fair to care for him in his old age now. I will not give him away for fear that he may be abused, and I never could get up amough courage to shoot the poor fel-

"But why do you lock him up?" continued Ned. "No one will steal him." "That's true," laughed his comrade, "but strange as it may seem the old cascal has lately taken a notion to run tway, and so to keep him out of danger I built that kennel and shut him in.

The boys were at the gate now, and Ned turned down the road toward

"You won't forget the match Satur-day afternoon!" called Jim after him; "on the lower meadow at two o'clock sharp. The Swampville Club have got a new pitcher, and we've got to work hard to beat them."

"All right! I'll be on hand!" shouted Ned, in reply, "and the Beechen Hill Stars will beat the Swampville chaps two to one! You'll see! Good night "

Thursday, Friday, Saturday. School at last was over, and in the warm June sunlight the rival ball players gathered in the lower meadow for the long-talked-of game which should decide the relative merits of the adjoining towns. Upon this momentous occasion the Swampville "Rockets" were attired in suits of white, with brilliant red belts, reminding one of circingles, while the redoubtable Beechen Hill "Stars" wore simple blue. With the players came a great crowd of spectators and camp followers upon either side, both boys and dogs; and after the usual skirmishing for innings, the necessary amount of shouting, and the issuance of innumerable orders from the respective "Captains" to their "men," the game began.

It was a long and hard-fought battle. The question was not in this case, as in some champion tournaments, how small a score one party could limit the other to, but the rather how great a number of runs each side could make before re-

It was during the first inning that a new spectator appeared upon the field, in old Major, who had somehow escaped from his kennel, and, attracted by the distant shouting, came slowly trotting down the road. His master observed him and called to him, but the old dog was wary, fearing to lose the freedom just gained, and took a position at one side of the field, within sight of the players, but also within easy rea h of the cranberry swamp which lay back of the meadow, so that retreat quickly toward the quarter whence it disaster, was boasting to his girl, to might be open to him in case he was pursued. But his young master had

play went on. dent to the "ins" that whatever runs rumor had been true!

they made must be earned. One, two men were out, and not a single tally had been scored when Jim Harrington went to the bat. He was one of the best members of the "Stars," and the entire club took heart as they saw the resolute look upon his face as he grasped the heavy pine club and raised it over his shoulder in waiting for the coming ball.

"Jim won't miss!" cried some of his more enthusiastic friends, eagerly. "He's sure to make one run, anyway. There she goes!'

True enough, at that instant Harrington knocked, and the ball was seen flying high through the air, fairly passing the limits of the meadow, and falling at last among the gnarled and matted bushes that fringed the cranberry

A great shout arose, half a dozen "Rockets" shot away in pursuit and fizzed back and forth among the tangled vines searching in hot hast for the hidden ball, while Harrington, with wonderful speed, ran from base to base until he had reached the full limit, six ment more confused and wearied, until runs, when the cry of "lost ball!" interrupted everything, and all the players, both "ins" and "outs," joined in which formed a little island near the

the effort to find it. But with no success, for, after twenty minutes of tramping to and fro, the Captain of the "Stars" cried "No go!" and sorrowfully the two clubs gathered again about the scorer's stand.

"We ought to have brought another ball," said one. "Yes, but it's too late to go for it now," replied another.

"Shall we call it a draw?" said a " Rocket." "No, sir! For we would have beaten you if the game had been played out,"

returned a "Star." "We must put the matter over for a week," said Charlie Marlow, of the vis-iting club, "and you fellows came and

play it out with us. "No," replied Ned Edwards, "the game is due here and must be played in search of him might come to his resout here; but if you'll come over and cue. And with these two chances for finish it next Saturday I'll bring my escape before him he grew braver and new foot-ball, and we'll have a run with settled himself for a long and watchful that after this is decided."

Both Rockets and Stars were pleased with this suggestion, and it was unani- thought! Once he heard a distant call, imously agreed to: and soon thereafter, and half starting to his feet he was about a noisy, laughing crowd, the two clubs to shout a reply, when a rustle from the shouldered their bats and turned up the bushes on the edge of the pool sent a winding pathway homeward just as the chill through him, and he sank down far-away sun kissed the western hor- again while the animal opposite him utizon. But Ned Edwards bade the oth- tered a warning half growl and moved ers "good-night" and plunged into the uneasily. As time went on the night eranberry swamp upon a bee-line for his grew cold and a damp mist crept up father's house, something more than a from the swamp, floating like a long mile away.

vivid colors the setting sun painted the poor Ned until he shivered as with the fleecy clouds that floated overhead; the twitter of the birds seeking shelter | the deep blue vault above, some climbfor the night mingled with the drowsy tinkle of a distant cow-bell, and the faint but plaintive cry of a bewildered lamb alone broke the stillness of the coming night. The shout of the player of their own. They have as no moon and was stilled, the occasional bursts of the night had a gray grewsome look laughter from the distant home-going to the despairing boy. There came mocrowd did not reach the lowland of the ments when his eyes would close in spite swamp, the croak of the frogs in the of everything, and a terrible drowsiness great marsh sounded like the mystic sweep over him, then he would awaken music of some unseen chorus, and with a start and peer anxiously toward watery echoes, faint and sweet, floated where the panther lay. But that great through the air. As Ned advanced his beast remained motionless, and the loneliness became more marked.

This did not trouble the boy, however, for many a mile had he tramped he had passed a month upon his desert alone and after nightfall, too: but there came uncalled-for to his busy brain line of pearl-colored light appeared, just at this time of all others the rumor which he had listened to the day before tinged at first with purple, afterward at the village store, of a panther's erv which had been recently heard pro- up the sky that as they grew changed ceeding from some heavy timber at the upper end of this very swamp. It was woods awoke and began to call one to an unpleasant thing to remember as the | the other cheerily, a soft wind crept out shadows were falling and the distant Ned laughed at his vague half fear, even while his heart beat a little more rapidly, and hastened forward whistling about became audible, a horn was blown cheerily.

year nearly dry, except where the in a single spot upon the horizon, and water formed deep pools; and to avoid then, in majesty undiminished since these the boy was obliged to make first the world began, the sun arose; it many turns and detours, choosing his was morning! path with great care lest in the dim ight he should become entangled in he came.

Although the actual distance through the swamp was considerably less than stood, black and friendly, with open a mile, yet the difficulty of passage was so great that Ned was not half way across it when the twilight faded into Major. night, and the soft stars that peeped out overhead where the only lamps by which to guide his footsteps.

He had forgotten the panther story in his worry about the path, and his only anxiety now, as he moved slowly for- him, and dog-like had waited all night ward, was to escape the treacherous at his post, no doubt wondering in his vines that continually wound around canine way why his new friend

the night had other voices all its own: friends, his friends supposed him safe the gentle whisper of a passing breeze. the distant bark of some prowling dog, had been made for him. But the story the far-off rattle of a home-going wagon of the night vigil in the cranberry upon the hillside road, the soft croon of little birds nestling one against the other | and the boy himself told it when home among the low-growing bushes, the dismal, lonely hoot of an owl from the darksome recess of the woods close at

All these Ned heard, hardly noting them as he struggled onward; but suddenly a new sound broke upon his ear, startling him; and, pausing, he turned fellow on board, just previous to the

It was a footstep, apparently followweightier matters upon his mind than ing him; a lithe tread, not crashing the capture of the runaway, and Major through vine and branch, but falling as remained undisturbed at his post as the though padded upon the tangled growth; and the panther story again ed her and took care of himself. She The final struggle began. Every move flashed across the boy's brain, chilling of the one party was anxiously watched him with quick fright and driving the by the other, and it soon became evi- whistle from his lips. Perhaps the

With straining eyes he peered into the darkness about him, listening mean-

time intently. For a moment he heard only the owl and the faraway dog; he saw nothing. Then a sudden swaying of the bushes caught his attention. and an instant later a black something, an animal with long body, four feet and a huge head, dimly appeared, half crouching upon an open spot not thirty feet behind him. It

was the panther! With a cry of terror the boy turned

and fled. Over matted vines and quivering quicksand, through twisted thickets and clinging bushes. Ned ran, a desperate haste urging him on, a frantic strength upholding him, and ever as he looked behind he saw the form of his savage pursuer, following along his broad and winding trail.

He sought to escape the swamp and reach the open fields beyond, but, bewildered as he was, he ran first to the left, then to the right, and not at all in the desired direction, growing each mohe suddenly plunged into a wide-spread pool, and staggering to a clump of ferns center, utterly exhausted, he sank to his knees to hide from his terrible pursuer, for he could flee no further.

And as he crouched, panting, torn and almost hopeless, he saw the great animal who followed him pause at the verge of the pool, survey the situation, and then lie quietly down with the evident intention of biding his time now that his prey was within easy reach. Ned's heart utterly failed him.

For a few moments he was but partially conscious, for he was only a boy, and the peril that threatened him was horrible, indeed, but after a little his blood ran more evenly and his heart beat less furiously as he noted the quietness of his savage captor. He was a prisoner now, and his only hope was that the panther might retire, or that some one violil.

How slowly the moments passed, he winding sheet in and out among the The air was cool and fresh; with black clumps of bushes, and chilling ague. The stars moved slowly across

weary hours dragged on. At last, and it seemed to the boy that island, at last, away in the east, a dim Very gradually it widened, then became with crimson; long rays of silver shot to ruddy gold, the little birds in the of the bosom of the coming dawn, and the valley: sounds of life from the fields from beyond the hill, the light increased The swamp was at this season of the in strength, the golden color centered

Filled with new life and courage, Ned turned his eyes from the glorious east the morass and be forced to return as and looked towards his enemy, and behold the horrid phantom of the darkness was gone, and in its place there mouth and wagging tail, not a panther but Jim Harrington's old dog

Joining in the search for the lost ball the day before, the animal had wandered deep into the swamp and missed his master; then meeting Ned as he journeyed homeward he had followed his feet, and avoid the water holes that sought so damp a couch, but faith-lay upon either hand. sought so damp a couch, but faith-lay upon either hand. The frogs' chorus was quiet now, but supposed their son to be with his at home, and so it was that no search swamp was too good to keep a secret, was reached, so that I have violated no trust in giving the tale to the public .-F. E. Hamilton, in Christian Union.

> -An incident of the recent Scioto disaster on the Ohio, is told by a Western paper. It appears that a young whom he was engaged to be married, and who accompanied him on the excursion on the fatal Fourth, that he could swim ashore and carry her easily, but when the collision came he desertwas also saved, and when he came to congratulate her upon being still alive, she refused to speak to him and handed back the engagement ring.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

-For one mile of railroad it takes 352 rails, 30 feet long, 5,250 pounds of spikes. 5,650 pounds of fish plates and 1,750 of bolts.

-The total tonnage of vessels lost, under all flags, in 1881, was 1,250,000, or, according to the iron trade report, more than the whole steamship tonnage launched in 1878, 1879 and 1880. Of these vessels, 425 were steam vessels and 2,750 sailing vessels. - Chicago Journal.

-The plantation of F. A. Luling. about four miles below Hahnville, La., has been sold for \$104,000. The purchaser is Mr. Viterbo, a learned chemist of Paris, who intends to make this a grand central place for the grinding of cane. The owner is said to be backed by large means.

-The longest three-quarter inch rod ever made was rolled at the Albany (N. Y.) Iron-works a few days since. It is this or any other country, the next largest having been made in Pennsylvania.

-The life of railroad plant is not great. New roads, with iron rails and wooden structures, will need renewals, for the most part, within ten years. Ties will rot out in from five to eight Parliament to confer it upon him. years. Rails endure according to traffie, and, for light work, will last ten years. Good wooden bridges, when new, will be dangerous in ten years, unless covered.

-Ex-Governor Stanford's breeding and training farm on the Southern Pacific Railroad, forty miles from San Francisco, comprises about two thousand acres, and is provided with everything which a horse could possibly desire. The stables proper cover an area of over 3,000 feet in length and 150 feet in breadth, and furnish accommodation for 550 horses, in whose care seventyfive men are employed. - Chicago Times.

-The total length of telegraph wires in the city of New York, including telephone and burglar alarm wires, is 10,100 | These are cases where a name has bemiles. The Metropolitan Telephone Company leads with 3,500 miles, followed by the Western Union Telegraph Company with 2,300. The weight of this vast amount of iron is about 3,000,-000 pounds. Of the number of poles it is hard to estimate. The Western Union uses over 5,000.-N. Y. Sun.

The number of theaters in the United States is estimated to be 4,500. The average receipts of one night's performance is about \$150, and the same statistical truth-seeker who compiles these numbers further states that the public pay \$675,000 every night for amusements, and that in a season of forty weeks the sum of \$162,000,000 is expended on theatrical performances exclusive of matinees. - N. Y. Independent.

WIT AND WISDOM.

-Hope is always saying there are better things in store; but if the store- to have another manufacturer of penkeeper refuses to trust it is all the same to him who has nothing.

-" Is it injurious to eat before going to sleep?" asks a correspondent. Why want to see a circus. - Burlington Hawk-

-- The safest sort of love for a young man to indulge in is self-love. In the blacking. But this the court quickly first place, it is a source of great delight to him; and in the second, he can indulge in it without the least fear of a rival. - San Francisco News Letter.

-Lady Visitor-"Your boy looks very bad, Mrs. Jones; what's the matwoods loomed black and somber; but rolling the night mists into a great ter!" Mrs. Jones-"Yes, ma'am, he white cloud whisked them away down be very bad; an' what's more, the doctors has made him worse. I'm sure we hearts: "From all false doctrin, good Lord deliver us.' I never saw its meaning afore."—N. Y. Herald.

-"What shall my song be to-night?" said Miss Tibbs at the tea-table. "We are going to have a musicale. I think I shall try 'Within a Mile of Edinboro'." "Seems to me," said Jones, the undaunted, "I would try something I could come within less than a mile of." Miss T. says she thinks Lieutenant Jones is horrid. - Boston Transcript.

-Dog stories should be written in purple ink .- Washington Critic. And if told verbally, the tale should be related in a waggin.—New Jersey Enterprise. And the writers should pant for fame. - Chicago World. Gentlemen, the cue is a good one, but you have embarked on a long trail. - Adrian News. Cur-tail it by all means . - The Alert.

-"When did George Washington die?" asked an Austin teacher of a ury large boy. "Is he dead?" was the astonished reply. "Why, it is not more than six months ago that they were upon their identity by changing their celebrating his birthday, and now he is dead. It's a bad year on children. I reckon his folks let him eat something desired by giving their children foolish, that didn't agree with him."-Texas Siftings.

-"Gracious, Sybilla, how Count Champignon sneezes; he is unaccustomed to our climate: go and tell him to come away from that window." The Count was a delicate-looking little felcapillary decoration on his upper lip. Sybilla, whom her mother mentally rethe Count, moved toward him at a Chicago canter, and archly attracting his attention by a sharp thrust in the ribs, exclaimed: "Count, I've got a message from ma to you." "Ah, zat is so vera kind," he murmured, with a gaze of admiration at Sybilla, who continued: "Yes; she says if you take off that mustache and put it on your head you won't be so apt to catch cold." - Chicago

The Law Regarding Names.

A man's name is simply the designation by which he is usually called -that by which he is usually known. His surname need not be his father's. His Christian name need not be baptismal. Some don't care to be baptized, and that rite, whatever benefits it may secure in a future world, in no way affects legal rights here. He may have different names at different times or places. Any name by which he is known is his true name. A woman marries one Brown, becoming Mrs. Brown. She elopes with one Clark, and becomes Mrs. Clark. She sues as Mrs. Clark, and it being objected she had no right to that name, the court held that she had, as she was known by it. He may assume any name he pleases (except as below), and may change his name ad libitum. He may assume a name and be estopped from denying it. If he enters into a particular transaction by a particular name, that is his real name 263 feet long, free of flaw, and plump for that transaction; the law looks only from end to end. It is forty feet longer to his identity. He may change his than any rod ever before produced in name without aid of Legislature or court. "A name assumed by the voluntary act of a young man at his outset into life, adopted by all who knew him, and by which he is constantly called, becomes for all purposes that occur to my mind as much and effectually his name as if he had obtained an act of (Abbott, C. J., in Doe vs. Yates.) There is a Maryland statute giving the Equity Courts power to decree a change of name. And, sometimes, for the sake of the publicity and sanction given by the court's action, persons prefer to avail of the statute cited. But they need not do so. According to our law a name is not

property. A cannot sue B for calling himself A. There are four colored men in Baltimore City named David Wilson, two named George H. Wilson, twenty-seven named George Washington; there is no property in these names. There is, however, one class of cases where a man may not only not assume another man's name, but may be prohibited from using his own. come a trade-mark. It is well settled, as a general proposition, that a person has a legal right to use his own name to designate an article produced and sold by him, although another person of the same name has previously sold and manufactured the like article with the same designation. But, when it is clear that one having a like name uses it for the purpose of imposing his own articles upon purchasers for another artiele that has become known and well established, he is imposing on the public, and trying to secure for himself what belongs to another, and will be re-strained. Thus, A. W. Faber had established a reputation for pencils stamped with his name. One J. H. Faber began making pencils and stamping them with his name. A. W. F. tried to have J. H. F. enjoined. But the court held that, while it might inconvenience and cause loss to A. W. F. cils of the same name, yet he had not shown any fraud on the part of the latter, and the latter could go on stamping his pencil "J. H. Faber." On the other hand, Day & Martin were manuno, not fatally injurious; but you just facturers of celebrated blacking. A try eating after you go to sleep if you man named Day, for the very purpose of taking advantage of this name, hunted up one Martin, and together they made and sold "Day & Martin" stopped.

As to the use of the initials of the Christian name: Though an instrument is good when signed by initials, the signer must be sued by his name. But, if one Christian name is given, it is enough. A middle initial is mere surplusage, and may be entirely ignored. But a single letter is not necessarily an poor people need to pray with all our initial-it may be a name. "Why may not parents, for a reason, good or bad, say that their children shall be baptized by the name D, L, M, P, or O? I am just informed by a person of most credible authority that with his own knowledge a person has been baptized by the name of T" (Lord Campbell in Regina vs. Dale.) Thus a declaration filed by "J. W. Hickok" is not demurrable because no name is stated. The court will not assume that "J. W." is not the plaintiff's true name. The issue as to whether the letters are the true name must be raised by a plea in abatement; and then, if it is proved that the party was generally known by his initials, it is sufficient. Thus, if Benjamin Sav-ings was well known as B. Savings, his counsel should have proved, and not asked to amend.

The spelling of a name is legally of little importance; the rule of idem sonams applies. Usrey may be spelt Us-

It is of course of great importance that persons should not throw doubts names. It is therefore important that parents should not make such changes common, insufficient names. There are in Baltimore 153 John Smiths, fortynine of whom are colored. Is it not wonderful that some of these do not change their names? There are eightyeight John Johnsons, 112 John Browns. A time has come when it is a positive oflow with an enormous endowment of fense against society to repeat these names any further. In discussing a John Smith it might take a half-hour served as a sweet matrimonial boon for for two persons to determine whether they had in view the same one.

Often the desire to tickle the vanity of a relative or friend by naming a child after him, or to secure a temporal blessing for the child by naming it after some relative or friend, or some foolish sentiment, warps the judgment in choosing names. - Maryland Law Record.

-San Francisco has a population of 275,000, of whom 45,000 are Chinese.