

couple as you'd want to meet. Come, do get up and let's start."

Posey smothered a final laugh, and gracefully accepted the kind attentions of her cavalier to arise; and the two callers departed in state well worth witnessing.

They turned down the long village street; Aunt Pitkin's long calico gown, which Posey had borrowed without the formality of asking for it, tripping her up miserably at every third step. A little black bonnet, with a long veil that floated behind, gave her a most melancholy air, somewhat relieved by an old-fashioned, many-colored table-spread that in elegant folds fell from her shoulders as a shawl.

"Your old waistcoat's a-burstin'," announced Tom, cheerfully, when they had gone some little distance down the road. "I wish you had it safe home again. There! don't you hear it?"

"It's a step on the snow," said Posey, hurrying on. "Sh!" and she tried to scud faster than ever.

"Which place shall we go to first?" whispered Tom, as they were hurrying along. "Let's try to get in to the Bassetts."

"No, you *don't*, my fine fellow!" said a voice close behind them that made Tom skip in astonishment, while all the blood in Posey's face fled, leaving her as pale as a ghost; and a firm hand, from which there was no getting away, grasped the gentleman caller by the collar.

"Lemme *alone!*" roared Tom, giving a terrible lunge to one side. But all of no use. The hand held on as if it *never* meant to let go.

"Do you s'pose I'll let such strange customers as you go prowling around?" said the man, giving the collar such a shake that Tom saw a thousand stars, although there weren't any visible in the heavens. "Why, I'm the new constable, 'pointed to-day." Here he straightened himself with such an air that, in spite of his misery, Tom could scarcely keep from bursting out laughing.

"We're—only—callin'," began Posey, with an awful gasp.

"I know it," said the man. "I've seen you—be'n watchin' you a-skulkin' along. Now you call at the Station House. *That's* the place for beggars."

*Beggars!* The children stood as if paralyzed for just one second.

"How *dare* you!" began Tom, glaring up in the big man's face.

"None of your sass to me," said the newly-fledged constable, delighted to show his power. "Now then, start, both of ye, as quick as you've a mind to!"

"I wish—we'd—never left—either of the grandmothers!" sobbed Posey, stumbling along in wretchedness, relentlessly urged on by their captor.

"Or Aunt Pitkin," said Tom, grimly. "If we ever do see them again, I guess we'll know better'n to be such geese!"

"They're just *lovely!*" wailed Posey, in such grief that it nearly broke Tom's heart; "and we've been so bad!"

"Well, I *never!*" cried a voice; and the first thing they knew, they all ran pell-mell in the darkness into a tall, gaunt woman going with rapid footsteps the other way.

"Oh, Aunt Pitkin!" cried Tom, giving such a joyful wrench that he broke clear away from the grasp on his collar, and precipitating himself into her arms. "Is it *really* you?"

"I think likely," said Aunt Pitkin, coolly. "There, there, Posey, child, you'll choke me to death. Who's this man, Tom?" she asked abruptly, pointing to the guardian of the peace, who had staggered back against the fence, regarding matters and things in general.

"He's—" began Tom.

"I was just a seein' 'em home safe," said the

man quickly. "Good evening," and touching his hat, he was off.

"I'm sure I'm *very* much obliged to you," said Aunt Pitkin after him.

"Oh! Aunt Pitkin!" cried Posey in horror, and stamping her foot in vexation, "he's an *awful* man. He said we were *beggars*, Aunt Pitkin! And—oh! don't let him go—*don't!*"

"And he was going to haul us to the Station House," said Tom, vindictively. "Now, Aunt Pitkin, just think of that!"

"Well, I don't think," said Aunt Pitkin, demurely, giving one keen glance all over their attire, "that he was so very far wrong after all. I guess we won't say anything about it, Tom," she finished with a little laugh, "but we'll start for home."

And start for home they did. And there, at the door, were the two dear old grandmothers!

"I'm glad you're home safe," was all they said. And the little wanderers went in to forgiveness.

And this was the only and the best call of the year.

## Pompeii.

BY E. L. E.

POMPEII, although far-famed at the present day, was, at the time of its destruction, comparatively an insignificant city.

It numbered thirty thousand inhabitants, and bore so small a share in the struggles of the country that its name is scarcely mentioned in the annals of its subjugators. And yet it is the most important and almost only source of our acquaintance with ancient domestic life.

The town was built in an irregular oval form, extending from east to west, and surrounded by walls, which are, perhaps, the only part of the city at all calculated to resist that rapid decay which seems to hasten the disappearance of every other remain within their circuit.

They are built with a receding face of large stones, sometimes four to five feet long, laid in horizontal beds. They are partly well put together, but with an admixture of rubble-work and predominance of the species of brick-work called *reticulatum*, thereby resembling certain Greek works which have descended through a long series of barbarous possessors, and many centuries of ill repairs. Towers were built at irregular intervals, and between them, supported by a double wall, ranged the ramparts. But the nature of the repairs which have taken place in various parts seem to point out that these means of defense were kept up more for the sake of appearances than fear of attack; and the prolonged peace had given the inhabitants such confidence that the walls extending to the sea were entirely demolished.

The streets of Pompeii, bordered by pavement, are straight and narrow, not over twenty-three feet in breadth, some of the narrower lanes measuring only thirteen feet across.

They are admirably paved with large polygonal blocks of lava. At intervals, especially at the corners, are placed huge blocks of stone, slightly raised, and at a sufficient distance apart to enable the chariots and horses to pass between them.

These served as crossings, and the hollows in the center prove that the lava, not as durable as our modern pavement, yielded to the impress of the thousands of feet that daily passed over them.

In looking at these crossings we can only compare them to our stepping-stones across a brook, and funny pictures come before our minds of a modern belle daintily picking her way over them, in French-heeled boots and tie-backs.

The most interesting of the streets is that of the tombs. It approaches Pompeii from Naples, and both sides of the road, for nearly a furlong before entering the city, are occupied by tombs and public monuments, interrupted with shops.

This, although the principal entrance to the city, is not striking for its beauty, and is small in its dimensions.

The walls of brick and rubble-work are faced with stucco, which is covered with nearly illegible inscriptions of ordinances, etc.

The center archway is, in width, about fourteen feet, and might possibly have been twenty high; but its arch does not remain.

On each side were smaller openings for foot-passengers, four feet six inches wide, their height being about ten.

On the left, before entering the gate, is a pedestal, which appears to have been placed for the purpose of sustaining a colossal statue of bronze, some fragments of its drapery having been found there. This, possibly, was the tutelary deity of the city. On the opposite side of an arched recess, around and without which seats are formed in the center, was an altar or pedestal. This alcove, we may presume, was sacred to the god who presided over gardens and country places, as in it was found a most beautiful and exquisitely-wrought bronze tripod, supported by satyrs, with symbols emblematical of that deity.

The street of the tombs, as far as discovered, contains the monuments of those only who had borne some office in the State, and in some cases the ground on which they are respectively erected was assigned by vote of the public.

From this latter circumstance it may be inferred that this quarter (the east side of the city) was especially reserved for that purpose, while the general burying grounds were more removed from the city.

About a furlong distant from the city, toward Herculaneum, is the villa which has been named Suburbana, and which Bulwer, in his novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," has rendered unusually interesting to the traveler.

In this work it is called the house of Diomed. In its subterranean vaults he, with his beautiful but bold daughter Julia, and many of their friends, sought shelter from the dreadful shower of ashes which threatened to suffocate them, and by carrying into this gallery a profusion of food and oil for lights, planned to remain till the worst was over. But, alas! they little thought how long would be their imprisonment, for nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away when the city of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, and in the house of Diomed twenty skeletons were found, together with coins, jewels, and candela, and wines hardened in the casks.

The earliest historical mention of Pompeii dates from B.C. 310. That its antiquity, however, is much greater is proved by its monuments, such as the wall of the town and the so-called Greek temple.

Founded by the Oscans, it soon became imbued with the elements of Greek civilization.

After the Samnite wars, in which Pompeii had participated, the town became subject to Rome.

It united with the other Italians in the social war, and after the termination of the war, B.C. 82, a colony of Roman soldiers was sent to Pompeii to whom the inhabitants were compelled to cede one-third of their arable land.

In the course of time Pompeii became thoroughly Romanized, and was a favorite retreat of Romans of the wealthier classes, some of whom purchased estates in the vicinity.

The final destruction of the city occurred August 24th, 79. It had previously been visited, in 63, by a fearful earthquake, which destroyed the greater part of the city; its temples, col-

onnades, theaters, and private houses were ruined on that occasion, and the Roman Senate even contemplated prohibiting its reconstruction. Permission, however, having been granted, the new town was rebuilt and had been completed but a short time when the terrible catastrophe of 79 overtook it, and it was buried beneath a mass of twenty feet in thickness.

The habitations of Pompeii are of various sizes, and have obviously been modified in their fittings by the nature of the situation, the caprice of the proprietor, and other circumstances.

Their chief peculiarity is the internal court, which provided the surrounding chambers with light and was the medium of communication between them.

Most of the Pompeian houses, such as belong to the wealthy middle classes, are entered from the street by a narrow passage, called the vestibulum, which leads to the court, surrounded by a covered passage, with the impluvium or reservoir for rain-water in the center. Beyond the court, or atrium, is a large apartment opening on to it, termed the tablinum.

This front portion of the house was devoted to its traffic with the external world, while the other portion was destined solely for the use of the family. Its center also consisted of an open court inclosed by columns, in the center of which was laid out a beautiful garden.

Surrounding these were the sleeping and eating rooms, kitchen, cellar, etc. The numerous well-preserved stair-cases prove that the houses must uniformly have possessed a second, and in some cases a third story, which were used as apartments for the slaves.

One of the most elegant of Pompeii's private dwellings, the "House of the Tragic Poet," is so called from two representations found in the tablinum—a poet reading, and a theatrical rehearsal.

One familiar with Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" would immediately recognize this dwelling as belonging to Glaucus, the Athenian; and the novelist's description of the image of a dog, formed by the most exquisite mosaic and inserted in the floor of the vestibule, would distinguish it among many others of equal elegance.

Not far from the house of Glaucus, we come to the "House of Pansa," another relic which Bulwer has made unusually interesting to the traveler. It is one of the largest in Pompeii, occupying an entire insula 331 feet in length, 125 feet in breadth. It comprises sixteen shops and dwellings facing the different streets, and may be distinguished from others by the mosaic, with the greeting "Salve," found on its threshold.

Perhaps one of the most interesting relics of Pompeii is the Amphitheatre, situated at the southwest extremity of the town, and detached from the other ruins.

Its external aspect is somewhat insignificant, as, in order to facilitate the construction, a considerable portion of it, as high as the second story, was formed by excavating the earth.

An uncovered gallery runs around the exterior, to which stair-cases ascend for the use of spectators in the upper places.

Three different series of seats may be distinguished—the first with five, the second with twelve, and the third with eighteen tiers. Above these was also a gallery.

This immense edifice, constructed before the birth of Christ, was calculated to accommodate 20,000 spectators, and in 79 had not completely recovered from the effects of the earthquake of 63.

Although situated at a short distance from the other ruins, it is well worth the extra walk, and should not be overlooked by the traveler in his visit to this curious city.

## The Nine Lives of a Cat.

BY AUTHOR OF "SCRAPSEY."

### CHAPTER I.

ALMOST my first recollections were those of being sunk in a bucket of water, and then thrown into the ash-barrel. Previous to this I had frisked around all day with my little brothers and sisters, pulling all the strings, and scratching all the people who handled me. I had very good times, and should have liked to have lived so always; but this woman that people called Mrs. Jones, took me one day with the other kittens and drowned me, as she supposed.

When I came to myself, I was all wet and mussy and had ashes in my eyes; when I tried to lick my fur, I got ashes in my mouth. I mewed to the other kittens, but they did not mew back to me, and I felt very lonely and unhappy. I stayed in the ash-barrel a long while, and I was very cold and hungry; but I was afraid to get out and go to the kitchen, where I knew it would be nice and warm. At last I heard Mrs. Jones coming, and was so frightened that I jumped out and hid behind the coal-heap. It was well that I did, for she threw more ashes into the barrel, and even if she had not noticed me, I should have got all the ashes into my fur, and had to lick it off, and my tongue was sore already with so much licking. At night I crept from my hiding-place, and got out of a hole in the cellar window up into the street, and found some bones in a barrel and some scraps of pudding which I ate. Then I felt better and thought I might yet have good times, but a big dog came along and frightened me so that I was glad to go back to my hiding-place behind the coals.

I lived this way for several weeks and was often hungry, while the coals made me so dirty that my tongue fairly ached with the amount of licking it had to do.

Once I came very near being killed by eating some poisoned meat that I found on Mrs. Smith's fence, and I afterward heard her boasting that she had put it there to kill the cats. I made up my mind that if ever I had a chance I would be revenged.

There was a dear little boy in the neighborhood, who used to feed me whenever he dared, but his mother was afraid cats would hurt her birds, and would scold him whenever he spoke to us cats.

One day I well remember how little Johnny Reeves came out to the fence and called me down to him, and gave me some chicken-bones out of his pocket; the bones were so nice, and I was having such a good time, and dear little Johnny was stroking my back, when down came a broomstick on me, and I climbed up the fence as fast as I could to get out of the way of that broom. Then I saw Johnny's mother boxing his ears and pulling out his pockets to see the grease, and I felt so sorry that such a good little boy should be so abused for my sake, and made up my mind that I would do him a good turn if ever I had a chance.

That very night the little angel came out with his mug of milk, and he called out very softly, "Pussy Grey! Pussy Grey! I've saved my supper for you. I am so sorry mother whipped you, Pussy Grey."

All the time I was drinking the milk, Johnny was stroking my back, and twice he kissed me. I have heard people say they would not kiss a cat on any account, but Johnny kissed me, and I loved him for it.

One day a dog flew at me and hurt me dreadfully, tearing my eye, and my fore paw, and my mouth. I fled from him and got lost, and feeling

very sick and lame, I crept down a hole I saw in a cellar-door, and down some stone steps where there was another door that was shut, and I went to sleep. When I woke I was in great pain all over, and I could not move, and I was very hungry too. I wished Johnny would come to help me. I had no other friend. But nobody came that day, and I thought I should die.

The next morning a lady opened the door and seemed surprised to see me; I should have run away if I could have moved, but my leg was too lame. This lady was a good friend to me; she took me up in her arms, and spoke kindly to me, and she gave me some meat and bread and milk, and then she took me and shut me up in what seemed to be a lumber-room. I stayed there a long while, and every day this lady, whom I heard called Miss Matty, came and fed me, and talked to me, and then shut me up again. When my leg began to get well, I wanted to get out, and roam about and be free, and I tried to slip past Miss Matty when she was going out of the door; then she would catch me up and put me back again, and say, "No, no, you poor little creature, I am afraid Timothy will kill you." I did not know anything about Timothy, and longed to get out, and one day I did, and I got up in the open yard, and the sun was shining, and oh! how nice it was! But why will not cats know when they are well off? I was basking there in the sunshine, when out came a great white cat and pounced upon me with long claws and stuck her teeth into me. I screamed, and out came Miss Matty calling out, "Timothy! Timothy! stop! you'll kill the poor little thing!" This then was Timothy, and my end had come. I was all cut and bleeding, and Miss Matty took me in her arms, and that was all I knew for a long while. Then I seemed to be just waking from a nap, and looking about, I saw ever so many cats around me, and they were all friendly, and I saw a great stream of milk running like a river, and I thought I should now be very happy. Then the largest of the cats came toward me and said, "Pussy Grey, you see around you the cats who have lived and died. All cats have nine lives,—one as a cat, and the other eight as rats; you have lived your one life, but you can go back to the earth as eight rats, and visit the people who have treated you well or ill, and do as you please. Then come here and live in these Catnip Meadows by the Milky Way."

Having thus spoken, this cat threw catnip all over me, and I felt real comfortable, and while arranging the exploits of myself as eight rats, I fell into a doze, and I will now narrate what those exploits were.

### CHAPTER II.

THERE were eight of us little rats in the cellar of Mrs. Jones. Two stayed there and gnawed their way into the kitchen, and ate the bread and meat whenever they got a chance, and ate great pieces out of the children's aprons on the front where the sticky things were. The fun of it was, Mrs. Jones thought it was the washing soda had done it, and threw away all she had; and then she said it was the washboard, and took away the washboard from the servant, and her servant said she could not wash without it and went away; then Mrs. Jones had to do all the work herself.

But it was a bad day for us, for we made such a noise knocking down some dishes that she opened the pantry-door quickly and saw us, and then she got a Skye terrier, and he shook us by the necks until we were dead.

Two of us little rats went to live in Mrs. Smith's cellar. Now this was the lady who put poisoned meat on the fence to kill the cats, and we were bound to recollect it. We got into her kitchen pantry and ate the food, and ran over the cold