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HEADQUARTERS!

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"TIP-TOP" DRUG HOUSE.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters
And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gliding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout the live-long evening
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed the rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed,
Up 'mid the rafter's gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so dear and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing,
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary win'try night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the brown hill's height,

Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love.

The Half-Brother's Will.

"Leave me, Annie; you need fresh air; I will stay with your uncle."

Almost joyfully the young girl accepted her release from the confinement of the sick chamber, and lifting up her rosy mouth to her father for a kiss, she said affectionately:

"Dear, good papa, if it is not asking too much, I would like to go and stay at Rosie's till tea time."

"Certainly, my pet," he said, with almost unseemly haste to be rid of her. "Your uncle is very low, and if—if anything—well, if the worst should come he would much rather have me by him."

Another kiss, and Annie took herself away, and her father returned to the sick room, while the irregular breathing of the sick man, and the dim light, gave a sepulchral gloom to the scene.

There was not a man in all N—— whose escutcheon shone brighter than John Allen's. No church member ranked higher, and no man was more lionized in society. Three years before our story opens, his half-brother had come to him deep in grief at the spendthrift behavior of his only son, and his indignation was in no wise modified by the wily John.

"I'll cut him off without a farthing!" he said, determinedly. "Not one cent more shall the fellow have! I paid ten thousand dollars—gambling debts—for him last week; debts of honor they call them, but why, I can't see—never could; and that is a trifle, a mere trifle, if they were all told. You see, John, the lad would beggar me in no time. Your religion teaches you to forgive seventy times seven, and kill the fatted calf for the prodigal I've done it, John, done it and haven't your religion, either; so don't preach to me; I shall make my will to-day and will give everything—"

"To found some society for the reformation of young men," said his brother, smiling and opening his eyes; "or some church or—"

"Confound your churches and societies. No—if home influences fail, what's the good of either? I'll will everything to you. John—everything! You are the nearest of kin after the boy, and mine shall be yours."

John Allen, on the strength of his brother's promise, and, in fact, having seen that promise executed, entered largely into speculation, and at the time that our story opens, reckoning up his profits and loss, found the greater portion of his fortune dissipated, and looked with daily increasing dread upon his half-brother's feelings, which were ever growing kinder toward his wayward son.

"I don't know, John," he had said, "but I've been too hard with the boy, after all; I think some of these days I'll put a codicil to my will, giving him something if he'll reform."

"Yes, very good, do so," answered John. "I'm sure I can't bear to see a father hard on his child; and the chances are that if he promises, he will reform, if he don't—well, the chances are even."

That doubtful "if" had the desired effect; there was no haste, and the relenting parent would wait a while. And now disease was here, and the doctor had gravely said:

"Your brother cannot live forty-eight hours."

John Allen had prepared himself for a terrible struggle with his dying half-brother, and had sent his daughter away that she might not be a witness. He feared no interruption from his wife. No, poor woman! she had been suffering from a disordered mind for years, brought on by a sudden shock, the doctor could not tell the cause, and her husband said he could not; yet there were times when this man trembled to think of the past, and the childish, simple laugh of his wife sent him from her to the library, where, locking himself in, he would pace the floor and groan aloud.

"You won't give me anything from the tiny bottle, John? Say you will not!" the poor woman would say, and then, as if feeling obliged to explain, John Allen would repeat the story that, when she was first deranged, he used to give her medicine from a small bottle that was very bitter, and like a child, she remembered it. This seemed plausible.

No, John Allen feared no interruption from his wife: so he turned into the sick room, and took his chair again by the sick man's bed.

"John, I haven't felt like this before; do you think I'm dying?"

"Oh, I hope not—I trust not."

John took his hand as he spoke; his pulse was very slow.

"John, you won't mind—you'll bear no ill feelings when I'm gone—to know that I've made a new will?"

"A new will!" John Allen's face blanched.

"No, certainly not; your money was yours, to do what you choose with it."

"I've left all to the boy."

"Yes."

"Well, I feel better, John; I thought perhaps you might be angry, and I wanted you to know from me—it's a natural fatherly feeling, eh, John? And the two wills are side by side in my secretary."

"Very good."

Disappointment was torturing John Allen too much for him to say more than a word or two.

Then the sick man lay quiet; after a few moments he said, faintly—

"I think I can sleep."

John Allen re-arranged the pillow, and in a few minents the even breathing gave notice that the sick man slept. Tempted by all that was sordid in his nature, the watcher arose and went to the secretary; with little searching he found the two wills.

"I must burn the last," he said to himself, in a guilty whisper. "Which is the last?" There was no clew. "I will break the seal," he thought. But no, he could not do that; he could get his brother's ring without discovery. "It's a shame! If I had ever thought of this I should have marked it, and it was not sealed; it was unsealed last April." He studied both seals eagerly; one was stamped with his brother's ring the other bore the date December, 1878, "Ah! that is the last," he cried, inaudibly, and hastened with it to the fire.

Before the document had crumbled to ashes he heard Annie's voice without and a step heavier than hers ascended the stairs with her. He was in a feigned sleep when Annie cautiously opened the door.

"Papa—uncle," she said, breathlessly, "here is Cousin Horace; isn't it funny he knew me, for when he saw me last I was only a school girl?"

John Allen grew pale, very pale; if only his half-brother would not tell Horace of this last will. He rose and welcomed the young man.

"You have come, Horace, only in time to see the last of your poor father, I fear."

"O, uncle, tell me you did not think my wickedness hastened this!"

The young man's voice was husky with sobs.

"No, I trust not," answered John, with cruel slowness. "William, brother don't be startled, but here is some one come to see you."

The sick man stirred in his sleep and murmured—

"Horace."

"Yes, father," and the lad fell upon his father's feeble breast.

"Now I can die happy—if you'll promise to be a good boy."

"Indeed I will, father? And in proof, see here." He drew from his wallet, as he spoke, a roll of bank notes. "It's only a small part of what I owe, I know, but it will prove I have turned over a new leaf, father."

He counted out three thousand dollars as he spoke.

"Good-bye—I am happy—God bless you—I am dying. Brother—"

A smile of perfect contentment hovered over the dying man's face and settled there; he never spoke again.

Every ceremony over, John Allen, who had rather delayed the opening of the will, sent for the executor, saying all was ready, and they soon all gathered in the library. John, so conscious of his good fortune that no doubt remained, was very kind to the heir whom he had so satisfactorily defrauded of his inheritance.

"Well, my friends," said the attorney. "our deceased friend was a man of erratic turn of mind, and though some of you may feel that in the disposition he has made of his belongings, he has not dealt quite fairly with you, your love for him will make his peace."

"Certainly." said John.

"Then we will proceed," said the attorney. And picking up the will he examined the seal and then broke it. In the dead silence of that room, where had assembled uncles, aunts, cousins and friends to the departed, the attorney carefully unfolded the will and read, in slow, measured words:—

"I hereby will and bequeath five hundred dollars to every female cousin. One thousand dollars to my half-brother, John Allen, and the remainder of my property to my son Horace Allen."

The lawyer ceased reading. There were some murmurs of dissatisfaction among the kin.

"Wasn't it good for uncle, papa?" said Annie.

"Good, child! It has made you a beggar."

"Uncle, I shall not think—I—indeed." began Horace.

"Never mind, sir," answered John.

"Yes, but I do mind, and you must too. I had given up all idea of becoming my father's heir, and knowing that you would not let Annie marry me because I had nothing; I have turned over a new leaf and now have a small fortune of my own earning. My house needs a mistress: and Annie long ago promised to be mine if she had your approval."

"She has it," groaned John.

Annie stole her hand in his, and they strolled out together. And I have only to say, Annie was not beggared.

—About 120,000 pounds of fish were caught on one tide in the Great Pond Inlet, Long Branch, recently.

—Chutahsohtih, a North Carolina Indian chief, died the other day, aged somewhere from 120 years up.

Von Moltke.

Moltke has a fine property. It is situated in Silesia, between Schweidnitz and Reichenbach, and called I think Kreisau. There he is most thoroughly at home. Rising every morning at 5, he begins the day by lighting a little spirit-lamp, as the first step toward getting himself a cup of coffee. After coffee he takes a little turn in the grounds, rather for pleasure than business, which only begins at 7. Between 7 and 10 the marshal likes to make a thorough inspection of his domain. He is a good practical farmer and famous for his cabbages, which have won several medals.

On one of these inspections he caught a groom smoking in the stables, and gave him a box on the ear, the force of which has been the theme of admiring comment by many a rural fireside ever since. But, as a rule, his subordinates speak kindly of him, and say he is a just and considerate master. Still no one ever has a chance of forgetting the iron hand which is covered by the velvet glove.

At 10 the marshal takes a kind of second breakfast, a basin of soup or a glass of wine and a biscuit. By this time letters and papers have arrived, and Moltke works till noon, Sundays always excepted. On "the Sabbath" he goes to church, and reads "good books" during the better part of the day.

At noon, on a regular day, the marshal takes a nap till dinner-time, which central ceremony of every man's day takes place in the Moltke household at 2. After dinner, a cigar and more work. By and by a chat with friends, if any are staying with him, and perhaps a stroll. At 8 tea is served. On a fine summer evening the marshal will take another turn after tea, but almost invariably goes to bed at 10.

War interferes much less with Moltke's habits than might be supposed. A friend met him in the streets of Berlin in July, 1870, and after exchanging a few words, muttered something about not trespassing on the good man's time at such a crisis, and was about to withdraw, when Moltke detained him, saying in the quietest manner. "I have nothing to do." It was the simple truth. The work had all been done long before.

He is not, however, much of a talker, this famous soldier, who can hold his tongue in 10 languages. A funny newspaper correspondent asked him in that same July how things were going on, "Pretty well," he replied, "my crops have suffered a little from the rain; my potatoes were never finer."

A Brave Man's End.

A man who once did a noble and heroic act has come to a dreadful end. One day a train was flying over the Pennsylvania Railroad at the rate of forty miles an hour. There was a child, a little girl, on the track, and she was suddenly discovered when but a short distance away. A glance was enough to show that it was impossible to stop the engine before reaching her. It was only practicable to slow the engine, and that to but a limited degree. The whistle was sounded, but the child was deaf or bewildered and took no heed of it. There was but one thing to do, and that the railroad engineer did. He crawled down the fender or "cowcatcher," and, while thus flying over the track, he clung to the "cowcatcher" with one arm, in the nick of time, he snatched the little girl literally out of the jaws of death and sped on with her in safety. It is sad to know that a man capable of an act like this was such a miserable end. Some time ago Grier, for such was his name, went out to Leadville to seek his fortune. He found employment in that wild place as bar-keeper in a place known as the Merchants' Restaurant. A short time ago one Ritchie a liquor dealer from Arkansas, came to Leadville and made partial agreement with the owner of the restaurant to take an interest in it. The bargain was not yet consummated and there had been some bickering, in consequence of which the owner told Grier not to allow Ritchie to come into the place. Not long after this the two men came into collision, and one night a few days since a violent quarrel ensued. This was at the threshold of the saloon. A crowd had gathered at the sound of contention, but scattered at that of a pistol. Several shots were heard and Grier fell to the sidewalk. He never spoke or breathed after his fall.

The Retired Brigand.

Spanos Evangelia, a retired old brigand of Thessaly, was imprudent enough the other day to cross from Turkish to Greek soil, and was arrested by a corporal of the Greek frontier guards, whose father and brother had been murdered many years ago by his band, and who recognized the superannuated robber. Spanos was no ordinary brigand, and although not particular about committing a murder when occasion required it, he was remarkable for the kindness of his disposition. He would often forego his share of a ransom, and even save a hostage taken by another band, paying the deficiency demanded out of his own capacious pocket. When Mehemet Ali Pasha was engaged in Thessaly in the suppression of brigandage in Thessaly, Spanos baffled all the endeavors he made to catch him; but after eluding arrest for two years he voluntarily surrendered, merely stipulating that Mehemet Ali should receive his submission in person. He was imprisoned for a twelvemonth, and then pardoned by the Turkish authorities, who had no cause to regret their leniency, for Spanos married and settled in Armiro, where he led a quiet, irreproachable life, and was "highly respected" by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Unfortunately, he had received no pardon in Greece, where a sum of 20,000 drachms was placed on his head. Being a rayah, Iskender Pasha has demanded him from the Greek authorities; but it is feared that this demand will not be complied with, and that poor Spanos will be called upon to pay the penalty of his life for his former indiscretions.

Special Premiums.

For the newest married couple, a jar of honey to last the moon out.

For the best disposition exhibited in the line at the ticket office, an opportunity to wait the longest for a ticket.

For the young man who carries his cane in the most artistic manner, the admiration of the young woman who carries her parasol on her arm.

For the oldest fashioned hat, gentleman, one cent; lady $1,497,853.62½.

For the sweetest smile on the ground, an order for new teeth when the present falls into the sink with a crash.

For the most elaborate coiffure, chignon, French twist or banged, a back action mirror by which every square inch of the head can be seen at one and the same time.

For the most contented man, something to stir him up and put new life in him. A man has no business to be contented.

For the best turn-out, a choice between a dust heap and a mud-puddle. The weather will regulate this premium.

For the most prominent unmarried couple, a reference to the city clerk's office.

For the most disagreeable person, an escort out of the gate by the police.

For the blind man who holds his hat with the most grace, a gratuity.

For the largest harvest of babies, a ticket to the poor house.

For the lady who dresses within the means of her husband, if she is there—we dare not mention the prize; referred to St. Peter with a hint to have the angels handy when she arrives at heaven's gate.

For the fellow who says "Never?"—A compulsory season pass to Pinafore, six nights a week and two matinees.

For the boy who runs away from school to see the show, a mighty good time and a forged excuse the next day.

For the most charming and best looking young lady, a personal introduction. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For the most honest bankrupt, a satisfactory compromise with his creditors, and a chance to say, "not guilty" before a jury of his peers.

For the newspaper reporter who fails to make himsself "solid" with the committee, a ham sandwich and a glass of beer bought with his own money—consequently a rarity.

For the biggest bore, a full complement of reactionary artesian well machinery with no one but himself to apply it to.

For the young gentleman who knows every horse on the ground and nothing else, a succession of lost bets that will leave his purse as empty as his head.

For the man who entertains his wife's mother and her three sisters, a chance to eat one-sixth of what he pays for, and tha in the humblest manner.

John Peerybingle's Family.

Mr. J. H. Liddons, who knew Charles Dickens from boyhood, says that he found himself very late one night at a railway station near Northwich. "Scarcely had I set foot on the platform," he writes, "when I was accosted by a tall young man of the yeoman type, who had come to fetch the letter bag. 'Do you wish for a bed, sir?' asked he, 'or are you going on?' I told him I was bound for Northwich, two miles off. 'You cannot get there, sir, till later in the morning. I will drive you there, as I go with the mail bag at 8 o'clock.' Accordingly I concluded to accept a bed, and a supper if possible, at the hostlery close at hand. I entered the kitchen, where a bright fire was burning, and set myself before it. There was a kettle on the hob singing a duet with a chirping cricket. A large wiry terrier came crouching at my feet. There was nothing strange in this. But presently I heard 'clock, clock,' behind me, and turning round I beheld Tilly Slowboy in a pair of wooden clogs! The idea dawned upon me that I was among some of the *dramatis personæ* of the 'Cricket on the Hearth.' Supposition soon grew into conviction, for in a few minutes a pretty little round woman came in and informed me that my supper was ready in an adjoining parlor. 'Dot, by jove!' I more than muttered. I ate my supper and went to bed. My host roused me at 7.30, gave me a cup of coffee and bore me off in his little chaise to Northwich. On the way we passed a fine old-fashioned house. "Who lives there?' I asked. 'That, sir,' was John Peerybingle's reply, 'belongs to Mr. Hogarth, a musical gentleman.' 'Hogarth! Why he must be Mr. Dickens' father-in-law.' 'He is, sir, and Mr. Dickens do often come down here; and he has been and took off me and all my family and put us in a Christmas story, which he do call the 'Cricket on the Hearth;' but it ain't all true, for there's no blind toy-maker in these parts, and Dot and me never had a dispute about her brother.'"

How the Scotch Esteem Lorne.

The new Governor General of Canada has a hearty send-off from the English journals—every one of them, daily and weekly, devoting the regulation column to his appointment. "Born heir to a dukedom and the headship of a clan," he came to court to find himself eclipsed—an attachment of royalty, but without its privileges—"walking on the borders of the sacred carpets and feasting on the edge of the sacred circles." As Governor General he will return, as it were, to his own again. The viceroy will precede even the daughter of the Queen, as among the Highland gossips the chief of the clan Campbell is before all the kings in Christendom.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye, Donal?" said a Gælic fisherman just ashore to one of his neighbors, when the engagement was just out. "Hae ye ony news yonder?"

"Na, I hear nothin—no, aye—they were sayin' MacCallam Mohr's son's goin' to get marrit."

"Ay, ay—an' wha's he goin' to get marrit'd on?"

"Ye ken the Queen, eh?"

"Ay, I ken the Queen."

"A'—weel, it's wi' her young dochter he's goin' to get marrit."

"Eh! Dod! the Queen mun be the PROOD WOMAN!"