

WHY I DID NOT LET IN THE CAT.

WHAT I am going to tell happened a very long time ago, and happened to me, then a little girl only six years old. Some Indians, about whom I will tell another time, had called me "a brave papoose," and perhaps I was, for when I was a child living in a little cottage under the beautiful pines, there were many Indians, and wild animals which no longer exist in that part of the country. I was not afraid of these animals, though I often saw them as I went through the woods of my grandfather's farm. They never molested me as I loitered under the overhanging branches—the fearless birds singing above, the bumble bee humming in the clover, and the honey-bees contentedly droning in the hollow pine tree, where no one was allowed to meddle with them, though the honey would sometimes run trickling down the trunk of the tree.

I was on a visit to an uncle, with whom, and his smart wife, I was much of a favorite. There was a pretty little cousin named Cordelia, three years old, with whom I slept. There was to be some company at the old homestead, and, as we were too young to go, and I not afraid to be left, uncle and aunt put us children into bed, fastened the door, and left us in what seemed perfect safety.

The room was on the ground floor; there was a window on the front and rear, with white curtains looped up on each side, through which the clear moonlight shone brightly. It was early in autumn, and the trees were in their gorgeous drapery of purple and crimson and gold; now and then a light wind scattered the leaves upon the ground with a soft rustle which fell pleasantly upon my dreamy ear. As a matter of course I taught Cordelia her little prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep; s
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

For myself, after saying the Lord's prayer and extemporising petitions for all my friends, and begging my dead father to not forget me now he was in heaven, I was sinking into a dreamy slumber, thinking how beautiful everything and everybody in the world was, when I was roused by a spring and a heavy scratching upon the glass of the window followed by a low whine and mewing of a cat.

"Oh! poor kitty has been left out," I said, half asleep. Just then she jumped down and rushing round the house appeared at the other window with loud mews and whines to get in. This was too much for me, and I scrambled out of bed, and hastened to lift the sash. My little hands were on the frame of the window, and I was about to lift it up, when all at once I thought it looked too large for our kitty—the eyes were too big, and the yowling not like that of Tabby when she wanted her basin of milk.

I drew back and the creature made a rush to the other window, fairly screaming with impatience. I felt sure all was not right, but saying another prayer to God to take care of us two children I jumped into bed, and covering my head with the quilts and blankets soon fell asleep. I had an indistinct idea that I heard the firing of a gun, but soon I was lost in that beautiful oblivion of a sleeping child.

In the morning while we were at breakfast I told my little story of the big cat; that I was just going to take her in when I thought she was too large for Tabbie, and I jumped into bed again and covered up my head. Aunt and Uncle looked at each other and turned pale, and Uncle William said:

"You are a wise little girl, Elizabeth," at which I was pleased.

Then we all went out to see where the cat had been. Sure enough, the ground was trampled upon, the pinks and Sweet

Williams torn to pieces, and the tall hollyhocks and love-lies-bleeding and London-prides all broken down.

Uncle William and Aunt Rebecca hugged and kissed little Cordelia, as was natural, with tears running down their cheeks, and then they kissed me.

"And now we will go and see the big kitty," uncle said. Accordingly when Aunt had fed the chickens, and placed a pan of milk for Tabbie, we all started to go over to the old farm-house.

It is well known that people who live far from the sea consider a mess of clams at the proper season a great treat, and men come round and bring them to the inland farms in large carts, where they find a ready sale. It so happened there had been some brought round the day before this happened to me, and the shells had been thrown out into the great pasture, outside the park gates. My big kitty, finding she would not have

a feast upon two sleepy children, went off and was gnawing at these shells when she was heard and shot by the head farmer, and there, lying upon the grass was the beautiful beast. He was beautiful, of a tawny gray with stripes. I knelt down and lifted the big paws, soft and cushioned, and looking so harmless.

The people came far and near to see him, for his cries had been heard in the mountains, and more than one sheep had fallen beneath his claws. Some said it was a wild cat—but others scoffed at the idea, and said it was a young catamount, or the American panther, and when it became known that he had been to the window and that I was about to let him in people regarded me with solemn looks, but Grandpa said, "The hand of God is in it. The child is reserved for something better,"

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

WHENCE WAS IT?

AN instance of a psychical nature has been recently described to us by a friend, in whom we have entire confidence, and who obtained the facts given at first hand: "Dr. L. is a physician who has been practicing for twenty-five years, and is well-known in New York, being authority in certain lines of disease. Early in his practice, and while residing in Jersey City, a young man studied medicine under his direction and took his medical degree at one of the New York schools, and shortly afterward, viz., in 1869, died. Among those who have sought Dr. L's advice, is a Miss B., from Central New York; she has spent considerable time here, in order to be near Dr. L. while receiving his treatment.

For a while this young lady boarded in a family where occasionally a spiritual séance was held. She was invited to make one of a circle, and accepted the invitation. In the course of the developments that evening a spirit appeared

representing himself as a certain Dr. P. All in the circle declared that he was an entire stranger to them. Miss B. certainly had never heard of him; nevertheless, his coming appeared to have special reference to her. He gave his name, and stated that he knew Dr. L., had studied medicine under him, and that Miss B. could place entire confidence in him as her medical adviser. Of those who composed the gathering on this occasion not one, besides Miss B., had ever met Dr. L. Subsequently Miss B. inquired of Dr. L. if he had ever known such a person as Dr. P., and Dr. L., in surprise, wished to know where she had heard of a man who, he supposed, had been quite forgotten in a place where he was very little known when alive; and as he did not know the people in whose company Miss B. had been, Dr. L. was compelled to regard the incident as extraordinary. Since that time no practical explanation has been offered of the affair. H.