

YOUNG FOLKS.

ABOUT JACK.

BY WM. CLYDE FITCH.

To begin with, we were getting ready to go to the seashore for a month. Arrangements had been made for the whole family, including Grandma and Don. Don is our dog, he used to belong to Robert, and Grandma—but Grandma is, of course, just Grandma. It isn't easy for us to get off all together. There are so many of us, and we come so close together—"so unexpectedly close," Father says, sometimes when he's worried. Grandma says there's always a good side to everything, and our clothes all do with-out even being made over; and then there are no twins, which we don't think a good side at all, for Howard and I have always been disappointed that we weren't twins—he blames me because I was born too soon but I say it is his fault for not being born soon enough. And as for our clothes—well! there's no use talking about them; but if you had to wear a dress your older sister wore last year, and had to be careful to leave enough of it for the one next to you, you would know how dreadful it is. Grandma always did see a good side to everything tho.

At last we had found a boarding house that would take children, including babies, give Grandma a room fronting the south, with a window on the east; and the prices were as low, Father said, as could be expected "by a man with seven children all of the same age." Father is always teasing and making fun about us, yet he seems all the fonder of us for it. Indeed, he hasn't yet gotten used to Rob's being gone, tho Mother never leaves the room now when we talk of him, and has taught us not to wish him back again.

This did seem a very nice sort of a boarding-house. They didn't have mosquitoes, Father said. "Oh, no, boarding-houses never do!" and it was only ten minutes walk from a good bathing beach. Grandma was afraid some of us would be drowned. Tom and Ethel were wild over the wrecks that would be washed up, and Jack saved two weeks' pin money to buy a shovel; with which, he confided to me, after making me cross my heart I'd keep it secret, he was going to dig after Captain Kidd's treasure.

We had a busy time getting ready. Mother said at the beginning it was no use thinking of getting bathing suits for us all; we would get four, and half of us could go in one day and half the next; and Grandma saw the good in it right away, and said it "wasn't healthy" to go into the salt water too often.

Besides, we had a few new clothes to get, and there were buttons, and buttons, and buttons to be sewed on. There were hats to be fixed up and bought, the silver (wedding presents, all of it, except Jack's mug and bowl, for it was named after a rich relative, the only one we've got) to be put away, and finally Bridget to be gotten off. Mother said it hardly seemed as if it would pay, sometimes, she did get so tired and worried; and I didn't blame her, especially over Bridget. You see Bridget was determined to go with us, and then to stay and look after the house. It was very hard to persuade her to go and stay with her sister at Garrison's, but finally Father did.

Then, one day late in the afternoon, the train landed all of us in Bayport, very dusty and very tired, and Father pretty worried. We had left Don the last place we changed cars, and Jack had wept most of the time since because the engine wouldn't turn round and go back after him. Jack is so funny and you can't reason with him.

When we got to boarding-house, we found the landlady had only expected six children, instead of seven; but she promised to put up a cot in one of the rooms and make it all right. As we went up the steps a lady on the piazza said: "Good gracious, look at the children!" which made Father laugh; and Jack, who heard her, turned around and said in his sweet way: "There are seven of us, which is not counting Rob; but there are no twins." He knew how disappointed Howard and I were.

The rooms did very well; Mary went in with Grandma, and I had the younger children in charge in the one next. The boys were near Father and Mother upstairs. I always have charge of the younger ones. They call me "Sister," though Mary is older than I; but Mary is pretty and I am not (I have red hair and a very bad nose), and she plays the piano. I never could play anything but scales, and even then I can't quite manage my thumbs. Mary has gentlemen callers, too, but I always liked to be about the house and help Mother. I suppose that's the reason they come to me—as they did when it happened. For something did happen, and of course it was Jack. When anything happens I always know it is Jack. Why, when people ask about us, they always say: "How Jack and the rest of the children?"—and it was the same way this time.

We were at the breakfast table the first morning, and the landlady said: "I thought there were seven children, Mrs. Edgeworth, but there are only five here." I supposed there were six down, all except Mary, whom we never waited for. I had left her upstairs when I came down, doing her hair, and it takes her a long time. Sometimes I am glad I've got red hair—dear Mother calls it Auburn; but I might as well own up it is just honest red, because it doesn't seem to make any difference how you "do it," and if I had hair like Mary's I suppose I'd take just as long as she in the morning, tho I hope not. But besides Mary's not being down, Jack was not there. Father sent Tom up-stairs, and he came back quite frightened, and said Jack's cot hadn't been slept in. The boys didn't notice last night he was not there, or if they did they must have supposed him in one of the other rooms, on account of the landlady's mistake. Mother said he came in and kissed her good-night, and got his shovel out of the trunk at about eight o'clock. Right away I had a suspicion—he had gone down to the beach for that Kidd treasure; but why hadn't he come back? Just then Mary came into the room. She had her hair done up high to wear with her new shade hat, and had a veil to put over her complexion. She said she found this note pinned on my door as she passed. I hadn't noticed it. It was from Jack. I read it aloud:

"Dear Margy I me gone to hunt for Captain Kidd's treasure by moonlight. It's the best time his spirit is sed to havor over the place I shall konjial myself in that bote on the shore and keep my eyes open don't forget yore oth to keep mum. I shall be hom for breakfast. Jack."

We all laughed and felt easier; of course he had overslept in the boat. Father and Tom had already started for the beach and they would find him. Mary was so nervous she couldn't eat any breakfast, and she and Mother went to meet Father, while I took Grandma's breakfast up to her. I had gotten all my things unpacked, and most of Mary's, when Tom burst into my room, and said right out: "Margy go to Mother; Jack's drowned."

I just fell right down, with my head in the trunk, I felt as if I had died, or was going to, and I should have been very weak and selfish if the lid of the trunk hadn't fallen on me, which made me get up and remember Mother.

She was in her room by the window, facing the sea, and in her lap was Jack's hat all wet and draggled. She did not stir, she did not look at me, but sat there like the women in that poem, "Three fishers went sailing out into the West." I couldn't speak to her then. I ran out and caught Tom by the arm, in the hall, and pinched him hard, and cried: "Tell me, tell me." He said, the tide had been unusually high, and the boat had not been fastened, and—well—the boat was gone, and that was all there was to tell, except that the hat had been picked up somewhere on the beach. Tom's voice was very choky, but he didn't cry; he thinks it isn't manly. I don't see why, when there's such trouble. I told Tom not to tell Grandma yet, and then I went back to Mother. She still sat by the window, with her eyes wide open facing the sea. Somehow or other I wanted her to cry. I sat down at her feet with my head against her knees and cried myself, I couldn't keep in any longer, and she put her hand on my head—right on the red hair—but that was all.

After a while I commenced to think. I didn't believe he was drowned, after all. The boat had just floated off, and it would float back or be brought back by a steamer or something. I was sure of it. And so I commenced to talk, and told Mother how many ways there were to save him and how foolish it was to believe he was drowned yet. The hat didn't mean anything; and by and by I managed to get that away from her and hid it under the chair. It wasn't like mother to give way so; but I suppose she was worn out with getting ready to go away, and that was why.

Away, at last she spoke to me, called me "her daughter" (now, I love that; she never calls Mary anything but Mary), and she cried a little, too, and said she felt better. I often wonder why a good cry makes you feel better, especially if you've been unchristian and spiteful. And there we sat together at the window, looking out.

Two boats, she said, had gone out, Father in one of them. We sat there whole hours, Mother and I, and I never was so sad and so happy at the same time in my life. I pretended he was surely coming back, and before long. Every time I spoke of him I said, "When he comes back"; and Mother helped and did the same way, till by and by I felt as if he really were, and Mother, too, for she commenced to wonder if she ought to punish him. She didn't see how she could, and I said I didn't think she ought, for it never did any good anyway; and now just after being drowned—and I laughed and said perhaps he'd come home with a treasure, and just then Mother started and leaned out of the window.

"Margy," she screamed, "look!" She stood up, but she trembled so she had to hold on to me and there, sure enough, coming from the beach, was Jack, Father on one side of him, a fisherman on the other, and the boys running all about him. Don had turned up too, and was walking solemnly behind. Mother ran down the stairs and I after her, only stopping to tell Mary to come, and why.

"This good fisherman has found our 'Kid,'" shouted Father.

"But we ain't found no treasure," said fisherman, as they came near. But Jack screamed, as Mother hugged him tight in her arms: "Yes, you have, because I'm Mother's little treasure."

No one could have punished him after that; and he had been punished enough anyway, for he had waked up and found himself off on the water in the boat. He had gotten in when it was way up on the beach, and was so tired he forgot to keep his eyes open. He said he forgot all about the treasure when he was out on the ocean, and he didn't believe he would ever hunt for it again, the waves were so very big, and made him feel so much "littler" than ever. "But, there," he didn't dare think of Father and Mother and Sister and the others. He just knelt down in the boat and said "Now I lay me" over and over and over again. He didn't want to go to sleep of course; but it was the only prayer he could think of.

The fisherman had found him among the shoals by the second beach.

Jack kept near Mother all the day; he seemed to realize how dreadfully he had made her feel. And that night Howard and I, coming from a walk on the beach, heard Mother singing the same sweet songs she sang to all the children when we were babies; and looking up, by the moonlight, we saw her with Jack in the big chair by the window, his two arms about her neck.

WON BY A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The Touching Ending of a Case in a Police Court.

There arrived in Philadelphia from San Francisco the other morning a young man, accompanied by a middle-aged woman and two children. They went to the Grand Central Hotel, where they registered as Duliss Baywater, sister and children, and were assigned rooms. During the day the party went into the country and returned toward evening, accompanied by William Chrisman, who for the past two years has been foreman for Dr. Eselman. The two young men were around the hotel together in the evening, and about 8 o'clock went up to the room of Mrs. Baywater, who registered as the sister of the younger man.

About 11 o'clock the guests of the hotel were aroused by a terrible noise in the lady's room, and it was discovered that the brothers were fighting, for brothers the two young men proved to be. One of them, the eldest, was taken to jail and the younger one was allowed to remain at the hotel.

Complaints were filed against both boys for disturbing the peace before Recorder Prince, and next morning at 10 o'clock they had their trial. The testimony developed a sad story of domestic strife, and in brief it was as follows: The names of the young men are William and Duliss Chrisman and that of the woman Baywater. Some eight years ago William Chrisman met her and fell in love with her. She was a grass widow, her divorced husband being alive, and when Chrisman and Mrs. Baywater went to get married they told their story, being Catholics, and the priest refused to marry them, Catholics not allowing the marriage of a divorced man or woman. This apparently made no difference to Mrs. Baywater and Chrisman, and they went to living together as man and wife. She bore him two children, both girls, and they lived happily together until two years ago, when Chrisman left her.

Mrs. Baywater keeps a tavern in Townsend Street, Francisco. After leaving her, Chrisman went to work for Dr. Eselman and has continued in his employ. On one or two occasions the woman has gone to him begging Chrisman to go back to her, and this was the purpose of this visit, the brother accompanying her to beg his brother to do right and return to his children. In a dispute which arose the line was passed and a fight ensued.

In court William Chrisman seemed to be bitter against his brother and the mother of the children. He accused her of keeping a dive and she denied it vehemently, retorting with other accusations. This was kept up until finally the mother said, in answer to some charge made by Chrisman, "Don't believe him, Judge. I have raised my children as they should be."

This was all Recorder Prince wanted, and he said: "I'll test it, madame," and turning to the youngest girl, a little tot no more than 3 years old, he said: "Can you say your prayers?"

Then ensued a most touching scene. The little girl, without a word, climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor of the courtroom, with the policeman, spectators, Judge and her father and mother around her, and folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to heaven, she made the grandest defence of a mother's word possible. Slowly, but distinctly, and without a tremor in her voice the innocent little darling, born with the stain of shame upon her and discarded by her father, lippled in childish accents the "Lord's Prayer."

As she proceeded, utterly oblivious to her surroundings and thinking only of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," as she uttered that prayer which many in the room had not heard for years, strong men bowed their heads and sobbed aloud. Finishing her prayer she added: "God bless papa and mamma and Uncle Duliss, Amen," and rose from her knees.

The case was settled, and had William Chrisman sworn a thousand oaths that his wife was bad he would not have been believed. It was several minutes before anyone spoke, and then the Recorder fined the two brothers \$15 each and dismissed the court.

Poison for Rejected Suitors.

A curious custom prevails among the inhabitants of the Sandeman Island. When a native girl, who has had a number of suitors, is carried off by her accepted lover, the wedded pair, within forty-eight hours of the wedding, send a cup of poison distilled from the halahala tree to each of the bride's former admirers. If any of the recipients feel that they cannot become reconciled to the marriage, they drink the poison and die; but if they decide that they will survive the loss of their intended wife, they throw away the poison, and feel bound in honor never to show the slightest sign of disappointment. By this system the husband is able to live on friendly terms with the surviving admirers of his wife.

Caste in the Clothing Business.

Algernon—"I notice that you did not respond to young Brown's bow."

Augustus—"No; his family does not amount to much, you know. They're only common clothing dealer people."

Algernon—"But, goodness gracious! your father is in the clothing business."

Augustus—"Wholesale, dear boy, wholesale. Father would rather die than sell anything at retail. Noblesse oblige, you know, dear boy."

No Apology Needed.

Excited Customer—"Did you mix that horse medicine my boy got here half an hour ago?"

Druggist's Clerk (apologetically)—"I—think so, sir. If it didn't act just right I can mix you something that will operate promptly as an antidote."

Excited Customer—"I don't want any antidote, sir! Ten minutes after my horse took that medicine he kicked a spike-tailed dude that's been coming to my house every afternoon or evening for the last six months and making himself fresh about the premises generally. Lifted him clear out into the alley! I want a quart bottle of the stuff to keep in the barn!"

Let us not be too prodigal when we are young or too parsimonious when we are old; otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those who, when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire, and, when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

FRANCES' GROWTH IN A CENTURY.

Statistics Which Indicate a Splendid National Development.

The "Journal" of the French Statistical Society has published, in anticipation of the centenary fetes at Versailles, some interesting tables which are intended to show the economical, commercial, industrial and financial progress made by France in the last century. Beginning with the budget, these tables show that while the estimated receipts in 1789 were £27,654,520, they are now £120,480,000. The direct taxes have not increased very much, for they are £177,600,000 this year, as compared to £145,200,000 a century ago, whereas the indirect taxes, which produced only £96,000,000 in 1789, are now estimated at £729,200,000. The only Government monopoly in the budget of 1789 was the Post Office, which produced £640,000, whereas now the produce of the different monopolies is £23,280,000. It is also worthy of note that while the cost of collection for a budget of about £27,000,000 was £4,520,000, it is only £7,120,000 for a budget of over £120,000,000.

A century ago the value of personal property in France was estimated at not more than £12,000,000, whereas it is now put at about £320,000,000. These were no savings banks in 1789, but now the deposits in them exceed £100,000,000, while the total of the national revenues, estimated a century ago as £120,000,000 to £200,000,000, now exceeds £1,200,000,000. Then, again, the general trade of France in 1789 was about £40,680,000—of which £23,040,000 were imports, and £17,640,000 exports; while in 1886 the general trade of France reached £374,440,000, of which £204,640,000 were imports and £169,800,000 exports, the proportion between the imports and the exports being much the same as it was at the end of last century. The value of land has also increased very much, for while the average price a century ago was £8 per acre, it is now £27, having touched £32 some few years ago.

In 1789 the acreage in wheat was 10,000,000, and the yield 110,000,000 bushels, or 11 bushels an acre; now the acreage in wheat is about 17,000,000, and the yield 294,250,000 bushels, or 18 bushels an acre. The price of bread has not varied so much as might have been expected, the four-pound loaf, which cost 90 centimes in 1800, now selling for 85 centimes, having gone to as much as a shilling in 1847, and having fallen as low as sixpence in 1863. Wages, both in industry and agriculture, have risen enormously, and while the agricultural laborer did not receive more than sixpence a day in 1789, the average wage is now 2s. The Journal of the Statistical Society adds that, while the pay of subordinate officials has been generally increased, the salaries paid to greater dignitaries, both civil and ecclesiastical, have been cut down.

Traveling has also become more expensive as well as slower, for a journey to Marseilles by diligence took thirteen days and cost £6, as against fifteen hours and £4; to Toulouse, eight days and £5 8s.; as against fourteen hours and £4 8s.; to Bordeaux, six days and £5, as against nine hours and £3 10s.; to Strasburg, four and a half days £4, as against eleven hours and £3; to Lille, two days and £2, as against six hours and about 30s. The postage of a letter from Paris to Versailles cost 25 centimes, from Paris to Lyons 65 centimes, and from Paris to Marseilles 75 centimes. The population of France increased from 27,000,000 in 1801 to 38,000,000 in 1886, the cities of Lyons and Marseilles increasing from 139,000 and 76,000 to 401,000 and 375,000.

Women's Barber Shops.

Barber shops for women seem to be increasing in New York, and many of them have regular customers. The work done is, of course, confined almost wholly to brushing, cleaning and making up the hair. Many of the customers keep their own combs and brushes, too, in the pigeon-holes which one sees filled with cups in a barber shop for men. The barber and her assistants are, of course, women, and to one of them the writer said the other day:—"How often should a woman have her hair brushed?" "Every night and morning she ought to brush it herself," was the reply. "Many of them never brush it thoroughly at all, and as for cleaning it, all they know about that is scour it once or twice a year with borax or ammonia, as they would their kitchens. This ruins the hair, yet they know no better. Many a fine lady goes about with six months' accumulation of dirt on her head under a \$25 bonnet, and would be horrified to think herself not as clean as she should be. Women who know how to care for their hair come here once a month for a dry shampoo to clean the scalp, and once a month I clean their hair itself with castile soap and water, drying it immediately by spreading it over a hot air register. The hair should have air and sunlight too. I think the hair of American women is becoming more and more scanty, while nearly all the fine switches and wigs of human hair in the market come from the heads of the German and Swiss peasant girls, who work bare headed in the fields, and whose tresses are so long and thick that they are glad to sell some of it for next to nothing."

She Wanted a Fair Understanding About the Matter.

A woman in the near vicinity of forty-five and weighing within a pound of one hundred and eighty occupied a seat on the train from Toledo the other day in company with a scared looking young man who probably voted last Fall for the first time. As they mentioned Detroit and the fact that they were going to stop there, a citizen who had a seat ahead turned around and said he would be glad to give them any information he possessed.

"Look a here," said the woman in answer, "I want a fair understanding with you at the outset. Who do you suppose this young man is?"

"Your—your grandson, perhaps."

"No, sir."

"Your nephew, then."

"No, sir."

"Your own son."

"No, sir."

"Perhaps he is an acquaintance."

"He is my husband, sir—married yesterday—and I don't want any mistakes made. A dozen different people have taken him for my grandson or nephew, and I'm getting tired of it. He's my husband, sir—h-u-s-b-a-n-d—and now go ahead and tell us where he can find a hotel with family comforts for about one dollar a day."—[Detroit Free Press.

Take It Easy.

Now that warm weather is coming on, the washing getting larger and the work unusually laborious, it seems useless for the house keeper who has all her own work to do to spend her time and strength in ironing all the course towels, dish towels, wash cloths, etc., with the same assiduous care that she gives to her table linens. In fact we do not see why it is necessary that they should be ironed at all. If folded neatly and evenly they will lap in the cupboard or drawer equally as well and after they have been used once no one will ever know whether they have been ironed or not. We will sleep just as sweetly in sheets justfolded from the line, and plain underwear needs but slight attention. Now that it is no longer considered improper to wear un starched dresses, underwear, etc., much labor can be saved by following the fashion. It is hard enough to do what is actually necessary to keep the household in running order when the mercury reaches 100 degrees in the shade, and feelings of lassitude almost overcome us, without our exerting ourselves to do that which is as well undone. Better spend the time gained in reading or social intercourse with our neighbors. We will undoubtedly feel better and it is possible we might save a doctor's bill. One ought also to be provided with a kerosene or gasoline stove. They are more economical than wood, do not heat up the house so badly, save many steps taken to keep the stove filled with wood, and the person ironing feels only the heat from the irons and consequently is not nearly so much fatigued. Every housekeeper should insist, as one of her rights, on having all the convenience possible to aid in doing her work easily and quickly.

Honesty Towards Children.

The hopelessness of children under a sense of injustice is one of the most crushing forces that can work to mislead and distort a child's mind. He is not able to see beyond the obvious and instant features of the situation, and the feeling that some arbitrary expression of prejudice is working against him convinces him despairingly that effort is useless, and that he is being cruelly wronged. The childish nature becomes warped and embittered; and there is perhaps no other single factor which can come into a young life with such disastrous effect as this. The teacher who allows himself to gratify personal likes and dislikes is doing an injury to his pupils which can only be called incalculable. It must be recognized, moreover, that children are likely to misunderstand, so that an appearance of favoritism is to be avoided. This is one of the considerations that make the training of children a matter of so much delicacy and intricacy. It is necessary not only to treat children with scrupulous honesty, but make them feel that they are so treated.

The Ruling Passion of a Deadhead.

A lobbyist from New York city, who had been a railroad deadhead for many years, was called to his home during the late session of the last Legislature by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his wife. As he was waiting for the train for New York to be made up he noticed the conductor was a new man, whom he did not know, and then for the first time he called to mind the fact that he had left his annual pass over that road up at his boardinghouse. Approaching the conductor, he introduced himself and told the circumstances, said that all the conductors knew him, and he never had to show his pass to them, so he had been careless about it.

"I have no doubt it is all right," said the conductor, "but I can't carry you."

"But," said the gentleman, pleading, "my wife is very ill. I must go to New York on this train."

"I am sorry," replied the conductor, "but I cannot carry you."

"Is there anybody around here authorized to issue a pass? Anybody who can give me one?"

The conductor knew of nobody around the depot who had that authority, but at last touched by the lobbyist's predicament, he said:

"I can't carry you for nothing, but I will advance the money to you if—"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the lobbyist, smiling all over; "I've got a hundred dollars right here in my pocket," and he ran off to buy a ticket. When he came back he said:

"Conductor, if you hadn't mentioned money I should never have thought of paying my fare. I had forgotten that I could travel on anything but a pass."—[Albany Argus.

Not an Entirely Hopeless Case.

The proprietor of a "matrimonial establishment" in Europe was one day visited by a lady of such extreme plainness that he was at first aghast. He managed, however, to collect himself and assume his usual courteous manner.

The lady proceeded to state that she had a considerable fortune, but that, from some unaccountable reason, she had been unable to find a husband to her liking. She ended by asking: "Now don't you think you could find me a good party, sir?"

"Ah, yes, madame! I said the agent very politely. 'There's no telling; there may be a blind man in at any moment!'"

Just What She Wanted.

Lady Jane Apostle to the Rev. Drawliah Bore—"Might I help you to a little more of this pie?"

"Oh, thank you, my dear Lady Jane; not any, I thank you. It is excellent, indeed; but I really am afraid you would hear no sermon from me this afternoon were I to eat the least bit more."

"Oh, do have a little more—let me persuade you."

A Modest Wooer.

"Mabel," said the young man bashfully "do you know, I think your mother is a wonderfully fine woman."

"I am glad to know that she has won your esteem."

"Do you think that I have succeeded in making a favorable impression on her?"

"I don't know of any reason to believe the contrary. Why do you ask?"

"I was only wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"Whether she could ever think enough of me to accept me for a son-in-law."

And Mabel did her best to give him confidence.—[Merchant Traveler.