

Loyal heart to love a lady.
Sturdy hands to work for bread.
Ready will to link the needy...

My Little Dog Pickle.

Toward the close of a dull November day, in the year 186-, a young man was standing, with his back to the fire, in a small but well furnished apartment in - street.

"What is it, Pickle?" he exclaimed at last, rousing from his reverie, and looking down at the dog; "what is it my girl?"

"Bow, wow, wow!"
"That's a very general answer, my doggie."
At that moment some peculiar idea evidently flashed across his brain, for looking earnestly at the dog he exclaimed:

"By Jove! I've a good mind to try the experiment. Let me just read it over again."
He walked quickly from the fireplace to the table, and opened one of the volumes at a marked place.

"Pickle," he said gently, "would you like to talk?"
"Bow, wow, wow!"
"No, not to bow, wow, but to talk—like I do?"

of your former life, or are you oblivious to the past?"
"Is your condition altered? Do you remember anything that happened to-day?"

"Yes; and every night, if you are good, you shall have a big bone after you have been mesmerized. I want you to go about into the people's gardens and houses and hear all you can, and then in the evening you must tell me all about it."

Rapidly making the liberating passes, the young man withdrew his eyes from the dog, and instantly springing from the table, it rolled over on the hearth-rug, and heaving a deep sigh, went off into a doze.

For many a night after that Pickle and her master talked together for a quarter of an hour in the evening. The doors were always carefully locked before the preliminaries commenced, and the Von Glabenstein influence was limited to a short period, as the dog evidently suffered physically if the interview was prolonged.

"What do you mean dog? Are you mad?"
"You know you flung a broken plate over the wall this morning, didn't you?"

"Well, just as you threw it, Tommy Bowles was climbing up the wall to get at your apple tree, and it caught his neck and cut his head right off."

"Pickle, if you love me speak."
The words were this time accompanied by a powerful attack upon the animal's brain and tongue. The same symptoms followed the second appeal, and then, from between the clenched teeth, there came harsh and grating, as though tearing its way up the dog's throat, the word "Master."

"Hush! Perhaps somebody's listening."
"Whisper."
"Well, then the detective jumped up and said, 'By Jove! it wouldn't be the first dog who'd hanged a man and then said presently, 'If that dog saw me done—and ten to one she did—I'll have it out of her, see! I don't, 'What did he mean, Pickle?'"

Why, he's found out that you Von Glabenstein me, and make me talk; and he'll do the same if he catches me. When I heard this, master, I sneaked out of the room and ran for my life; and I went, oh! such a long way round, and waited till it was quite dark, for fear he should see me come in; and that's what made me so late. I may finish that bone now, mayn't I?"

Freeing the dog from control, the young man flung himself heavily into a chair. His position was desperate. The little harmless dog, gnawing away at his bone as if nothing had happened, had his life upon his tongue.

"Late that night a young man stole cautiously down the steps of the house in - street, and hailed a passing hack. From beneath the folds of his ulster peered the sharp muzzle of a little dog.

"What is that island yonder?" asked the man of the first mate, who leaning over the bulwark near him, listening to them instead of to their owners, her conversation was not interesting to her master, and she forfeited the dainty honorarium.

"Why, if ever a dog said yes with eyes and tail, you do now. So I will, then. So! look at me well while I make the passes. Come, that's it! Why, you go off easier now, my dog, than you did ten years ago. Steady! Now for a try. Pickle, why how fearfully you tremble!"

"Why, what a tone! Are you frightened, my dog?"
"Master, I want to talk about Tommy Bowles."

rolls and entry, from Ujiji, arrived this morning. She brings with her a gentleman and his dog, who were discovered by Capt. Bowles on Thomas, on a desert island, where they had been cast away ten years ago.

There is no reason now why this confession, written on that island, should be kept from the public. Pickle is agreeable to its publication; and if she is not ashamed of her share in the story I am sure I need not be.—George H. Sims in the London Referee.

Why Sixty Seconds Make a Minute, From the Fortnightly Review.
Why is one hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc. Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties.

A Good Time in a Coal Cellar.
Senator Hearst of California does not appear to find much enjoyment in his wealth. His wife in the family's Washington mansion gave a reception which made even the extravagant people of the Capital open their eyes.

In the Soup.
Nearly everyone knows that it is safer to humor and pretend to agree with a lunatic than to oppose him. This rule would also frequently be productive of peace if applied in disputes between rational persons; but here is an incident to illustrate the first proposition:

A Breach Pin in a Boy's Head.
Last week Dr. Will Dean was sent for to assist in taking a breach pin out of a boy's head. The boy's name is Roach; is about 14 years old, and lives near Holly Springs.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Read November 28, 1888, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Boston new public library.]
Proudly beneath her glittering dome,
Our thrice-erected city greets the morn;
Here Freedom found her virgin home;
The Bethlehem where her babe was born.

OUR ROBIN.
CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED).
"O, Harry," I cry again; and this time my voice is expressive of the most profound horror at the treacherous suggestion—"O, Harry, how can you say, or even think, of such a thing? Of course Jack will never agree again."

"Where there's a will there's a way," quotes Robin. "I leave him to find out how; it simply has to be done if he wants me."
"But why? He has a thousand a year without working."

As, in the oft-told fairy legends, the unlucky Prince always managed to overcome the obstacles placed in his path by an adverse fate, so does my brother Jack vanquish the giant that intervenes between him and happiness.

Our small home-farm falling vacant about the end of Robin's visit, a brilliant idea enters his head. He takes the management thereof into his own hands, and engages the services of a practical working bailiff.

Before six months pass over our heads he is honorably entitled to claim Robin, nor is he slow in availing himself of that privilege. So, whilst the bailiff is left in charge of the prospering farm, there is a gay wedding in the north, after which Aunt Louisa and I return home to await the arrival of the newly-wedded pair.

Aunt Louisa, who had looked forward with dread to her advent, is overwhelmed with sorrow a thought of losing her.

"I am sure," she confides to me with a doleful shake of her head, "everything will get back into its old groove as soon as she leaves us. John will shut himself up in his study again and you will take to alternately weeping for Harry and gazing moonstruck out of the window."

"No, it is not impossible; why should it be? Am I so very unlovable?"
"No, no," I answer, recovering my scattered senses a little, "of course not, Robin; only it staggered me at first; and then suddenly it flashes across me what an admirable arrangement it would be for everybody, should Robin accept him."

My heart sinks within me.
The third condition is impossible.
I say despondently, "Jack could not do it. He has never been brought up to anything. How could he earn a hundred pounds?"

A Double Dinner in Russia.
The Russian eats on an average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is said by frequent draughts of vodka and tea.

Our Vocabulary.
It is worth remembering that Shakespeare produced all his wonderful plays with a stock of about 3,000 words; that Milton found 8,000 sufficient for his lofty and impressive purposes; and that the whole of the Old Testament comprises less than 5,500. As a general rule, people of the educated class do not use more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in conversation, while the uneducated often get along, even in the halls of Congress, with a few hundreds.

After Fifteen Years.
In the autumn of 1874 Thomas Kelk, of Workop, England, who had been a soldier, went to Stockton-on-Tees in his regimentals to have his photograph taken.

True to her promise, on attaining the age of 21 a few weeks ago, she made inquiries as to the whereabouts of Kelk, but her efforts for a time were unavailing, until a commercial traveler happened to know a carter named Kelk at Workop, and promised to make inquiries.

His investigations proved the Workop man was the one wanted. Kelk received a letter asking him to go to a station near Manchester. He did so and was met by a carriage and pair, and taken to the home of the child—now a woman—whose life he had saved.

An Evangelical clergyman, in a town not far distant from Boston, was recently summoned as a witness before a legislative committee on a question of the town division. He was a resident who objected to having the town divided, and he was also a resident on that portion of territory which sought to be set off.

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