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A VISIT TO GRANDPA'S.

BY ANNA OLDFIELD WIGGS.

THE dreamy tones of an instrument, coming to me through a latticed window, have conspired with nature's charms to tempt me to disregard my father's injunction that I should do no literary work during my sojourn of a few weeks at his home. These trees, with their tender leaves and lithesome boughs swaying to and fro; this emerald-hued plat of grass, stretching broadly before me; the garden, green and airy, the cherry buds, apple blossoms and May flowers, are responsible for the transgression. They peep at me so coquettishly that I am quite convinced they are laughing because this invigorating breeze, which enhances their complexion, makes such pitiful havoc of mine.

I noticed how caressingly the dew lay on the bosom of every leaf and every blade of grass, and nestled within the folds of the fair young flowers. There was love in everything; beauty everywhere. Even the cow-bells, condemned for their discordant jingle, had music in them this morning. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, so far away that the rustle of my garments drowned their voices. The larks, alarmed and indignant at my trespassing, put their little heads together and scolded me pitilessly; and Old Sol, patiently biding his time to rise, lay hidden beneath a coverlet of red and yellow clouds.

The situation was peculiarly novel to me. The wind and the motion of the hammock intoxicated me, and I fell into a half-wakeful revery, consisting mainly of a review of my sunny childhood, not a day of which I would fain forget. In this retrospection I saw myself from a little girl of five summers, with tousled curls about a brown face, through all the stages of my life, permitting my mind to follow the chain of years, link by link, to this time, and I was still five years old. I realized, however, that others, who had played a part in the melodrama of my life, had grown older and changed with time's progress, while I remained the same; the expanse of years were but days in my fancy. And thus, enveloped in a misty dream, I felt the touch of a soft hand on my face, and a real child voice lisped:

"Five kitheth, mamma! I am five yearth old to-day."

That familiar voice, with its childish inflection, was all that was needed to break the spell, and when I opened my eyes I looked into a pair as blue as hyacinths, and remembered that I am a woman now, and my successor is the least of the "three little maids," dressed as fantastically for their "make b'lieve" calls, which are received with becoming meekness by every member of the household.

With my awakening comes the rather unpleasant reality that I am but a guest in my father's house, and, being a grown up one, am presumably to put away childish things, and also, the indulgent reign which I had, by juniority, believed to be my own, had been transferred to the little maid who supplanted me therein five years ago.

But since I have outgrown the characteristics of childhood, I am still young enough at heart to enter into them and teach the three little maids how to enjoy them at their fullest. If we could improvise a play-house, it would be a variation in the routine of dolls and long dresses; so I straightway set my precocious fancy to work, and with the help of willing hands and plenty of good-humor, not to mention architectural skill, we were soon rewarded by loud expressions of appreciation from the juvenile trio. You know at grandpa's there are inexhaustible resources of pleasure; and it is gratifying to see with what relish the three little maids enter into the spirit of every new device. What care they for the sun and wind? The fact that when a few weeks later they shall return home, bearing on hands and face unmistakable signs of exposure, has not a feather's weight with them now.

There is a charm in these bits of crockery and remnants of grandma's china which she has been stowing away for months in anticipation of the rustic palace which adorns her spacious lawn in the form of a muslin tent. This fragmentary dinner service, embracing every conceivable shape and design, is arranged in painful precision on the crude pine shelves which serve for both china closet and butler's pantry. A pair of bricks supporting a block of wood personates a range. It is seldom that these little culinary artists seek rest from their manifold duties, but when they do so they fling themselves in the most uncomfotable attitudes upon a divan, which is posing as a late pattern of mahogany and brocatelle; but which is, *entre nous*, only a pine box covered with carpet, and of home manufacture as well.

Yet the shapeless dishes, rude stove and impromptu furniture, homely as they are, do not become monotonous, as do the toy services, miniature range and tapestried furniture, which they frequently abandon at home. Their vehicles are the swings, of which there are three, due to grandma's consideration, and the hammocks that hang well screened from the range of a friendly sun; and at the edge of the prettiest lake lies a boat waiting for nimble fingers to loose it from its moorings.

Now swiftly through
The morning dew
Their dimpled feet come, two by two;
And from each throat
There comes by rote,
"I choose to be first in the boat."

The boat holds four,
"We want one more,"
Cries Stella, as she grasps the oar;
"Oh, let's take Jet,
The shaggy pet—
Merle thinks he'll make the boat upset.

A bonnet fain
They would disdain;
Their cheeks are crimson with health's stain;
With eyes as bright
As morning light,
They hoist their sail—a paper kite!

For sailors' creeds
They have no needs,
But push their boat among the reeds;
And glide along,
The ripples throng
Around them, as Pan pipes his song.

Now smooth and slow,
Their boat they row,

To grandpa's bound with their cargo
Where brightest scenes
Are lit with gleams,
And sunshine kisses limpid streams.

The reeds are only marsh grasses, and our Pan, which is necessary to the delusion, is only a big frog, that croaks and leaps and croaks again.

The children are not selfish in their efforts to reap pleasure, but they very graciously contribute their mite toward the entertainment of the elders. Sometimes, after a day's frolic out of doors, they give us a Liliputian theatrical entertainment or musicale. Their selections, when accompanied by the piano or guitar, are quite refreshing, and pleasantly while away the hour between daylight and dark, when one is apt to imagine, in the country especially, that "the goblins 'll get you if you don't watch out." Grandpa's eyes sparkle, and grandma's feet keep time to the movement of little feet skimming across the floor.

Who would exchange this visit for the seashore or the mountains? Surely not the three little maids who are so happy here; and I may add the contagion has affected us all, for are we not together? Each presence affords a joy, even though every hour did not call forth an act of unselfish love. But midst the sunniest hours of our union comes the chilling recollection that when these happy weeks are ended, months shall grow into years before we shall group together in the big square parlor at eventide, and listen to each other's song and merry jest, or surround the long table where grandma has endeavored to tempt each individual appetite, and where we have listened with suppressed amusement to the magnified woes and adventures, related by the little girls, who have not become acquainted with the name of the farm appurtenances, and are frequently arousing our risibilities by referring to the hay cart as the "spring buggy with holes in it," or to the milk which is not "nice and white as that which we buy in town."

Can sons and daughters serve a higher ambition than to bring blossoms of love and plant them at the dear old hearthstone, where they may bloom and exhale sweetest fragrance around the forms of father and mother, so that their last days may seem the best, and that we may deem ourselves worthy to imitate them, in precept and practice, not only in acknowledgment of the tenderness with which they have crowned our lives, but that we may profit by their example, and fill our place worthily as grandpas and grandmas of the future.

And when at last the old folks die,
Could love be changed to blooming flowers;
And strewed above them where they lie,
Their graves should seem exotic bowers.

And so I think, my blue-eyed Bertie, you shall receive birthday kisses, to the number of many times five, before you shall see happier days than these of our visit at grandpa's.

Animals as Actors.

Many animals have the dramatic instinct; that is, they enjoy acting a part and "making believe" as much as some children do. An English gentleman, who had once been in the cavalry service, used to tell me a great many anecdotes about a horse that belonged to his regiment.

"Old Sal," as she was called, had innumerable tricks and devices of her own, and was quite the practical joker of the company. A very common one with her was suddenly to nip with her teeth the man who was grooming her; and when he looked up angrily after such an unprovoked attack, he would always find her gazing innocently into the distance as if she never dreamed of doing such a thing. She knew how to turn her cleverness to her own advantage, too. The horses were fed from a long trough, with a swinging-bar between each two to keep them apart and secure the proper division of the oats. Old Sal would quietly blow her own oats into the fartherest corner, and then putting her head over the bar, blow her neighbor's oats within her reach, eat them, and then return to her own share.

Dogs are very fond of pretending. I know a little dog, the especial pet of his mistress, who will assume five or six different parts in the course of a game. One of his favorite plays is to rush at his mistress as if he was going to make a furious attack upon her with his teeth and claws, but he takes the greatest care never to really hurt her. Then he will be exceedingly mournful, and in an instant all life and fun, changing quite as suddenly into an air and attitude of resentful indignation, and all these with the same ease that a comic actor on the stage might show.

But the best acting I ever heard of was done by a dog of the kind called a "lurcher." He belonged to a famous poacher, who is a man that steals partridges, hares, and pheasants from his rich neighbors. Many a fine lot of game did this dog help his master to secure. The laws in England are very severe against poaching or stealing game; for the gentlemen wish to preserve it for their own pleasure. So a great effort was made to bring this man to trial and convict him. Very little proof could be brought against him, however. He had never actually been seen with the game in his possession, although this dog had, when, as the gamekeepers believed, he was carrying it to his master, who had trained him for this purpose.

He denied stoutly that the dog was his, or that he knew anything about it. So the Judge had the dog brought into the room, thinking that he would immediately prove the falsehood of this by a joyful recognition. But, to everybody's surprise, the dog did not look at the man or notice him at all, nor would he even come near him. So the man was discharged as innocent.

But the dog was his, and had only been taught by his master to pretend not to know him when anybody else was present. If you have ever noticed how instinctively a dog's tail begins to wag and his ears to twitch with pleasure when he hears his master's voice, you will understand what a fine piece of acting this was. It is a pity his cleverness should have been used for such bad purposes.

An Old Hero.

"I tell you, sah, we had some mighty exciting times during the wah," said the Colonel to the Major.

"Yes, indeed; it's a comfort, sah, to think of them after they are all ovah."

"To be suah. Do you know that I don't believe I was ever really scyaht once, sah, in the midst of all the danger, sah."

"Well, I can't say as much. I was scyaht once—only once."

"How was that?"

"It was in '63. Everybody was lying around the camp-fire telling stories, when Zeb Hickey proposed a game of pokah——"

"And there was a sudden attack on you?"

"No, indeed, but Zeb raised me $200 before the draw, and I didn't have anything in my hand but a pair of deuces. I got three kings in the draw, and took the pot, but I tell you, sah, it gave my nerves a jolt."—*Merchant Traveler.*

No one loves to tell a tale of scandal but to him that loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and silence the detracting tongue by refusing to hear. Never make your ear the grave of another's good name.

WRITERS OF FICTION.

BY WM. ALEXANDER BOWEN

THACKERAY'S "Vanity Fair" is undoubtedly a novel without a hero. Its only heavy villain is Becky Sharp, if we except Lord Stayne, who is really a secondary character. While the novel, taken as a whole, is the most terrible satire in the English language, not excepting Swift's works, it is also true. This makes it all the more forcible. Thackeray was more than an artist. He wrote not only to produce something interesting and valuable, but to give vent to his scorn and hatred of the shams and hypocrisy and snobbery and time-serving mammon-worshiping age in which he lived.

Our own novelists treat love temperately, depending on what the critics call "realism" for that absorbing interest which was formerly thought to be found only in making love the predominant theme. Thus Howells, in his best novel, "A Modern Instance," makes the interest center, not in the love-making of his hero, but in the development of the character of Bartley Hubbard, a man without principle, but who is smart in the American sense. Mr. Henry James, whose name is always thought of in connection with that of Mr. Howells, rarely permits his lovers to exhibit much emotion. He also deals in the same calm manner with the other feelings. It may be for this reason that neither of the novelists is popular with any except that class which claims to be more intellectual than their neighbors. But, nevertheless, no novelist of any age has ever been more careful in sketching his characters, or has given us stronger touches of human nature and action than Mr. James. In "The Bostonians" he pictures to us the real and the sham philanthropists of the city of culture, its charlatanry, its fads and its genuine enthusiasms.

Mrs. Burnett and Miss Woolson are more intense than either of the latter named, and more impressed with the importance of love as a factor in human life. Being women, they could not be otherwise. "Through One Administration" is a love story, and, at the same time, a study of manners and characters at the national capital. Mrs. Burnett and Miss Woolson both award the palm to duty where they picture a struggle in their stories between love and duty. In this they differ from the old school of love-story novelists. Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) is equally powerful in depicting the passions of the heart.

It may be set down as a fact that stories without love as the strongest passion in them will never be popular with any class of readers. Love is the strongest passion in life, and must be so in stories of human life, to be popular with readers who love, or have loved.

Many people think they have reached the summit of criticism when they complain that there is too much love in novels and stories. It will, perhaps, be enough to say, before examining this charge, that any story which did not deal with love at all would not be a story of life in this world. Love is the great motive power which spurs men and women on to activity. This and its wicked sister spirit, hatred, are the two great controlling forces of humanity.

But the charge mentioned was formerly more just than now. Only the fewest, comparatively, of readers would tolerate a novel which did not have love as the prime factor of life; love and the most thrilling experiences of those actuated by that passion must form the basis of any story which is to be popular with the masses. And, after all, writers toil only that they may become popular, because this achievement means wealth as well as fame.

But Balzac and Thackeray, in writing novels without love in them, undertook what some critics call a broader treatment of human life than making love the foundation of their novels. They saw clearly that to have no other key than love to unlock the secrets of life they could never lead to an understanding of history, public or private, or the sciences and common affairs of life.

Balzac had a mind to study all the passions—all the strong, controlling motives of life. He was assiduous in investigating all those abnormal developments of character which may be safely classed on the harmless side of insanity, but which result, nevertheless, in the deformity of moral character. In the old-style novel the villain served simply to complicate the plot and to act as a foil to the virtues of the hero until the last act, or chapter, when virtue invariably triumphed. Balzac found that this was seldom the result in real life, and that the villain could be made interesting on his own account; and that he could be made to serve a higher purpose, and be at the same time more interesting, if shown in a novel just as he is in real life.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Forgotten All About It.

A well-known local dramatic author was invited to dine with a friend the other evening, when, to his dismay, he discovered that among the other guests was a dramatic critic who had savagely attacked him.

"It will be impossible for me to meet the man," he said, "after the insulting and defamatory things he has said about me. He has slandered me atrociously."

Then after a moment's reflection:

"Well, after all, perhaps it does not matter. He has probably forgotten all about it."—*New York Truth.*

The record of Bubender, one of the important witnesses for the defense in the Cronin trial, shows him to be willing to swear to anything for a consideration.

Both Hands Were Engaged

Man in the Moon—"Pull down your rest!"

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE BANANA PEEL.

A BANANA peel that lay on the side-walk smiled to itself and accosted an apple core with, "Just watch that man yonder. When he steps on me he will think there is an earthquake. He will hit the side-walk hard enough to break the crystal out of his watch."

"But how will that benefit you?" inquired the apple core.

"It will attract attention to me. At present the man ignores your humble servant entirely, but after I throw him he will recognize my existence."

"Yes, he will recognize your existence to the extent of swearing about you and probably kicking you into the gutter."

MORAL.

Notoriety is not always a good thing.

THE SICK HORSE.

A horse that had been sick for two years finally went to a doctor and was cured. He felt that he was now in luck. While he had been ill he had not worked any, but had been turned loose into the pasture.

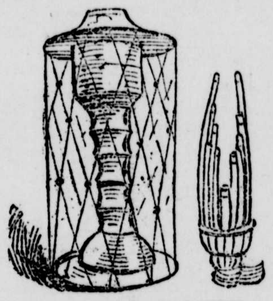
When he went back home his master found that he was well and hitched him to the plow the next morning. "I wish I had not paid that doctor four dollars to cure me, as it takes me from a life of ease and makes me toil. There is evidently some sort of skullduggery here."

MORAL.

It is better to be a sick horse.—*Chicago Ledger.*

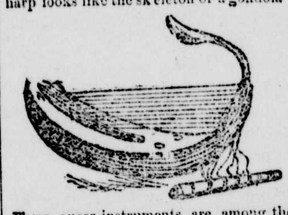
Odd Musical Instruments.

No one would imagine that harmony could be produced from these curious-looking affairs, but to the almond-eyed heathen fancy they "discourse most eloquent music." The Chinese instruments



CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

resembles, respectfully, an hour-glass and an extracted molar, while the Siamese harp looks like the skeleton of a gondola



These queer instruments are among the recent additions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Too Stout to See His Shoes.

"Want a shine, Boss?"
"I don't know. Do I need it?"—*Life.*

Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my legs as not to be able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere. I sell newspapers right in the middle of the street every day in the year, and have been doing so for five years, and standing on the cold stones ain't so pleasant, I can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it certainly ought to be good for those people who don't stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and DeKalb Avenues.—WILLIAM W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. B.—Be sure to get

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A Name that Puzzled the Priest.

Not long since there came to a priest in Connecticut, in whose parish are a number of French Canadians, a man who wished to arrange for his approaching marriage, and the priest, who did not recognize him, asked his name.

"My-glory-by-night," replied the man, with every appearance of good faith.

He did not speak English very fluently and the priest supposed that he must have misunderstood.

"Your name, I said," he repeated.

"What is your name?"

"My-glory-by-night," the man said again.

"You can't have such a name as that," the priest said; "somebody has translated it wrongly for you. What is it in French?"

"Magloire Benoit," the man answered.

It was easy to see how the extraordinary combination with which the man announced himself had been come at. The good people of Connecticut had pronounced "Benoit" phonetically, and translation had done the rest.

The People

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The good that men do may be interred with their bones, but the coffins of some men are not crowded.—*Troy Press.*

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Few of us ever discover bigots among those who agree with our religious convictions.—*Troy Press.*

A Boon for Suffering Woman.

If there are times in life that try men's souls, there are also times that try women's souls. As woman's organization in general is more delicate than man's so she has special functions of a far more delicate character, which render her much more liable to derangement and disease, and which require much more skilful and careful treatment. No class of diseases test a physician's skill or a medicine's efficacy more severely than Female Diseases. No medicine has ever proved more successful in the cure of such diseases than Pe-ru-na. In that most trying of periods, which every middle-aged woman must pass through, Pe-ru-na has proved a true boon to the sex. "I had been a great sufferer for three years," writes Mrs. S. Smith, of Hallsville, Pa. "I had given up all hope, when I commenced taking Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin. Now I am as well as ever in my life." Regulate the Bowels with Man-a-lin.

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As a rule it is not wise to tell all one knows, though it is always highly expedient to know all one tells.—*Troy Times.*

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Came a pale face preacher, teaching
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She nobler to make his calling,
Whispered to him nature's secret—
Told him of the herbs so potent
For the healing and the saving."

—EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "VANITA."

An Editor's Experience.

Major Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes April 18th, 1889: Some five years ago I wrote a letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rheumatic troubles, although frequently exposed to the influences that produced former attacks. Several of my friends had a similar experience, and are firm in their conviction that S. S. S. brought a permanent cure. The searching power of this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years ago, and has removed the last trace of it. I have also tested S. S. S. as a tonic after a severe attack of malarial fever, which kept me in bed for three months, and am convinced that its curative and strengthening properties insured my recovery from that illness, as I was in a very low condition of health.

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