

SEA FOAM.
The ripples danced upon the sand,
At noon in sunny June,
The breezes whispered to the strand
Humming their quaintest tune,
Telling a tale of the tropical land
And the far off flying albatross.

A wreck is floating black and slow
Upon the sounding sea;
A body on the undertow
Is tossed upon the sea.
But what has happened now will go
Down to eternity.

"ONLY A NEWSBOY."

He's your News!

Over the head of the little one whose sweet, sad tremulous tones uttered that sentence, scarce ten years had passed; yet, brief as they were, fearful were the traces left of their presence.

Upon the low, expansive, swelling forehead, darkened by burning sun-rays, heavy wind and rain, and shaded tresses of the deepest imaginable hue, which fell in reckless gracefulness over the frail shoulders, were evidences of want, anxiety, and sufficient for three-score years. The purely, delicately-carved lips were lines—deep lines—cut by the unmistakable hand of sorrow, and the eyes, like southern purple seas, when wrapped in the wondrous grandeur of the moonlight, held a look of hopeless longing that would have been pitiable even in age.

Many months had this fragile boy trodden the crowded thoroughfare, the poor little unclad feet blistered, bleeding from the scorching sun of summer or biting cold of winter; trodden it from the early morning, with weary, throbbing head and aching limbs, till not one purchaser could be found.

Bravely, without a murmur had he borne the jeers, taunts, blows of the low and vulgar and the scorn, reproaches, and bitter unkindness of the lofty. Often his only sustenance had been a "cup of cold water" and a morsel of bread; yet it was not delivered in the name of the Nazarene.

Uncomplainingly the heroic spirit battled with the clouds of despair which threatened to enfold him—battled, while, oh, how feebly, burned in his life's horizon hope's star. Sometimes adown his cheek, grown thin and wan from disappointment, trial, anguish, would course tears, so wild and bitter, he wondered that their crystal hue was not crimsoned by the heart's blood; but, with a mighty will, worthy of manhood, they were suddenly dashed aside. She should not behold them—she, his beautiful, angel-like, invalid mother, whose idol, next to her God, he was.

Through her veins ran the fatal poison of the destroyer, and with fiendish joy he watched the ruins he knew would be inevitable. The large, soft eyes, naturally radiant, at times glanced with splendor almost unearthly; the lovely roses blossomed upon the oval patrician face, till the child believed health returning to his beloved one; but deceiving and valueless were they, as the beautiful fruit of the still, still sea, and that form which had guided through halls of wealth and fame, cynosure of all eyes, had lost its exquisite roundness, unless it resembled nearly as much an inhabitant of the "city of the dead" as the living.

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things!"
Dwelling upon the halcyon past, when joy, deep as mortals know, was hers; when father, mother, husband, children clustered about her fondly, her soul, in its almost unendurable grief, had often exclaimed:

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"
That husband, on a fair and gory field of Tennessee, after the desperately-fought, victorious battle, in all honor exchanged the beloved gray for the white uniform of the home of him who said: "We will cross over the river and rest in the shade of the tree."

Both parents and a lovely daughter soon after left for the "land of the hereafter," and only one stay was left her. A stay in the fullest meaning was that noble, self-forgetting boy.

By war and horrible injustice this delicate woman had seen her elegant home and large possessions torn from her, all powerless to resist. Sometimes the monster granted her a respite from severe suffering, and at such periods the dim light of her miserable tenement room was extinguished only as morning's brightness crept through the dreary window.

The slender, wiry fingers, which were wont to execute with brilliancy the ravishing music of Mozart and Beethoven, and nestle among the fabrics of Persia, now washed and ironed filthy linen for common laborers.

How could she have prevented it? Could she have sewed for a liveli-

hood? Had she done so, the remainder of her existence would not have lengthened into months.

Where were the warm, influential hearts, ready, anxious to assist her in turning that rare genius for music to advantage? Alas! many who at her board had "fared sumptuously every day," and received from her rich, lavish benefits, passed her with a distant bow or no recognition.

During the terrible revolution, numbers had passed into the silent land, who, had they lived, would have been unchangeable; some true ones were yet on earth, but so scattered that she knew not where to find them.

Pride would not listen to her asking charity, and she suffered on in sickness.

Her health growing more feeble daily, starvation seemed almost at her threshold.

Her child had often besought her to permit him to go as a newsboy, but the thought of his doing so was cruelly piercing.
Oh, the humiliation! Her beautiful, gifted, sensitive darling compelled to traverse to street to earn a subsistence. Reason triumphed over feeling; the "wolf" was almost entering.

Into the world's battle, with true, unflinching heart, rushed the youthful soldier, his banner emblazoned with "For Mother's Sake."

"For mother's sake?" did he answer, civilly, coarse and brutish questions, allow the fangs of hunger to pierce him, rather than use for himself his earnings, and strive to persuade himself he was not weary when overtaxed nature, in clarion voice was proclaiming her injured right.

This, to him, had been a more than usually miserable day. His mother had become far worse recently, and he had scarcely closed his eyes in sleep for several nights.

The exacting physician declared that were he not paid something for his services they should be discontinued. The thought that his mother would be without medical aid was maddening to the boy. Oh! how wildly he longed that the proceeds of to-day's papers might be sufficient to satisfy the physician and prevent his neglecting his mother.

The August sun had reached its meridian, the great globe was pouring down almost streams of fire, and only two papers had been disposed of. How white and exhausted he looked. Even the lips were forsaken by every vestige of color.

"What're you putting on all those airs for, you deceitful puppy? Trying to make people believe you're sick, I s'pose—needy, too. I'll bet you're as well as I am, an' 'ave got plenty of money. What you done with all you made from papers?—been sellin' 'em a long time. You're tryin' to beg, ain't you? Don't beg me. I shan't help to s'port you in your laziness. I've got no patience with low-down newsboys. Hold your head up, or I'll shake you!"

The elegant did not shake him—probably he feared soiling his dainty gloves—but he took the tip of his ruby-seal walking-cane and rapped heavily the head, with its glory of ebony hair; the head where, in years ago, had rested in pride, love and blessing, the hands of many of earth's greatest and noblest. What cared he, the banker's son, for caning a newsboy? He might have repeated the act, and the eyes of the police would, accidentally, have been in another direction. A feeling of suffocation came over the child; weird shapes and shadows danced before his eyes, and he knew no more. The gentleman walked away, twirling, in apparent satisfaction, his artificially dark and curled moustache.

"Git up'n here! What ye doin'—playin' possum? Think somebody'll come 'on' an' fall in love with that pooter-lookin' beauty o' yourn, an' take you an' feed you, an' raise you to do nothin'! How dar you take up the crossin', and you nothin' but a ragged newsboy! Git up, I say, or shore's my name's Dave Brown, I'll take you to the lock-up!"

The man was executing his threat—was half carrying, half dragging along the tortured little being—when consciousness returned. With wild and passionate eloquence he sued for release—told of his feeble, lonely mother, suffering for even the comforts of life, and his own unfeigned illness. With a horrible oath the man released him from his iron grasp, saying: "If he ever catch him 'tendin' ter be sick agin' (he knowed he was jis' tendin'), he'd wish he'd a never seed Davy Brown."

Did the boy weep? His heart was too near breaking. Mechanically his swollen feet paced the hard, hot street, keeping time to the despair march his soul was playing.

A handsomely-dressed lady, accompanied by a youth, were nearing him. Nonchalantly the latter, lifting the boy's tattered cap, and star-

ing boldly, mockingly into the fearfully white face, said: "Umph! you'd make a capital comic valentine; I've a mind to sketch you."

The lady, flushed with shame and anger, exclaimed: "How could you act so contemptuously, so cowardly, Harry? I shall punish you severely for this!" Turning to the boy, she kindly apologized for her son's behavior, and delicately insisted on his taking some change she held in her hand.

"But, mother," returned Young America, "it does not matter much; he's only a newsboy!"

Tears, the first in many days, coursed down the pallid face. Save his mother's, these were the only kind words addressed the child in oh, so long!

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," he forget his mental and physical suffering in the hope of alleviating his mother's.

Taking the first car (he would have walked, but too much time would have been consumed), he was going to his mother.

"Such nuisances should not be permitted to disgrace our city cars! Raise your dress, Julia, or he might soil it—hateful, ragged little newsboy!" The red lips of two superbly dressed belles curled disdainfully, and they drew themselves as far away as possible from the cause of their remarks, lest he should contaminate them.

"Do you not see you are bothering these ladies, you chap? Get out there with the driver, and here's a nickel for you."

The boy's eyes, like artificial suns, literally consumed the insignificant wretch, who, astounded at seeing such scorn and pride in a newsboy, sat like one stupefied, holding the rejected nickel.

The persecuted little one went out with the driver; the place was crowded, and an evil-looking, soiled strippling insisted he was taking too much room. In vain he protested he was using as little space as possible. The ruffian called him a "yin' dog."

There was a dull, heavy sound as if an object had fallen; a sudden stopping of the car, and out on the quiet air went a wail in which was concentrated a whole spirit's agony—a wail in which was but one word, "Mother!"

Upon the stony street, his heavenly beauty annihilated by the horses' feet, his wild, floating locks wearing "redder strains than the poppies' kieu," lay "the bright young being."

"Right bad, this," said one passenger. "Yes, rather," was the rejoinder; "but, to tell the truth, there are so many trifling, impudent shavers of his class, I'd like to see a number put out of the way."

"Look here!" exclaimed a person to a friend who sat near him, "I saw that large boy push the other over." "Did you?" was the reply; "well don't mention it; he was 'only a newsboy,' and our valuable time might be broken into. Of course the others think he fell over."

Two men took the mangled corpse to its mother. She spoke not, only sank low upon the bare floor and remained motionless. The men touched her, wondering at her stillness.

Mother and son were together in the land where they did not hunger or thirst; they had "come out of the great tribulation; had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" so white that the habiliments of those who once feared contact with him, compared with them, would be as night unto morning; it was the home of Him "with whom there is no respect of persons;" the home where, dined in his ear, would be no more "Only a newsboy."

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Do not begin a quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here.

"Is that mule tame?" asked a farmer of an American dealer in domestic quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in front, answered the dealer.

Never joke with ladies on matrimony or bread baking. It is very wrong. They are both sacred. One refers to the highest interests of the heart, and the other to the stomach. Young men will please chalk it down in their hats.

A pure, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold clover blossoms, etc., fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and of pine. Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for \$1.

Death rats, mice, roaches and ants; Parsons' Exterminator. Burns, grainers and household cleared in a single night. No fear of bad smell. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. Sold everywhere.

A Mistake that was Made.

A young lady gave "her young man's a beautiful worked pair of slippers, and he acknowledged the present by sending her his picture, enclosed in a handsome frame. He wrote a note to send with it, and at the same time replied angrily to an oft-repeated dun for an unpaid-for suit of clothes. He gave a boy ten cents to deliver the package and notes, giving explicit directions as to the destination of each.

It was a boy with a freckled face, and he discharged his errand in a manner that should give him a niche in the temple of fame.

The young lady received a note in her adored one's handwriting, and flew to her room to devour the contents. She opened the missive with eager fingers, and read:

"I'm getting tired of your everlasting attentions. The suit is worn out already. It never amounted to much any way. Please go to thunder!"

And the tailor was struck utterly dumb when he opened the parcel and discovered the picture of his delinquent customer, with a note that said:

"When you gaze upon the features think how much I love you."

When the unfortunate young man called around that evening to receive happy acknowledgement of his sweet heart, he was very ostentatiously shoved off the steps by the young lady's father.

Science and Mechanics.

Professor J. W. Mallet has been elected president of the American Chemical Society, and will act this year.

The surface of cast-iron may be softened for turning or planing by immersion of twenty-four hours in a solution of one part of nitric acid to four of water.

Glycerine, to which a few drops of alcohol have been added, is an excellent application for oilstones on which fine instruments are to be sharpened.

Josh Billings remarks: "The only way to git thru this world and escape censure and abuse is to take the back road. You can't travel the main turnpike and do it."

By keeping glycerine, castor-oil, and other viscous liquids in regular motion for some time, Dr. Margates says, according to *Les Mondes*, that he has obtained a series of characteristic figures.

A series of experiments are in progress at Portsmouth, England, in order to determine the selection of the best dynamo-electric machine for the working of "search" lights on board war-vessels.

In a letter to the editor of *Science*, Mr. E. E. Barnard, writing from Nashville, Tenn., on November, 30, 1881, says, "I have to-day received from Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, New York, \$200—the Warner Comet Prize—for the discovery of comet E, 1881, on September 17."

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