

Child Life on a Farm.

It was May. The tender new leaves, just unfolding, gave all the woods a misty, hazy look; the apple trees were in full bloom, the whole air was sweet with flower fragrance and trembling with bird songs, and this old earth seemed like fairyland.

Mr. Kendall and his little boy, Teddy, were working down on the meadow. Teddy was riding horse for his father to plow. His legs were so short that they stuck out each side nearly straight, and once, going under an apple tree, the low branches brushed him off. When Teddy was first promoted to riding horse to plow, he felt it a great honor and privilege, but the charm of novelty had long since fled, and "riding horse" became as stupid as any other work you're obliged to do. This morning he would have much preferred carting manure with Ralph and Aaron to jogging up and down, up and down, on old Kate's back.

But boys on a farm have to work, and girls, too. This bright May morning, when everything said: "Come out doors and play," when she wanted to go for wild flowers, Millie had to stay in and wash dishes, make beds, run up stairs and down on errands all the forenoon, because her mother was cleaning house. But she and Teddy both had famous appetites for the corn beef and bag pudding at dinner time, and perhaps enjoyed the afternoon's play all the better for the morning's work.

After dinner they went down into the meadow, Tip and Ty both following them, like little dogs. Sometimes they let the children carry them, but usually they preferred scampering along on their own responsibility, hiding in the grass, and pouncing out at each other, turning somersaults, prancing along sidewise with high arched backs, and behaving generally in a way that often appeared to very much shock their dignified mother, old Blackie.

There is no better playfellow in summer than a brook. You can have no end of fun with a brook. To-day Teddy said:

"Let's go down to the brook and see what the freshet did."

Millie pushed and squeezed through a thick fringe of pussy willows on the brook's bank.

"Oh, Teddy," she cried, "what do you think? Here's an island, a real, true island!"

The brook had divided into two parts, inclosing quite a piece of land.

"What a jolly place to play Robinson Crusoe!" said Teddy.

"But how can we get over there?" asked Millie, gazing ruefully at the stream which flowed between them and this promised land. "If we try to jump it, we shall tumble into the water. It's two wide to jump.

Teddy looked puzzled for a moment; then his face brightened with an idea.

"I'll tell you. Here's the way."

He bent down one of the supple young willows. It reached over to the island. Standing on it, and holding by a branch above he slid safely across, at the same time enjoying a delightful teeter on the bending bough.

Then Millie tried the new-fashioned bridge. All went well till she jumped off on the other side, when up snapped the willow, catching Millie's skirts, and suspending her in the air about a foot above the ground.

Here was a nice situation. Teddy couldn't have reached the branch to pull it down even if he hadn't been laughing so hard. There was nothing for it but that he must leap the brook, splashing into the water on the other side, and come

over the branch again to release the dangling Millie.

"Did it tear my dress much?" asked Millie, when once more on earth.

"Not much. I guess aunt Olive'll mend it for you."

"No; I've got to do it myself now," said Millie, twisting her neck to look anxiously at the gaping rent.

Tip and Ty had to be brought over next.

"There!" said Teddy, warm and red with his exertions, as he landed the last cat, "here we are, all the inhabitants. Now this is our country. We discovered it. We can do anything we're a mind to here."

It was agreed that Millie being more familiar with the brook, should be Robinson Crusoe, Teddy, Man Friday, and the kittens llamas. The llamas, however, were not a success. They would climb trees, and they wouldn't have burdens tied to their backs, so finally they were allowed to be the wild animals peculiar to this island. A thick clump of willow bushes, into which Teddy and Millie could just squeeze themselves by cutting out some of the branches, was the cave.

The island was mostly covered with sand, its chief natural products being willow bushes, a little thin, wiry grass, and coltsfoot. As Aunt Olive used coltsfoot for cough medicine, Millie and Teddy was confirmed in their opinion that this was one of the most remarkable islands ever discovered. It was to be called "Kendall's island," after the discoverers. They would bring corn and beans down there, and plant a garden.

"Then," said Millie, who was of a hopeful turn of mind, "we can sell all we raise to father. I know he'll buy it, 'cause he promised to give us ten cents for every hundred squash bugs we'd kill this summer, and of course he'd be glad to have us raise things ourselves. We'll get rich, Teddy."

"Yes," said Teddy, "perhaps we shall have \$2 apiece by fall. What shall you do with your money?"

"I shall buy a microscope," responded Millie, promptly. Ever since she had somewhere read of the wonders revealed by microscopes, her ambition had been to possess one. To look in the unknown worlds hid in water drops—what delight that must be!

"Pooh, I shan't!" said Teddy. "I shall buy a sheep from father. Then I shall have wool and lambs to sell, and before long money enough to buy a farm of my own. You can come and live in my house if you want to."

"I'd rather live with father and mother; but I'll come a visiting, and bring the microscope, too."—*Christian Union.*

A Brave Boy.

Mrs. Charles Ginty, living on the Oil Creek road, Warren, Pa., left her house in charge of her three children and a neighbor's child while she went to make some purchases. The Ginty children were Charley, aged 10; Maggie, three years old, and Edith, a baby, eleven months old. Sarah Smiley, the neighbor's child was aged seven. During the absence of Mrs. Ginty the girls, Sarah and Maggie, got the kerosene oil can and were playing with it near the stove. Charley was out doors, and the baby asleep in the cradle. The little girls in some way spilled the oil out of the can, and a spark snapping from the stove ignited it before it could be taken up. The blaze of the burning oil filled the room, and the screams of the children attracted the boy (Charley) who rushed into the house. The flames were between

the door and the children, but he rushed through them and first snatched the baby from the cradle, and bore it back through the flames and laid it, badly burned on the ground outside. The Smiley girl got out of a back window, and escaped with slight bruises. As soon as the boy had deposited his baby sister in a safe place, he hurried back to bring out Maggie, the three year-old. He fought his way through the wall of fire, and as he reached the space on the other side, saw his little sister enter a closet on that side of the house and shut and fastened the door. Charley hammered on the door and called his sister's name, and begged her to open the door so he might rescue her, for he saw that the house was doomed. The little girl seemed to be crazed with fright, however, and did not open the door. The brave boy was finally compelled to abandon his sister to her fate, and fly for his own life. Before assistance arrived, the house was all in flames, and the boy was found lying on the ground near the baby, almost unconscious, and was unable to tell the men who were trying to put the fire out that his little sister was locked in the closet in the burning house. A portion of the bedding and furniture was removed, while the child was left to be consumed. It was not until the house was burned up that the terrible announcement was made that one of the children was missing. A search was made among the ruins, and the charred remains of the unfortunate child were found.

The injuries received by the brave Ginty boy in saving the baby, and his attempts at rescuing his other little sister it is feared will prove fatal. His clothing was nearly all burned off, and his hair singed to the scalp. His face and hands are also burned to a blister. The baby (Edith) is burned badly about the head and face, and is also in a very critical condition. The latest accounts from the scene of the shocking occurrence state that Mrs. Ginty has become a raving maniac.

The Compass and Square.

As symbols of philosophic teaching, these mystic emblems of the Craft are everywhere recognized by the Fraternity with respect and reverence. Their talismanic power is never lost on the living, and frequently they may be seen on the monuments of the dead as *post mortem* mementoes.

Entering a country grave-yard the other day in company with a brother, we observed on a number of tombstones these well-known emblems. Seeing them there in the silent chambers of the dead, they spoke to us in their simple forms as mystic monumental records in language which was both indicative and definite. We read them in their solemn and sublime meaning as we had never before. We had often seen them where the eyes of the outer world never saw them. On the holy altars of the Craft, as the members of the fraternity well know, they remind us of the duty of prayer to the Father of all, and of our obligations through life to be guided by Masonic honor. There they speak to the living; but being associated with the monuments of the dead, they seemed to present a lesson to the mind of reflection even more serious than in the Lodge room. We had seen them in their mystic positions hundreds of times, as they lay on the face of the Holy Bible, while around them were gathered the fraternal and prayerful living; but in the cemetery of the dead they were no longer initiatory. They appear to have been placed on the monuments of the dead as the insignia of a grand finale—as the dying testimony of

those who wished in their silent resting places, to still do honor to their Masonic obligations. Be this as it may, engraved anywhere they speak the definite language of the Mystic Tie, and teach the graduates of the Lodge the philosophy of life, as clearly and as truly as any system of ethics ever known to man. Their engraving on the dead bespeak the living sentiments of the Fraternity, and also show the devotion, as well, of those who have departed.

To the true and thoughtful Mason these beautiful emblems are ever sacred, more so if possible, than any others of the Craft, because they are the *alpha* of his institution, and therefore they may well be the *omega* of his dying hours; for if he is a Mason at all he cannot forget them, in view of his duties to himself or his relations with his fellow men.

In their practical uses among workmen they have ever been essential in-making *square work*, and therefore they cannot be dispensed with in the daily labors of the mechanic if he would have his work pass inspection among master workmen. In speculative Masonry they are used as emblems only, and from them are drawn some of the richest practical lessons of Masonic philosophy. In their mystic blendings they are made to teach us "to square our actions and to keep them within due bounds;" the one to circumscribe our ambitions, desires and passions, and the other to regulate and measure our actions so that they will conform to the ruling of justice and equity.

Their presentation anywhere is universally recognized by the outside world as being Masonic, but as ornaments of taste and adornment they are worn by such as are Master Masons. Many wear them with pride because they are ardently attached to the institution. To wear them under any other consideration is disapproved by the Craft because it is contrary to the teachings and genius of the Fraternity.

Brother Mackey informs us that a manufacturer of flour in 1873 applied to the Patent Office for permission to adopt the square and compass as a trademark. The Commissioner of Patents very rightfully refused the permission on the ground that the mark was a Masonic symbol. We are not told who the applicant was, but if he was a Mason he was doubly in the wrong, for these emblems are too sacred to be sacrificed on any altar of selfishness, or to be used for any purposes of gain. Masonry intends them to teach morality, to inculcate the importance of personal restraint, and to regulate the actions of life by the laws of prudence truth and equity.

To the neophyte they present themselves as one of the three great lights of Masonry; to the Fellow Craft as a portion of his working tools, and to the Master Mason as the official emblem of the Master of the Lodge. The Bible, compass and square compose the essential furniture of every Lodge room, and it is not at all strange that the latter, as peculiar emblems of Masonry, are often placed upon the monumental tablets of the dead.

Living or dying, all true Masons cling to these emblems as to the sheet anchor of their Masonic faith, knowing that they serve as talismanic agencies of recognition through every part of the world, and that they will, when engraved on the tombstones of the dead, reflect well on the characters of the departed.

Being the first reflections of Masonic light the Master Mason ever beheld, and the intimate witnesses of his obligations, it is right and proper that every Mason should hold them in respect and reverence, and so conform his life to their demands as to never disgrace himself or the Fraternity.—*Masonic Advocate.*

Thomas Owens, who must have been very hungry, recently paid \$1.25 for one bowl of chowder, five eggs, and five sausages. He stole them from a saloon in Palmer, Mass., and the court fixed the price.

The past summer has been noted by meteorologists as being cooler by five degrees than the average season for more than eighty years past.

A Tennessee girl told a fellow she would give him a kiss if he would catch her. She ran well till she got out of sight of the old folks, and then gave in. This shows what a Tennessee girl will do when she's hard run.