

Our little Hattie is learning to sew, To sleep by herself With the light burning low.

Our little Hattie is learning to rise, The moment the sun Shows its face in the skies.

Our little Hattie is learning to put, Each stocking and shoe On its own little foot.

Our little Hattie is learning to sew, Though her stitches are not In a very straight row.

Our little Hattie is learning to read, Though pronouncing her words Not according to creed.

Our little Hattie is learning to write, But her letters as yet Are a comical sight.

Our little Hattie is learning to sit, In Church with her Mamma A demure little bit.

Our little Hattie is learning to say, "Our Father in Heaven," In her sweet, lisping way.

Our little Hattie is learning to raise, A soft, piping treble In Jesus' praise.

Write the name of the Lamb Dear Father above, On the heart and the soul Of this child of our love.

LOST HOURS.

I went the vigil that I keep, I read and solemn thing, Where the chill October breezes sweep,

And the ferns lie withering, For I pass the years in long review, The years have trifled past,

The years when life was bright and new— Ah, what have they brought at last? And I cry as I look on my drooping flowers,

My faded hopes and my falling powers, "O, my lost, lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been gathered in When the golden grain was wasted! What a harvest might have been gathered in,

When the harvest was barely tasted! What happy memories might have shown,

Had they never staid'd them! What noble heights to rest upon,

And I cry, as I sit mid my faded flowers, "O, my lost, lost hours!"

NEARLY A CENTURY OLD.

Eighty-nine years ago to-day! Just eighty-nine long years Have passed since the infant came To this sad vale of tears.

Sixty-nine years ago to-day She stood by grandpa's side, And pledged the vows that bound her firm— A gentle, loving bride.

Just sixty years ago to-day The altar was a bier, And buried with that manly form Were all hopes bright and dear.

No hope! How woe-stricken, till— Behold! children must have bread, "Strange that young hearts will cling to earth When buried is the dead!"

Forty-five years ago to-day There was another bride, "How soon a man can win a child From e'en a mother's side!"

Forty-three years ago to-day Grandmother sang and smiled— For one forgot her trials past In petting first grandchild.

Again the altar was a bier— Again there stood a bride— Again the christening robe was worn, By great grandmother's pride.

And now, for nearly twenty years, What could she do but wait? And still is waiting, blind to earth, The opening of Heaven's gate.

DOUBTFUL JOHN.

Now John, it is an honest name, As very well you know; There's good John Smith, and good John Brown.

And small John in a row, But there's one John we temperance folks Have put our ban upon— A sly, suspicious kind of elf— And that is dem-John.

"I'm sure it might contain, dear sir, Good vinegar," say you, "Or water from the fountains pure, Or running stream; that's true; But who'd believe your word, I pray, While you was trucking on, With no companions at your side Except a dem-John?"

This John has a spacious mouth, And a deep and wide throat, He often swallows fortunes up Before he's satisfied.

Then, boys, I tell you what it is, My word depend upon, You'd better not be introduced To doubtful dem-John.

A correspondent insists that "the masses," should be printed "them asses." We think he conclusively proves his title as one of them.

The greatest fortunes consist of pennies.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1875.

No. 13.

Selected Story.

THE SWEEP'S STORY.

"Svi-thee-cep! Svi-thee-cep!" Don't sound much like sweep? No, it don't; but then one has to have one's regular cry, as folks may know us by.

But, then, it's one's work, you know, and I dunno whether it was that or the suit as give me this hoarse voice, which nothing clears now—most likely it was the suit.

Put me in mind again of when I was a little bit of a fellow, and at home with mother, as I can recollect with a nice, pleasant face, and a widder's cap round it.

"I won't be a sweep, I won't be a sweep," I says, sobbing and crying; and all the time making up my mind as I'd run away first chance, and go home again; and then, after a good long struggle, I was in the pot, with my head out, then my arms out, and the cap off for the cool wind to blow in my face.

And, ah! how cool and pleasant that first puff of wind was, and how the fear and horror seemed to go away as I climbed out, and stood looking about me; till all at once I started, for there came up out of the pot, buzzing like Barkby's voice, as he calls out—"Go ahead, boy!"

So then I set to rattling away with my brush-handle, to show as I was out, and then climbs down on to the roof, and begins looking about me. It was just getting daylight, so that I could see my way about; and all seemed so fresh and strange that, with my brush in my hand, I begins to wander over the roofs, climbing up the slates and sliding down tother side, which was good fun, and bore doing two or three times over.

All at once I turned all of a horri- ble fright, for I reckoned about Barkby, and felt almost if he'd got hold of me, and was thrashing me for being so long. I ran to the first chimney-stack, but that wasn't right; for I knew as the one I came up was atop of a slate sloping roof.

though Barkby gave me lots of encouragement, without being too chuffy, it seemed awful as soon as I got hold of the bars, which was quite warm then, and begun feeling my way, hot, and smothery, and sneezy in my cap, till I got my head such a pelt against some of the brickwork that I began to cry; for this was the first high chimney as I'd been put to. But I choked it down, as I stood there with my little bare feet all amongst the cinders, and then began to climb.

Every now and then Barkby shoves his head under the cloth, and "Go ahead, boy," he'd say; and I kep on going ahead as fast as I could, for I was afeared on him, though he never spoke very gruff to me; but I had heard him go and cuss awful, and I didn't want to put him out. So there was I, poor little chap—I'm sorry for myself even now, you know—swarming up a little bit at a time, crying away quietly, and rubbing the skin off my poor knees and elbows, while the place felt that hot and stuffy I could hardly breathe, cramped up as I was.

Now, you wouldn't think as any one could see in the dark, with their eyes close shut, and a thick cap over their face, pulled right down to keep the suit from getting up their nose—you wouldn't think any one could see anything there; but I could, quite plain; and what do you think it was? Why, my mother's face, looking at me so sad, and sweet, and smiling, through her tears, that it made me give quite a choking sob every now and then, for I was new at climbing, and this was a long chimney, from the housekeeper's room of a great house, right from underground, to the top.

Sometimes I'd stop and have a cry, for I'd feel beat out, and the face as had cheered me on was gone; but then I'd hear Barkby's choky voice come muttering up the floo, same as I've shouted to lots o' boys in my time, "Go ahead, boy!" and I'd go ahead again, though at last I was sobbing and choking as hard as I could, for I kep on thinking as I should never get to the top, and be stuck there always in the chimney, never to come out no more.

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far, till I came to a bend in the chimney, where I stopped short—scraped, and bruised, and trembling, while I felt that confused I couldn't move.

After a bit I came round a little, and, whimpering and crying to myself, I began to feel my way about a little with my toes, and then got along a little way straight like, when the chimney took another bend down, and stifly and slowly I let myself down a little and a little till my feet touched cold iron, and I could get no further. But after thinking a bit, I made out where I was, and that was, standing on the register of a fire-place; so I begins to lift it up with my toes as well as I could, when crash it went down again, and there came such a squealing and screaming as made me begin climbing up again as fast as I could till I reached the bend, where I stopped and had another cry, I felt so miserable; and then I shrunk up and shivered, for there came a roar and a rattle that echoed up the chimney, while the suit came falling down in a way that nearly smothered me.

Now, I knew enough to tell myself that the people, being frightened, had fired a gun up the chimney, while the turn round as it took had saved me from being hurt. So I sat squatted up quite still, and then heard some one shout out, "Hallo!" two or three times, and then, "Puss, puss, puss!" "Ah, that's it, it is!" I thinks; and being a bit of a mimic, I sings out softly, "Mian, mi-yow," when I could hear voices whispering a bit, and then the register was banged down, as I supposed by the noise.

Only fancy sitting in a bend of the chimney, shivering with fear and half smothered with heat and suit, while your breath comes heavy and thick from the cap over your face! Not nice, it ain't; and more than once I've felt a bit sorry for the poor boys as I've sent up chimbleys in my time. But there I was, and I soon began scrambling up again, and worked hard, for the chimney was wider than the other one. Last of all, I got to the pot, and on the stack, and then again I had a good cry.

Now, when I'd rubbed my eyes again, I had another look round, and felt as if I was at the wrong pot; so I scrambled down, slipped over the slates, and got to a stack in front, when I felt sure I was right, for there was black finger-marks on the red pot; so I got up, slipped my legs in, and taking care this time that I didn't fall, began to lower myself down slowly, though I was all of a twitter to know what Barkby would do to me for being so long. Now I'd slip a little bit, being so sore and rubbed I could hardly stop myself; and then I'd manage to let myself down gently; but all at once the chimney seemed to open so wide, being an old one, I suppose, that I couldn't reach very well with my back and elbows pressed out; so, feeling myself slipping again, I tried to stick my nails in the bricks, at the same time drawing my knees most up to my chin, when down I went perhaps a dozen feet, and then, when there was a bit of a curve, I stuck regular wedged in all of a heap, nose and chin together, knees up against the bricks on one side and my back against the other, and me not able to move.

For a bit I was frightened that I never tried to stir; but last of all the horrid fix I was in came upon me like a clap, and there I was half-choked, dripping with perspiration, and shuddering in every limb, wedged in where all was as dark as Egypt.

After a bit I managed to drag off my cap, thinking that I could then see the daylight through the pot. But no—the chimney curved about too much, and all was dark as ever; while what puzzled me was, that I couldn't breathe any easier now the cap was off, for it seemed hot, and close, and stifly, though I thought that was through me being so frightened, for I never fancied now but what I was in the right chimney, and wondered that Barkby didn't shout at me. But all at once there came a terrible creeping fear all over me—a feeling that I've never forgotten, nor never shall as long as I'm a sweep. It was as if the blood in my body had run out and left me weak, and helpless, and faint, for down below I could hear a heavy beat—beat—beat noise, that I knew well enough, and up under me came a rush of hot smoke that nearly suffocated me right off; when I gave such a horrid shriek of fear as I've never forgot neither, for the sound of it frightened me worse. It didn't sound like my voice at all, as I kept on shrieking, and groaning, and crying for help, too frightened to

move, though I've often thought since as a little twisting on my part would have set me loose, to try and climb up again. But, bless you, no; I could do nothing but shout and cry for help, with the noise I made sounding hollow and stifly, and the heat and smoke coming up so fast as to nearly choke me over and over again.

I knew fast enough now that I had come down a chimney where there had been a clear fire, and now some one had put lumps of coal on, and had been breaking them up; and in the fright I was I could do nothing else but shout away until my voice got weak and wiry, and I could do nothing but cough and wheeze for breath.

But I hadn't been crying for nothing, though; for soon I heard some one shout up the chimney, and then came a deal of poking and noise, and the smoke and heat came curling up by me worse than ever, so that I thought it was all over with me, but at the same time a whole lot of hot, bad-smelling steam; and then some one knocked at the bricks close by my head, and I heard a buzzing sound, when I gave a hoarse sort of cry, and then felt stupid and half asleep.

By-and-bye there was a terrible knocking and hammering close beside me, getting louder and louder every moment; and yet it didn't seem to matter to me, for I hardly knew what was going on, though the voices came nearer and the noise plainer; and at last I've a bit of recollection of hearing some one say, "Fetch brandy," and I wondered whether they meant Barkby, while I could feel the fresh air coming upon me. Then I seemed to waken up a bit, and see the daylight through a big hole, while there was ever so much broken bricks and mortar between me and the light; and the next thing I recollect is lying upon a mattress, with a fine gentleman leaning over me, and holding my hand in his.

"Don't," I says, in a whisper, "it's all stuty."

When I see him smile, and he asked me how I was.

"Oh, there ain't no bones broke," I says, "only Barkby, him as some on you called 'Brandy,' 'll half kill me."

"What for?" says another gentleman.

"Why, coming down the wrong chimney," I says; and then, warming up a bit with my wrongs, "but 'twarn't my fault," I says, "who could tell t'other from which, when there warn't no numbers nor nothing on 'em, and they was all alike, so as you didn't know which to come down, and him swearing because you was so long? Where is he?" I says in a whisper.

One looked at t'other, and there was six or seven people about me; for I was lying on the mattress put on the floor close aside a great hole in the wall, and a heap o' bricks and mortar.

"Who?" says the first gent, who was a doctor.

"Why, Barkby," I says, "my gov'nor, as sent me up number seven's chimney."

"Oh, he's not here," says some one. "This ain't number seven, this is number ten. Send to seven," he says.

Then they began talking a bit, and I heard something said about "poor boy," and "fearful groans," and "horrid position," and they thought I didn't hear 'em; for I'd got my eyes shut, meaning to sham Abram when Barkby came, for fear he should hurt me. But I needn't have shammed, for I couldn't neither stand nor sit up for a week arter; and I believe, arter all, it's that had something to do with me being so husky-voiced.

Miscellaneous.

BLOOM AND BLIGHT; WITH SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

AN INAUGURAL THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE FOR THE DEGREE OF MISTRESS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By MAMIE E. DOZIER, of Georgetown, South Carolina.

The amber and gold of sunset have faded, the gray twilight has deepened into darkness, and while night, with starry coronet, is mounting to her throne, we are gathered in this festive hall to celebrate another anniversary of our Alma Mater, the Twenty-first Annual Commencement of the Baltimore Female College.

What a spectacle is presented to our view! Here are gathered before us youth with its beauty and joyousness; manhood with its high aspirations and hopes of the future; and age with its experience and sober views of life; the professional man from his office; the scholar from his studio; the man of science from his retort and crucible; the founders of our institution, its friends, and patrons—its professors, teachers and pupils—all testifying by their smiling looks a generous interest in our welfare.

With overflowing hearts we greet you, and hope that in the exercise of the passing hour you may find entertainment and gratification.

We welcome the honorable Board of Trustees of the College, under whose guardianship the mental and moral interests of woman have been protected and promoted. May you ever enjoy in your hearts the conscious reward of your generous labors in behalf of woman. Again, we bid you welcome.

To you, our much esteemed President, we most affectionately extend our welcome; you who have guided us during the short years of our school-life with paternal tenderness, and kind instructions. We thank you for all your generous labors in our behalf, and pray that when your earthly career is over, you may enter into the joys of the faithful.

Our beloved Professors and teachers, who have labored so earnestly and faithfully to imbue our minds with knowledge and form our hearts by correct precepts to all that is noble, pure and true—we thank you to-night for all your generous efforts in our behalf, and we tender you a cordial welcome.

With kind words of cheer we greet you our Schoolmates, with whom we have spent so many joyous hours. Though we soon shall sever the links that have bound us, we trust that the gentle light of well-spent hours may shed a radiance around you pure and precious as that of pearls from the Morning Land. Gladly we bid you welcome.

My loving Classmates, most warmly would I welcome you to this our festive night. We stand now upon the threshold of a great change. Let us remember "life is a warp in which bright and gloomy colors mix and mingle," therefore let us weave it well. Let us go forth, therefore, to meet the responsibilities of life, to perform its duties, and leave the results to the benevolence of Him who is "too wise to err and too good to be unkind."

After to-night our paths widely diverge from each other, but should any of you in future visit our Sunny Southern clime, there amid the warbling of birds, and the perfume of flowers, we will extend a cordial welcome to one and all.

Our respected audience, who have honored the occasion by your presence, we kindly greet you! We bespeak your gentle criticisms for our literary efforts, and throw ourselves upon your generous consideration. Welcome! Welcome! thrice Welcome!!!

BLOOM AND BLIGHT.

Our world was the perfection of beauty when it came from the hands of the Creator; and when he surveyed it all with his omniscient eyes, he pronounced it "good."

"The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," over the birth of the new world.

The heavens were tapestried with rich clouds, the fields were robed in living green and enamelled with perennial flowers; the waters were dimpled in smiles by the gentle winds; the mountains were veiled in golden light, the air was musical with sounds, and redolent with perfume; bloom and beauty were upon everything around.

scene was changed; dark clouds muffled the heavens, angry lightnings shot across the sky, the volcano rolled up its cloudy smoke, and billowy flames,—wild winds swept the ocean into foam, the landscape withered, the flowers faded, the bloom departed, and the blight came. Eden became a desert and man, that had strayed through its verdant shades, with angels for companions. Man that had been made in the image of God, became a ruined and blighted wanderer from his peaceful bowers.

From that period to the present bloom and blight have followed each other, as light and shade. The shrub opens its leaves to the sunlight, but they fade and fall; the flowers unfold their petals and shed their perfume on the air, but they wither and die; the tall cedar, and pine, and the wide-spreading oak wave their branches in the breeze, reach their maturity, fall into decline, and at length strew the earth with their mouldering branches and decaying trunk. The very mountains that pierce the clouds with their granite summits, touched by the frosts of centuries, crumble piece meal down and mingle with the earth. The insect expand its wings, reveals in the sunbeam, glitters a moment and passes away. The tiny bird, that, like a winged jewel, flutters among the flowers, is humming its own funeral anthem, and soon fades and falls like them.

The albatross, that spreads his weary wings upon the breeze and sleeps; the strong-winged condor that breathes the hurricane, and folds his wings to slumber on some Al pine crag, and the strong-eyed eagle that soars aloft to gaze on the meridian sun, reach their prime of strength and then decline and die.

The gentle animals that enliven the landscape, the wild ones that roam the forest, and the savage beasts that howl amid the desert, fall of their wonted strength, and sink into decay.

Nor these alone, but man in his strength, woman in her beauty, and infancy just budding into being, follow the same order of bloom and blight, of development and nothingness.

The form is erect in its strength, the step is elastic in buoyancy, the eye sparkles with intelligence, the cheek blooms with health, the voice is musical with mirth and joyousness, but blight follows with its withering touch; age comes on, the form is bent, the "spacetime" locks are changed to gray; disease invades, the muscles shrink, the step is feeble, the eye has lost its lustre, and the cheek its bloom, the voice is faint and tremulous, the pulse beat slow, the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, "and the mourners go about the streets."

Nor are individuals only subject to this order, but whole peoples also; nations and cities rise, flourish, decline, and become extinct. Where are ancient Babylon and Nineveh? Where is Memphis with her temples, and Thebes with her hundred gates? Where is Tyre, whose merchants were princes; and Carthage, once mistress of the seas? Where are Karna and Palmyra of the desert? Athens from her ruined Acropolis looks down upon broken column and shattered frieze, and Rome, shorn of her grandeur, muses amid her ruined palaces and mouldering Coliseum. Where are the ancient empires of the world? Assyria? the Medo-Persian? the Macedonian whose chief wept because there were no "more worlds to conquer"? The Roman empire that spread from the river to the ends of the earth? Where is the once powerful Sarcene empire? It has dwindled into insignificance, and the waning crescent of the False Prophet will soon disappear from mosque and minaret. Time in his relentless course blights alike the works of art, and works of nature.

"The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, The great globe itself, with all which it is habited shall dissolve, And like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a wreck behind."

Yes, the golden sun himself shall pale and be clothed in sackcloth, "the moon be changed to blood," and the burning stars fall from their course in the heavens, "as a fig-tree casts her untimely figs."

But there is a land where the light never grows dim, where the clouds never darken, where the landscape never fades. But there is a land where the bloom is eternal, and the blight never comes. In that celestial Eden the clouds never darken, the light never grows dim. There the landscape never fades, there the flowers never wither, and the leaves never fall from the trees of life.

In that bright land is "a city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God." Time may not weaken the adamantine

masonry of its foundations, with their garniture of precious stones, nor crumble its jasper walls, nor corrode its streets of gold, nor dim its pearly gates, for the city is eternal. There it is never said of the inhabitants, "They are sick," for no rude blast is there to chill, nor poisonous air to corrupt. There are no dim eyes there, nor pallid cheeks, nor weary brows nor fainting hearts, nor falling limbs, for the bloom of an eternal youth is upon everything there, and though every vein beats the vigor of the pulse of immortality, and "God shall wipe away all tears from all faces, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

DECEIVED BY ORNAMENT.

We have heard much of veterans—of men who fought, bled and died for their country—and have gazed with musing thoughts upon the wearers of old, service-worn, weather-beaten blue army overcoats. But the experience here given is new. The story is told that a gentleman went to the wood market the other day to buy wood. He saw the old blue army overcoat worn by a woodman.

"One of the nation's defenders," thought he. "May have upheld the flag at Gettysburg; been with little Phil in his terrible ride; with Sherman in his march to the sea; his trusty rifle may have unhorsed the dreaded Stonewall, or turned the tide of battle in the gory Wilderness."

The load of wood was bought. What was a dollar more to an old veteran, whose eye, he imagined, kindled with its ancient fire, in remembrance of the deadly breach, the hair-breadth escapes, etc. The march behind the green, knotty, scraggy wood was taken up with pride, as the hero moved his load and team up the street.—The wood was thrown off. The gentleman's heart warmed with this blessed deed of charity toward the brave soldier, and he thus addressed him:

"Comrade, tell us in what department you served your country during the late unruly rebellion." The woodman's eye brightened—the old flame lit up his countenance; and a hectic halo seemed to brighten the heart of the wagoner where he stood wip'ing his hand, about to tinkle the off mule's ear, and he thus replied:

"Rebellion h—! I went to Canada before the first draft. I gave a bottle of whiskey to a veteran, who had lost both a leg and an arm, for his overcoat. G'l'ang Beecher! Get up, Liz!"

And our benefactor was left on the ragged edge of a knotty log, believing the town to be full of swindlers, jugglers, mountebanks and men of sin.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for them he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a table, he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "to the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sire." The Emperor was deeply moved; a tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of thy kingdom."

RAT CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A little black and tan, belonging to Mr. J. H. Hinton, caught and killed fifty-two rats inside of thirty minutes last Thursday. The latter weighs only nine pounds. This was a grand canine ratification.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 50c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above.

Special notices in local columns 20 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

Job Printing Done with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

FRANK'S PASS.

Frank was a bright little five-year-old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it, he would say to himself: "I guess they think I'm a giant; only he pronounced the word 'infant.'" He would even attack the old cock, and walk right up to the big turkey-gobbler.

But there was one animal which caused Master Frank to quail with terror, especially when alone and after dark. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It was a mouse! Yes, a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes and pretty tapering tail, would make our bold little boy tremble and scream; and if he happened to light on several of these pretty creatures playing together, you would have supposed that he had run against a herd of buffaloes. Very silly isn't it?

Now every night on his way to bed Frank had to pass through a lonely room, where mice and rats would sometimes peep out of their holes and scamper over the floor, frightening him sadly, and causing him to clasp mama's hand more tightly, and hurry along as fast as possible.

But one night, when it came bedtime, mama was sick up stairs, and no one was with Frank in the sitting room but papa, who was busy reading his newspaper. So the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone.

"Oh, papa!" said he "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of what?" said papa. "Afraid of the rats and mice, papa, in the big lumber-room."

"Oh, nonsense!" said papa; "if that's all, I'll soon fix you out." So papa took his writing materials and wrote this:—

To all therats and mice in thishouse, greeting: You are hereby ordered to let my little boy Frank pass through the lumber room, and all other rooms at all times. This order will stand good till countermanded. Any rat or mouse disobeying will be dealt with according to law. Witness my hand and seal.

Then papa signed the paper, sealed it with a big red seal, and gave it to Frank, who thanked papa, kissed his good-night and trudged up stairs without another word; for he had often seen papa give passes to people who wanted to go somewhere, or do something, and he had a high opinion of his father's "passes."