

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

I had not been married a great while, and was as happy as it was possible to be, along with my Mary in our snug little home. But the time of parting had come. I was captain of the schooner Lightning, and she was to sail that night. It was the last voyage I meant to make. Providence had been good to me, and I had saved a comfortable little nest-egg, which was safe in the bank.

It was my last evening at home, and I was a bit down in the mouth. We were sitting together in our little parlor; the fire was burning brightly, the little white kitten was rolled up like a big snowball on the hearth-rug. The curtains were drawn, and everything was snug and ship-shape as could be. The only thing I did not like seeing were my coat and comforter hanging over the back of a chair, warming for me, and the bright tears in Mary's eyes. I did not like going, I can tell you. But what was to be, was; the time had come, so I got up and put my coat on, and Mary, she tied the comforter round my neck.

Poor child; how she did fumble with it! But then, she could not see for tears; and—I am not ashamed to own it either—I felt as if I had got an apple in my throat. "God bless you, my dear," I said, as I took her in my arms, "and keep you safe till I'm back."

"Oh, Bob, you'll want more taking care of than I will." "Well, dear, he's able and kind enough to take care of the two of us." "Yes, I know that, Bob; but it's hard parting, nevertheless."

And my poor wife burst out crying worse than ever. I knew it was no good staying longer; the parting had to come, and the sooner it was over, the better. I gave her one long kiss, and turned to the door, when, just at that moment, the little white kitten awoke and stretched itself, and a notion came into my head, all in a moment, that I would take it with me. I picked it up, and buttoning it inside my coat, I hurried away from the house and down to the wharf.

Often and often I have wondered what could have put the idea into my head of taking the kitten, and the only conclusion I can come to is that it was Providence; and boys, I believe you will agree with me when you have heard my story.

We set sail that night, and the kitten very soon made herself at home in my cabin. I was glad I had brought her with me, for seeing her curled up before the stove gave the place a home-like air.

Things went well with us, and the voyage promised to be a prosperous and happy one. We had reached our destination in safety, discharged our cargo, shipped a return one, and were nearing the New England coast, when the weather suddenly changed for the worse, and we saw clearly that we should have some knocking about before we were safely berthed in Boston Bay.

The wind rose gradually, but surely, till it was blowing great guns, and, to make matters worse, the cold became intense, as blinding showers of sleet and snow swept past us.

For two days we ran before the storm close-reefed, but the strain and buffeting the vessel had undergone at length told upon her, and she sprang a leak.

We were now off the coast of Maine, and I made up my mind to try and get into Portland.

All hands went working the pumps, but, work as we would, we found the water gaining on us, and in my own mind I very much doubted any of us ever setting foot on dry land again.

Night was coming on when the ship became unmanageable. A tremendous sea had smashed the rudder, and we were a plaything of the waves, tossed about like a feather, but ever slowly drifting on to the rock-bound coast.

Ah, boys, it was a night the like of which I had never been out in before, and I hope I never may be again. The sea swept clean over us.

The ship was doomed, I saw that, and we couldn't let the people on land know our condition, for the water had got into the powder and blue-lights.

It was just about midnight, as well as we could judge, when the vessel struck with a crash that knocked us all off our legs, and a big sea, dashing over us at the same moment, washed away three of our crew.

It now became merely a battle between the vessel and the sea, and we were the unwilling and helpless spectators. Our only chance for life was that she would hold together until the morning, and that we might be seen from the shore and picked up by some life-saving crew. There was nothing for us to do but to wait.

What a night it was! None of us would go below, for if the ship were washed off the rock, she would founder at once, and take down with her all who were below deck.

When I say none of us went below, I make a mistake. I did, at a great risk. I went to get the little white kitten. When I entered my cabin, there I saw her curled up fast asleep on my bunk.

I was determined she should not be lost if I could help it, and, as on the evening when I left home, I buttoned her up inside my coat, next to my breast, and again made my way on deck.

There were only three of us left—myself, the cook and a sailor. The cook and I made ourselves fast to the mast as well as we could, and we shouted to the other man to come to us.

Poor fellow! he was doing his best to obey, when a sea came, and we saw him no more. I don't know, boys, that I can describe our sufferings all through that night. You may imagine them, but words wouldn't paint them.

We were wet to the skin, and the cold seemed to go through us like knives. I tried to keep the kitten warm, but it was wretched enough, poor little thing! and kept on mewling, and every time I heard it my thoughts flew over the raging waves to my own snug home, where some one, I knew, was praying for me, and the thought of that gave me courage again.

Day dawned at length, and I was able to see my companion's face. He hadn't spoken for some time, and I was almost afraid he was dead, but I then found it was the sleep produced by the cold.

He was only kept up by the rope with which he had fastened himself to the mast, and, as the light became stronger, I found the knot had given a bit, and it did not seem very safe.

I could not rouse him, and at last the knot gave, he rolled on the deck, and a

wave dashing over us that moment carried him away, and his sufferings were at an end.

I and the kitten were all alone now, the only two living things out of those who had been so full of life and hope but a few days before.

No one can tell the feeling of thankfulness and joy with which I soon after saw the life-boat nearing me; but by the time I was safe in her, I was pretty well at my last gasp.

For three or four days after I got on shore I was in bed, helpless; but the kind people who took care of me, took care of my kitten as well. She recovered quicker than I did, and as I lay there, I used to watch her playing about the floor.

On my way home, a thought came into my head, and I planned a surprise for Mary. I had, of course, got the people who had taken care of me to let her know I was safe, but she didn't know the exact time I should be at home.

It was quite dark when I arrived at the cottage, with the kitten inside my coat. I opened the door quietly, and found the parlor door ajar, and looking through the crack I could see Mary sitting by the table at work. I stopped down and placed the kitten on the floor just inside the room.

She seemed to know where she was in a moment, for she trotted round to where Mary was sitting, and, jumping into her lap, she stretched up rubbed her face against hers.

I watched through the crack and saw my wife start and turn very pale, and then as she seemed to recognize the kitten, she said, in a half whisper, I could just hear:

"Why, kitty, where did you come from?" A mew was all the answer she received; but Mary seemed to guess that I was not far off, and she rose up and came toward the door.

I could not stand it any longer, and the next moment she was in my arms.

Boys, I am ashamed to say for the next ten minutes kitty was forgotten. And when we did remember her, she was curled up, fast asleep, in her old place in front of the fire, and seemed quite to have forgotten that she had ever saved my life, for it had not been her putting a little courage and hope into my heart I should not be here now talking to you.—[GOLDEN DAYS.

### A Queer Story.

A queer story is told of Radcliff Dobson, a Pennsylvania oil millionaire. Dobson went to Baden-Baden, where he drank heavily and lost large sums of money gambling. His wife heard of it and followed him. She cut off her hair, dressed like a man, and gambled with her husband until she won his entire fortune. Then she revealed herself. Dobson was overjoyed, and gave up all his bad habits, but two months later he blew out his brains in a public park.

### Was far too Much for Him.

First Dude—"Aw, Chappie, me boy, where is Powsonby, the dear old fel, of late?"

Second Dude—"At—aw—his mamma's residence, very ill, don'toherknow. He took little Dollie Footlite out to supper awfter the opera, don'toherknow, and she actually—aw—kissed him. The dear boy has been going from one spasim into another eveh since."

### His Lovely Pun.

Augustus—I made a lovely pun the other day, Adolphus.

Adolphus—Weally?

Augustus—Fact. Some fellah was asking why it was necessary at election time to have such bacchanalian orgies.

Adolphus—Well?

Augustus—Well, I said I supposed it was to back an alien. Haw, Haw!

### Would Try the Experiment.

"Do you believe marriage is a failure, Miss Phyllis?" he asked, as he leaned over the back of her chair, watching her lily hand ply to and fro through the bright-colored wool.

"Really, Mr. Dukes," was the hesitating reply, "I have never had an adequate opportunity of testing—that is—I prefer not to express an opinion until—"

"Miss Phyllis," he kindly interrupt'ed her, "you express my own opinion exactly. When shall we enter upon the experiment?"

"Whenever you like, Mr. Dukes," was the demure reply.

### Needed a Spanking.

A minister calling upon a member of his congregation was invited to remain to dinner, whereupon a chicken being served, he was requested to name his choice part of the fowl. "Oh, any part will do," he answered. Upon being pressed he repeated that he had no choice. The host foolishly insisted again, still meeting with a refusal from the worthy divine. Whereupon, a young son of the host, who by this time was growing hungry, and who was noted more for his greediness than for his good manners, thus spoke forth:

"Oh! I give the old fool the gizzard and let him go!"

### A Dead Sure Thing.

Fond Mother—"So you are pleased with Mr. Grool, Amelia?"

Fond Daughter—"I am; he's a man after my own heart."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Dead sure; he asked me for it last evening."

### A Way With Some Women.

Mrs. A. (in street)—"Oh! Let me pay the fare."

Mrs. B.—"No, indeed; I'll pay it."

Mrs. C.—"Don't think of such a thing. I have plenty of tickets for all."

Mrs. D.—"But it isn't right, you know, it really isn't, for you to use up those last tickets when I've got to get a new bunch, anyhow. Let me pay."

Mrs. A. (in a restaurant an hour later)—"Well, I declare, I've forgotten my purse."

Mrs. B.—"So have I mine. Isn't it strange?"

Mrs. C.—"I would like to pay for the lunch but really I brought so little money with me that—"

Mrs. D.—"Never mind. The proprietor here knows me, and I'll tell him to charge it to Cousin George."

"Are you the superintendent of this railway?" "Yes sir, why?" "I want a pass."

"Are you employed by this road?" "Yes, sir." "In what capacity?" "I'm a member of the Nebraska Legislature."

### The Barring of the Door.

It is not generally known that the incident which forms the subject of the droll Scottish song "The Barring of the Door," which also occurs in the "Nights" of Straparola, is of Eastern origin. In an Arabian tale a blockhead, having married his pretty cousin, gave the customary feast to their relations and friends. When the festivities were over he conducted his guests to the door, and from absence of mind neglected to shut it before returning to his wife. "Dear cousin," said his wife to him when they were alone, "go and shut the street door."

"It would be strange indeed," he replied, "if I did such a thing. Am I just made a bridegroom, clothed in silk, wearing a shawl and a dagger set with diamonds, and am I to go and shut the door? Why, my dear, you are crazy. Go and shut it yourself."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the wife. "Am I, young robed in a dress with lace and precious stones, am I to go and shut the street door? No, indeed! It is you who are become crazy, and not I. Come, let us make a bargain," she continued; "and let the first who speaks go and fasten the door."

"Agreed," said the husband, and immediately he became mute, and the wife too was silent, while they both sat down, dressed as they were in their nuptial attire, looking at each other, and seated on opposite sofas. Thus they remained for two hours. Some thieves happened to pass by, and seeing the door open entered, and laid hold of whatever came to their hands. The silent couple heard footsteps in the house, but opened not their mouths. The thieves came into the room, and saw them seated motionless, and apparently indifferent to all that might take place. They continued the pillage, therefore, collecting together every valuable, and even dragging away the carpets beneath them; they laid their hands on the noddle and his wife, taking from their persons every article of jewellery, while they, in fear of losing the wager, said not a word. Having thus cleared the house, the thieves departed quietly, but the pair continued to sit, uttering not a syllable. Towards morning a police officer came past on his tour of inspection, and seeing the door open, walked in. After searching all the rooms and finding no person, he entered their apartment, and inquired the meaning of what he saw. Neither of them would condescend to reply. The officer became angry, and ordered their heads to be cut off. The executioner's sword was about to perform its office, when the wife cried out, "Sir, he is my husband. Do not kill him!" "Oh, oh," exclaimed the husband, overjoyed, and clapping his hands, you have lost the wager; go and shut the door." He then explained the whole affair to the police officer, who shrugged his shoulders and went away.

### What Ails you?

Do you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery, and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectation of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal twang breath offensive; smell and taste impaired is there a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility? If you have all or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of \$500 for a case of this disease which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by all druggists, at only 50 cents.

Every one is the son of his own works. Gathered Roses.

"We thought her dying when she slept. And sleeping when she died." But the bitterest sting of such a sorrow is to think she might have been saved! They saw the rose fade on her cheek and the eye grow dim. Had they but known of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, who can tell but she might still be with them, the sunshine of their home. Take the remedy in time, and you will find that consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) can be cured.

We must drink at the fountain of knowledge to quench the thirst of curiosity. "I am little I know, but I think I can throw a weight of a hundred ton." So sang a proud banana peel. But Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are quite as powerful in meeting with and overthrowing disease. If you have rash of blood to the brain, dizziness, headache, constipation, indigestion, or biliousness, buy a vial of these little pills at once. One a dose.

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Tell, act, and live the exact truth always. The faults and weaknesses of others, instead of being woven into gossip, scandal, and useless criticism, should be used as danger signals to warn us away from the paths which have led to them. A.P. 437.

### Glazed Fruit.

Glazed fruit and nuts are a very pretty dessert dish and especially pleasing to children. Oranges are the favorite fruit for this purpose, and they are first peeled and quartered, or separated into sections without breaking the thin inner skin. A porcelain-lined kettle may be used in place of the copper boiler directed in the following recipe, and a pound and a half of loaf sugar is a convenient quantity. Put the sugar into a copper sugar boiler, with three gills of cold water, and bring it slowly to a boil. As often as the sugar boils up lift the boiler an instant to check the boiling, and when it falls wipe the sugar from the sides with a clean wet cloth. Have a bowl of cold water by the fire, and when the sugar boils up in large air bubbles, dip a little stick into it and then quickly in the cold water; if the sugar crackles and breaks easily away from the stick, it has boiled to the proper point. The moment the proper point is reached take the boiler from the fire and glaze the fruit. Have each nut and piece of fruit stuck on a thin skewer; dip the fruit into the sugar and lay the skewer on a sieve so that the fruit hangs over the edge and no two pieces touch. The sugar will harden quickly, and the fruit may be laid on a dish till wanted for use. Grapes may be held by the stem and moved about in the sugar. A clear day should be chosen because dampness softens the sugar.

### Banjos as Ornaments.

Banjos are artistic but costly. I suppose every one has seen them in terra-cotta, prepared for painting. They are moderately pretty, but, as I think the ground should be white or some light color, it seems a pity to buy terra-cotta to cover entirely. The cardboard ones are effective and easily made. Cut a piece of cream or white board the shape of the banjo, shade slightly to imitate the real thing; fit a strip round the edge (this can be tied with narrow bows of ribbon, as it is difficult to arrange otherwise); paint the strings and bridge; and a spray of flowers, or better still, a lightly painted landscape, with a scarf of velvet or silk arranged half round makes this a pretty decoration. But I think the most attractive are made of cream plush—the cardboard covered with it entirely; no strip round the edge, but mounted on a draped scarf of velvet; a bold spray of flowers, painted, and the strings worked with strands of coarse silk, stretching up from beneath the flowers, with a light spray trailing among them. The decoration may be varied by cutting the shape of a violin or mandoline, but these are more difficult, and scarcely so pretty. The colours can be arranged according to taste, and for flowers, guilder roses, autumn leaves, berries, poppies, chesnut, white convolvuli, creamy lilies, and La France roses are lovely.

### An Evil Omen.

The astrologers of the Emperor of China's Court, seventy-eight in number, have made the weird discovery that the recent fire in the Imperial Palace at Pekin was an evil omen, intended as a warning against the inroads of Western inventions. The Emperor has therefore prohibited the further extension of the Tientsin railway. Not since the days when, as Charles Lamb relates, the Chinese roasted pigs by burning private houses, has the Celestial mind formulated anything in the line of undesigned humour so funny as the Emperor's decree.—N.Y. World.

### For the Babies.

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