## Never Trouble Trouble.

My good man is a clever man,
Which no one will gainsay;
He lies awake to plot and plan
'Gainst lions in the way,
While I, without a thought of ill,
Sleep sound enough for three;
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

A holiday we never fix
But he is sure 'twill rain;
And when the sky is clear at six
He knows it won't remain.
He is always prophesying ill,
To which I won't agree,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show atop—
But soon how green the field!
We will not harvest half a crop—
You have a famous yield!
It will not sell, it never will!
But I will wait and see,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

We have a good share of worldly gear,
And fortune seems secure,
Yet my good man is full of fear—
Misfortune's coming sure!
He points me out the almshouse hill,
But cannot make me see,
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

He has a sort of second sight,
And when the fit is strong,
He sees beyond the good and right,
The evil and the wrong.
Heaven's cup of joy he'll surely spill
Unless I with him be.
For I never trouble trouble till
Trouble troubles me.

## STORY OF A BORROWING FAMILY.

When a boy in the halls of my fathers—we had two halls, front and back, and then later on I married a Hall, that made three; in the halls of my fathers, then—I had only one father, it is true, but as he is in no wise a singular man I mention him in the plural—I remember a neighbor who located a claim adjoining our own happy and peaceful demense, where we abode under our own vine and fig-tree, and children clustered "like olive plants round about the table" three times a day, and fluttered and swarmed like barn swallows the rest of the time.

The new neighbor came in the first day of his arrival to borrow a hatchet; theirs was nailed up in one of their boxes, and they wanted to unpack their things. That was all right, but I wondered all day how they packed the hatchet; I had an idea that one of the boys must have crept into the last box, and nailed the lid on top of himself. However, that wasn't the way of it at all; I might have known better. But I didn't, and I watched the new neighbors unpack all that day with curious interest, expecting every time they opened a new box to see the boy crawl out, a little rumpled by and compressed by the long journey from Ohio, but with that certain air of newness that things long packed are apt to have. I was sorely disappointed when the last box was emptied and no boy seemed to be missed.

The Hadbins—the man's name was O. E. Hadbin—were neighborly people. Mother said she thought we would like them; but then her gentle, loving nature always thought we would like everybody. Of course they had no time for baking the first day, so they borrowed nearly all the bread we had in the house and mother sent quite all the butter with it; that was all right; the Illinois idea at that day was that your house belonged to your neighbor until he got settled, and it did. In that day, if anybody had to sleep in the shed and go hungry, it wasn't the new comer, it was the older inhabitant, and the older inhabitant remembering how in like manner he had been received, never complained, and never acted as though he was confering a favor on the new comer. I don't know that the children were quite so unselfishly warmhearted as the parents. I know I thought ruefully that night at supper of a Hadbins eating our good butter spread thick as mortar on their bread, while I chewed the cud of bitter fancies with my butterless bread. For I hated dry bread; I do to this day. And I hate bread crust; I am yet given to hiding it around the edge of my plate, and when I see a man eat breat crust willingly and with compulsion, I harbor dark suspicions of that man. I believe him to be designing and deceitful.

Next morning one of the Hadbin children came over to borrow a scythe. It was late in November; there wasn't a thing to be mowed in all Peoria County, and there never had been anything to mow on their reservation, anyhow. I suppose now that they wanted the scythe to cut bread with; the occasional study of the subject during all these intervening years has reached no better solution than that. But we gave them the scythe, and wondered. In the afternoon we saw one of the children coming away from Gregg's house with a tub, and concluded that the Hadbins were extending their lines toward the left, and were reconnoitering all along their immediate front. The surmise was confirmed in the evening when Mr. Lloyd stopped a moment on his way to the store to say that the Hadbins had borrowed all his lamps, and he was going down town to buy some candles.

"What are candles?"

Oh, I don't just exactly remember what they were myself, dear; you nevar saw any. They were white, straight things, that we used to light at one end to see by: "Something like gawz?" Yes, dear, something like gas; something like it; the bill was about five times stronger than the light. Well, the Habins grew more familiar as you became intimate with them, and the better acquainted you became with them the more you knew of them. It is this way with some people. About the end of the first week one of the boys came in and borrowed John's sled. We told him there wouldn't be any snow much before the middle of December, but he said he could wait, and patiently dragged the sled away with him. I think we began to get a little scared at that, and father said he understood now why they borrowed the scythe in November; it was to have it on hand against hay harvest next year. But mother said we mustn't judge before we knew more about them, and so hushed us up, and went on to tell what a sweet, soft voice Mrs. Hadbin had.

"Why, when did you hear it?" asked one of my sisters.

And mother bent her dear face a little lower over her sewing—I can see the faint blush kindling the cheeks like a dream of dawn—as she was obliged to confess that she heard her asking Mrs. Phillips for the loan of her quilting frame, and "could she tell her where she could borrow some clothes props and a couple of flat irons?" The shout of applause that went up saved mother from acknowledging that her own department had honored the full requisition for "props" and issued half rations of irons.

The Hadbins were Baptists, and I suppose for that reason they raided my father's inheritance oftener than they did the borders of Philistia and Edom. They knew the practical duties of the diaconate. The first time they came to church Mr. Hadbin asked father if he might sit in our pew that morning. Certainly, Brother Hadbin. And in sailed Brother Hadbin, Sister Hadbin, Ellen Hadbin, George Hadbin, Jack Hadbin, Gad Hadbin, Kittie Hadbin, Jane Growl—Hadbin's hired girl—and the Hadbin twins. They settled in our pew and spread out over adjacent sections of the court of the Gentiles. We scattered as sheep without a shepherd that Sunday, and afterward camped on an abandoned claim that nobody would think of borrowing. That night all the male members of the congregation of our home tabernacle—father and the boys—nailed their boots to the floor before going to bed, to prevent their being borrowed before morning. The next day passed off quietly, and none of our outposts were driven in, but Tuesday morning George and Gad came over to borrow our dog to go hunting with. We loaned the dog rather sorrowfully, although mother said, "Why, let them have him, you foolish boys; Zach will come back himself." That sounded reasonable, but as I am relating a matter of history I cannot conscientiously omit any part of the truth—he never did. He came home with the Hadbins all right, but he never came back to us. They didn't tie him up, but the dog seemed to realise that he was borrowed by a borrowing family, and that settled it. He knew he was doomed never to be returned. He would come to the fence sometimes and look in at us so earnestly and longingly that it would melt a heart of ice, but when we called him "good old Zach," and tried to coax him in, he would wag his tail sadly and go drooping back to the Hadbin reservation.

Once Mrs. Hadbin came in, and in the sweetest tones you ever heard, begged mother to save all our meat bones for the dog; they used all theirs for making soap, she said. Soon after they heard a mouse in their pantry, and came and borrowed our cat. We never saw the cat on our own ranche again. Sometimes, in the silent watches of the night, we could hear her wailing in plaintive cadences, as though her heart was breaking with nostalgia—she had always been inclined to nostalgia, and even when she was young, she would make Rome howl if we turned her out of the kitchen at night—but she returned to the home of her childhood no more. She was borrowed.

So things ran on, and week by week our little home began to look more desolate and bare, as one thing after another went into the maelstrom, until finally Mr. Hadbin, who seldom did any borrowing in person, struck father for his autograph on a little thirty-day note for a trifling amount—forty dollars. Father yielded; the note fell due; and the owner of the borrowed name had to pay it himself.

"Don't worry Mr. Hadbin about it now," pleaded my mother; "he'll pay you some time."

"I haven't said a word to him about it," said my father grimly; "he is enough of a business man to know how these things go."

That evening Mr. Hadbin called. He looked very angry.

"Deacon," he said, "I heard that you took up that note yourself to-day."

"Yes," father said he did; he didn't want it to go to protest, and so he paid it, and Mr. Hadbin could pay him when times were a little easier, and—

But Mr. Hadbin waved his hand with a gesture at once injured and sorrowful.

"Well," he said, "I would never have believed that of you. Never."

And he was gone. Mad was no name for what he was. He told people that he had been deceived in men before, but never so bitterly as he had been in Deacon B.—never. He wouldn't have believed that one man could treat another so. He had heard of mean men in Ohio, but he had to come West to find them. And a brother in the Church, too.

When he thought of that, he could stand it no longer. He went right off and joined the Children of Light, a new sect in that neighborhood that was running a sort of a faith cure fake on commission.

The Hadbins moved the next week. The day they moved they sent word that they would be beholden to us for nothing, and so sent back all our old things. They sent, via the side fence line, three tubs that belonged to Greggs, Lloyd's lamps, Knowlton's wheelbarrow, Mrs. Richardson's preserving kettle, Warner's spade, Phillips' quilting-frame, Weston's buggy harness, and a variety of things belonging to everybody in the neighborhood except to ourselves. We had a reception, and the neighbors came in and identified their property, and took it away, and we saw the Hadbins no more.

But I have often thought that people hadn't got borrowing down to an exact science when Solomon wrote, and that when Poor Richard said, "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," he must have meant that one fellow did the borrowing and the lender did the sorrowing. I am older now, my children, than I was when I was younger, and I have learned that there is nothing in the world that will make a man hate you so bitterly as to owe you borrowed money that he cannot pay.

ROBT. J. BURDETTE.

## Daniel Callaghan, the Great Irish Merchant.

One of the ablest and most accomplished merchants that Ireland ever produced was Daniel Callaghan. He set up, when but a stripling, in the butter trade, but was refused credit for £400 at Tonson & Warren's bank, as his first experience. He, however, finally obtained the aid he was in need of, and from that time pursued his business with great success.

A great London merchant took the whole provision contract at that time and the Cork merchants combined to engross the market. This was the moment chosen by Callaghan to reap the reward of the study he had bestowed so inquiringly and systematically upon the business of his choice. Alarmed at their position, one of the Londoners came over, and was still more dismayed when he reached Cork. Young Callaghan introduced himself, and what was then thought a most presuming thing on his part, he gave a dinner to the Londoner, to which, however, he had some difficulty in getting guests. He soon showed the London firm the game it should play, and to their enlightenment expounded all the resources at their command. A share of the contract was immediately given him, and before the year expired the same firm handed Callaghan £10,000 on his own word, after having hesitated only nine months before to take his bond for a few hundred.

## STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

### A PET SEAL.

Seals have been domesticated, and make interesting pets. The following pathetic but tragic story is related in "The Passions of Animals." About forty years ago, says the writer, a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the house of a gentleman whose home was by the seashore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family. Its habits were innocent and gentle; it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described it, was "fond as a dog and playful as a kitten."

Daily the seal went out to fish, and, after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or a turbot to his master. His delight in the summer was to bask in the sun, and in the winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into the large oven which, at that time, formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated when, unfortunately, a disease called in the country the *crippawn*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house. Some of them died, others became infected, and the customary cure, produced by changing them to drier pastures, failed.

A "wise" woman was consulted; and the hag assured the credulous owner that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue and her charms be unequal to avert the malady.

The superstitious man consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could.

The boat returned; but what was the surprise of the family next morning to find the seal quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal overnight came back to his beloved home, crept through a window and occupied his favorite resting-place.

Next morning another cow was reported sick. The seal must be removed. A Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone some leagues beyond Innis Boffin.

It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it was, of course, the house dog—she opened it and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home; then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a deep sleep.

The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency the old dame was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea.

To this cruel proposition the superstitious owner consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was robbed of sight and the next day was carried out to sea. A week passed, the cattle grew worse instead of better, and the hag confessed that she could not understand it.

On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants who heard it thought the *Banshee* came to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads beneath the quilts.

When morning broke the door was opened; the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold. He had come back to die at home. He was sadly emaciated and died of hunger, grief and exposure, the victim of a cruel superstition.

### YOUNG GRIZZLY.

The story of a man who reared a lion's cub only to fall a victim to its appetite when it was grown, was told by the Greek writers for the lesson which it taught. This story of the young grizzly, so far as it goes, has the same significance. It is told by a Professor on his return from a Govern ment exploration in California:

The only live grizzly that I saw in Cal fornia was a young one in captivity. In small town, where our party stayed ov night, I went out to the stable in the mor ing to see how our horses were being car for, and in the yard I found a young gr zly fastened by a chain.

A young grizzly is a most comical-look ing fellow, and this one seemed to invit familiarity. I came near enough to pat hi on the head, and in so doing brought m leg so near that little "Griz" could embrac it by his fore-paws. He was very affection ate, and huged my leg more closely than cared for, but I knew that it would not d to pull away from him. Soon the cub mad demonstrations with his teeth. As long a he nipped at my tall knee-boots he did n harm, but, as his nips came higher and higher up, his endearments would cease to be pleasant.

At last a stableman came in sight; he took in the situation at once. Picking up a club, he came quietly behind the young bear, and gave him such a clip that he suddenly lost all interest in my leg, and at once commenced to nurse his own head.

I drew from this incident this moral: "Don't fool with grizzly bears of any age."

### THE WHISTLER.

Do you know why this duck is called the Whistler? It flies so fast that it makes its wings fairly whistle through the air! The gunner, waiting in ambush, can tell of its approach by the shrill sound, and can get ready to take its position before it comes within gunshot. It is also called Golden Eye, Great Head, and Spirit Duck. The Indians gave it the last name, because it allows the hunter to come very near it, and then before he can twang his bow, the duck has vanished below the water. This frightens the superstitious Indian. He thinks that such rapidity of motion can only be due to magic, and shudders at the thought that he has tried to shoot a spirit. It builds its nest in the top of a tall dead tree, so old and worn that the bark and branches have fallen off, leaving only a slippery pole. Nobody knows how the tender young ducklings get from the nest to the water. Legend says that the mother bird carries her babies