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Yours merrily
Uncle William

MERRY'S MUSEUM,
PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, WOODWORTH'S CABINET,
AND
THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

EDITED BY

ROBERT MERRY, HIRAM HATCHET, AND UNCLE WILLIAM.



VOLUMES XLIX. AND L.

New York:
J. N. STEARNS, PUBLISHER,
No. 111 FULTON STREET.
1865.

THEATRUM VERBIS

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLICAL BOOKS OF THE CHURCH

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WOLFGANG VOLKENS

TRANSLATOR OF THE BIBLE AND OTHER WORKS



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DAISY LEE'S NEW-YEAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GO-AHEAD," "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," ETC., ETC.

"TO-MORROW will be the new year," sighed Daisy Lee. Seating herself in an old-fashioned chair, and leaning on a table near by, she looked out from the window upon the snow-covered land that spread away and away miles on miles, until in the far distance the sky seemed to meet it and carry it out of sight.

Daisy Lee lived on the "edge" of a prairie, where the snow came early and staid late, and Daisy was unhappy on this day before the new year. Possibly she had cause for unhappiness, for she was an orphan, and lived with those who were strangers to her baby-days and infant joys.

Daisy would sometimes start sud-

denly when spoken to, and turn to see if the person who spoke was not one that she remembered as hovering about her early days, but no, all were gone, and she was dependent for her bread upon strangers.

All the bright day Daisy's little hands had toiled at their tasks; her latest effort had accomplished the ironing of the table-cover on which she leaned.

I can not tell why a tear rolled from her eyes as she looked out, but I know that Daisy had been reading a little book that told of bright and happy children, and all the joys that came to them with Christmas, and that Daisy thought of her own solitary life on

that day, and longed to go away somewhere, anywhere, where children were loved and had kisses in the morning, and good-night words about their pillows, and, best of all, a Christmas-tree.

Daisy had just arrived at the candle-bearing-tree in her wishes when a child stole in. I do not know where she had left her wrappings, but she had neither cloak nor hood about her, and her face was full of mischief as she crept on step after step, all unconscious Daisy hearing never a sound. At last the chair was reached, and in an instant more Daisy started as two hands grasped her shoulders.

"Why, Anna Day!" she exclaimed.

"Why, Daisy Lee! what are you doing here, moping over the table and looking as solemn as ninety?"

"How you frightened me, Anna! I am tired."

"Well, it's too bad to make you work so; I tell you what," and Anna looked around furtively to see if any ears were within hearing, "I'd run away."

"Where to?—out into the snow?" and Anna pointed westward to the spreading prairie.

"No, I'd run right the other way. How do you know, Daisy, but you have some rich friends, aunts or uncles or cousins, somewhere; may-be them is the very folks that had the nice time we read about, and if you could only find them, wouldn't it be better than anything in the fairy book?"

"I don't believe I have; no, I shall live here always, for don't you see I can't run away, for I've nowhere to go to, and nobody would take me in, and I should starve and freeze to death."

"Oh, so you would; but I never thought about that. Well, you go and ask if you can come to my house a little while. I've a new book that some

cousin that lives a thousand miles away has sent to me, and it's all about fairies and such queer things as never you heard about."

Daisy ran to obtain permission. It was granted, and the two children departed. They were soon in the midst of fairy-land. Everything seemed easy and possible there. Daisy began to think that, after all, she might find some one to be good and kind to her, and was almost tempted to start right away for fairy-land, nothing doubting but that some tiny creature would meet her on the way and wrap her in softest furs, and feed her with honey, and give her a wing all bright and glowing to ride upon until she found a great castle or a wide palace all filled with rich friends who would take her in and give her Christmas-trees every year until she died.

She went home lost in the mazes of the bewildering stories. No fairy met her on the steps of the door, only a wee white chicken that was stationed there, very cold and very hungry; but Daisy half expected to see it spring up and speak to her. But, no; her old round of duties began. There was the tea-table to prepare, and then the dishes to wash, and then a few rounds on the stockings she was knitting to be performed, and then the little hard bed "up stairs in the cold," with the stars all gold and shining right in her face, and then a long blank before daylight.

Tea, dishes, and knitting were past—Daisy's young head was on its pillow.

It was the last night of the old year. To-morrow the glad new year would spring into its place, and then the circling round of the months go on again.

In some way the fairies did not hover about Daisy's pillow, but the face of her mother took their place, and the

child felt a soft whispering voice saying, "Say your prayers, my child."

Daisy had almost forgotten this duty, but she turned obedient to the whisper, and in the cold with the stars shining in upon her she kneeled beside her bed to pray to the good Father on this last night of the year.

Her prayers were over, and Daisy fell asleep and into the very midst of fairydom — but, oh! such fairies! The air was full of them. Daisy tried to run, but she could not. She was shut up fast in their midst, and they were all coming after her. One little fellow had on a cap with a feather in it, and he was mounted on a frog, and beating it with all his strength. Daisy was sorry for the frog, but she really hoped it would not move for all its beating, for she didn't like that fairy one bit. The air was filled with but-

terflies and winged creatures, and on every one rode a fairy. One was laughing at the little fellow who couldn't make the frog travel, and above that fairy was another one who had stopped in her course to look down pityingly on the poor beaten frog. She looked as if she would save it if she could.

But the fairy that Daisy disliked the most of all was a tiny, ugly-faced old man who swung from a tree-top in a kind of oriole-nest, and looked wicked enough to destroy all the orioles who ever swung from tree-top-nests of their own building.

Daisy could not determine what the fairies were about, except that one and all they were striving to catch her, and in her efforts to escape she suddenly awoke.

The moonlight was shining full in her face, and a sound startled her. It



was the kitchen-clock, 'telling' of "twelve," the magical hour.

The new year had come. Daisy sat up and looked out. There was nothing but the moon and the stars, the snow and the prairie, and under and over all the glad new year.

With a thankful heart Daisy fell asleep and dreamed that her mother came to see her, that she was better than all the fairies that ever lived; for she told her that "if she was a good child, and did all her duties faithfully and well, she should some day live with her in a house finer than any castle on crag of earth, that if she asked her kind Father of the new year, He would take care of her through its every day."

Daisy's dream was all too short. She awoke, and the early light was advancing out of darkness. The new year had come.

That day a traveler was on his way over the prairie; he was going eastward, but night overtook him, and he was compelled to pass it in the cabin where Daisy lived. He learned her history, and found that she was the child of his boyhood's earliest friend.

Daisy was a happy child that new-year night. She had found a friend. The fairies had not brought him, but one of God's great storms gathering in its might and riding over the prairie had brought him to the house that sheltered her, and on the morrow she had the promise of going with him to his home in the East.

Daisy Lee had one happy new year in her life, and so may we all. The new year lies fresh and fair before us—we may inscribe on it what we will.

MEN often are not aware of what severe and untiring labors they are capable, until they have tried their strength.

GONE BEFORE.

W. F. O. AND H. A. D.

"HEAVEN'S gate stands open wide!"

Thus has sung the poet;
Said we, doubting, "Is it so?"
Now, indeed, we know it.

For our God in love to us

Now has sent this warden,
Opened wide the heaven's gate,
And showed us the garden.

Only looked we, for the angel

Would not let us enter in;
For the place is for the holy—
We are vile and full of sin.

But the angel chose two from us,

Touched them lightly with the rod;
Then they entered, and, like Enoch,
They both talked and walked with
God.

For one pausing in life's duties,

'Mid the loving ones at home,
Heard the angel at the threshold
Whispering softly, "Brother, come!"

But the other, he was battling

With our foes upon the sea,
When to him there came the summons,
'Twas from Christ of Galilee.

For above the roar of cannon,

And the wild waves' sob and sigh,
Came a voice across the water,
Saying gently, "It is I!"

Cease your weeping, broken-hearted,

Weeping at your bitter loss;
Smile instead, and looking upward,
See the crown above the cross.

'Tis a sacrifice—God knows it.

Say, then, bravely, "They are thine,
Thou hast gathered up our jewels,
Cause them in Thy courts to shine."

God has called—He will shield them,

Hold them in His loving arms,
Safe from all the world's temptation,
Safe from all the world's alarms.

PERTINE.



ARTHUR'S FRIEND.

BY C. M. TROWBRIDGE.

CHARLIE and Eddie Isham were schoolboys. They had much to smooth for them the rough places in the path of learning—a kind and considerate teacher at school, and a pleasant, cheerful home, where they could get their lessons in the long winter evenings. But though teacher and parents could do much to help and encourage them, they could not learn for them. Notwithstanding these advantages, they had to fight their own battles, and win their own victories, by patient, persevering study.

They were little soldiers, but it must be acknowledged that they were not

very brave ones, on the evening of which I write. Charlie was struggling with the difficulties of an example in fractions, and Eddie was working hard over a sum in long division. They did not get on well that evening. Charlie was chafing and fretting over the sum in fractions; and Eddie, though he was a boy, and very much ashamed of being caught crying, was shedding a few quiet tears because he could not obtain a quotient without a remainder. Their mother was occupied with their baby sister, and could not assist them.

Just after the little one was laid to

rest in its crib, Mr. Isham came home. One glance at his boys served to show him how the case stood with them.

"What is the trouble to-night?" he asked.

"This hateful arithmetic!" exclaimed Charlie.

"I wonder what long division was ever made for!" said Eddie.

"You will gain nothing by calling your arithmetic hard names," said Mr. Isham. Mr. Arithmetic will prove himself a faithful friend, and do you good service if you use him properly."

"I don't see how he can be a friend, or do any one any service," said Eddie.

"He can render you very important services; but if you wish to secure his good offices, you must know him intimately and appreciate him rightly."

"I am afraid, then, that he will never be of much use to me," said Charlie, who certainly was not in good humor with Mr. Arithmetic that evening.

"I think the time will come when you will know him better and value him more," said his father. "But the question now is, what is the present difficulty? If you wish to be on good terms with Mr. Arithmetic, every difficulty must be cleared up as you go along. There must be no *misunderstandings*."

A little assistance from their father soon cleared up present difficulties. After this was accomplished, Mr. Isham turned to his wife.

"Arthur has been in my office this evening," he said; "I feel very sorry for him."

"Why, what is the matter with cousin Arthur?" inquired Eddie—long division quite forgotten in his interest in the new subject.

"He can get no work," said his father.

"I should think that would be capital," said Eddie. "He stayed here all Saturday afternoon, because he had nothing to do, and we had such a grand time!"

"How would you like it if I could get no work?"

"I should like it first-rate," said Eddie; "then instead of playing with us a little while after you get home, if you are not too tired, you could play with us in the morning when you are not tired at all."

"But what should we do when dinner-time came?"

"Why, then we would go to dinner. We should not want to play all the time, of course."

"But where would the dinner come from? The money I get for my work buys our dinners, and suppers, and breakfasts, too, besides all the other things we have to make us comfortable and happy."

"I didn't think of that," said Eddie.

"Does the money Arthur gets for his work buy all that Aunt Emily has?" inquired Charlie, thoughtfully.

"Nearly all. Since your aunt's health has been so feeble, Arthur has been her main dependence. He has been thrown out of employment by the failure of those who employed him. If he can not get work, he will not be able to procure these comforts for himself and his dear mother, and this is the reason he is so anxious and troubled."

"Can't you help him?" inquired Eddie, who had an idea that his father could help everybody.

"Not to work. I wish I could. I have been trying to find a situation for him, but have not succeeded."

"Can't he find anything to do?" inquired Mrs. Isham.

"Nothing permanent. The firm of Derby and Lane have employed him for the last three days, to take the place of a clerk who is ill; but Arthur expects this clerk will be at his post again next week, and that his services will not be required."

The next evening, soon after Mr. Isham returned home, Arthur came in, his face all aglow with pleasure.

"You bring good news, I am sure," said Mr. Isham. "You have found employment."

"Yes, uncle, it is good news—at least for me. Derby and Lane have given me Foster's place. His physician says that he must not return to the store, but must seek some other employment if he would regain his health."

"This is a rare chance for one of your years," said Mr. Isham.

"Yes, sir, it is indeed. It is far beyond my expectations; but Mr. Lane was pleased to say that I was a rare accountant for my age. He says that I am every way equal to Foster, and that he is willing to give me the same salary."

"How glad you look, cousin Arthur," said Charlie.

"I am very glad indeed," said Arthur, "more for mother's sake than my own."

"What is an accountant?" inquired Eddie.

"An accountant," replied his father, "is one who keeps accounts. It is his business to do sums all the while."

Eddie looked grave, as if he thought this a very formidable business.

"Does he have to do sums in long division?" he asked, after a moment's thoughtful silence.

Arthur laughed. The question to him seemed very amusing.

"Ask him," said Mr. Isham, "ask him if he has any use for long division and fractions."

Eddie turned to Arthur.

"To be sure I do," said Arthur; "I could not get along without them any more than your mother could make your father's shirts without a needle or thread."

"Do you know to whom Arthur is indebted for this situation which he is so glad to get?" inquired Mr. Isham of Eddie.

"No, sir," said Eddie.

"He is indebted to Mr. Arithmetic for it."

"I don't see how that can be."

"His new employers wish to secure his services because he can do sums so quickly and correctly. It was Mr. Arithmetic who taught him to do this. When Arthur was a little boy, his teacher told me that he and Mr. Arithmetic were becoming very great friends. They have been most particular friends for some years, and now you see the result."

"I won't call Mr. Arithmetic hard names any more," said Charlie. "He is a capital fellow, and I like him for doing cousin Arthur such good service. I mean to get well acquainted with him, and perhaps he will do as much for me some day."

"That is a good resolution," said Arthur; "but do you know what Mr. Arithmetic says to little shavers like you?"

"No," said Charlie; "what does he say to them?"

"Conquer me, and I will be your friend."

"I will try," said Charlie; "but I suspect that he is a tough fellow to conquer."



SEA BREEZES—CROSSING THE LINE.

THE boys of Oakdale took periodical fits of boat-building, as they did of almost everything else. In March and November the kites flew about like flocks of great white birds; the summer had its time for marble-playing, and the late spring found all the boys in a high boat-fever. Some even had it so bad, it became a regular ship-fever. Of course Captain Parry was in great request at this season, and if all the craft he helped to rig out had been gun-boats, it would be the last of rebel pirates.

You might often see him beside the little run which flowed along at the foot of his garden, patiently superintending the launching of some unam-

bitious little sloop or full-rigged schooner, now sitting down on the grassy margin and giving the finishing touches to some three-masted ship. He did not fail of an encouraging word for some little chip-boat which chubby fingers had wrought at their peril with the "first jack-knife." Of course the boys became very wise in sailor lore. They could talk like old salts of "main top gallants'ls, mizzens'ls, sprits'ls, sprits'l tops'l, studding-s'ls," and so on up through all the ship's sails, even to "sky scrapers" and "angel's wings."

"Well, boys, it is better playing sailor here at home than being sailor in reality at your age, as I was. Bet-

ter go to school, and stay by the home fire until you are old enough and strong enough to choose wisely what you will be in the world, and until your principles are firmly fixed so you can stand temptation. Many a fine young fellow I have seen spoiled in my time by the mistaken kindness of old sailors in giving him a glass now and then when chilled with the wind and rain. People did not know so much about strong drink in those days as they do now. But my poor old mother made me promise not to use it, and I never broke it but once, I believe."

"Please tell us about that time," said little Clay; and the rest of the little audience were soon all attention.

"There were three of us new hands on board ship, and as we came near 'the line,' we heard the sailors often

speak of the probabilities of our meeting old Neptune. They took particular pains to talk about it when we were around, and we knew very well the meaning of it. He was said to row an iron canoe with an iron paddle, and if we happened to offend him, the chances were that he would take us on board and row away dear knows where, with us.

"Well, one gray evening twilight, as I was leaning over the ship's side watching a sail far off in the distance, I saw Henry Ghoram start forward with great excitement and sing out, 'There comes old Neptune! Have everything taut and trim, boys. It won't do to have any land-lubber works in sight when he is around.'"

"Such a hurry-scurry as everybody was in then. All hands tumbled up



on deck to see the fun, and we three stood like a set of culprits waiting for sentence to be passed.

"Pretty soon the boatman sung out, through the speaking-trumpet, 'Ship, hail!' 'Ay, ay, sir!' answered our captain.

"'Where are you from?' was the next question. 'From New York, bound for Canton,' said the captain. 'Any of my boys aboard?' 'Three,' was the answer. Then we huddled up a little closer, and were in nowise encouraged by hearing old Neptune say, 'I'll come right aboard and see them.'

"So, pretty soon, we saw his gray head and grizzly white beard appearing over the ship's side, and we were bidden to go forward and welcome him. We shook hands very respectfully, hoping to propitiate his favor. He took us through our sailor's catechism; but our answers did not do Captain Brintnell much credit, we were so badly scared. Still, he seemed very good-natured, and finally called for a drink. I made haste to set a bucket of water before him and a tin cup.

"'Offer old Neptune fresh water,' said he with contempt; and at that he took up the bucket and threw the contents into the sea. Then I made haste to get a bucket of salt water; and he was so good as to give us all a taste, though I think he did not take much himself.

"After some foolish ceremony of 'swearing us at the pump,' he called for a bottle of wine to wind up with, and each of us had a glass given us. We paid for the wine to treat the old sea-king, and were glad enough to bid him good-bye."

"Was it really old Neptune?" asked little Minnie, with her brown eyes full of wonder.

"It was only Silas Hubbard, Minnie, with a sheep-skin over his head and an old cloak wrapped around him. If it had not been so dark, and we so frightened, I dare say we should have known him. That is all there is in any stories of fairies, or ghosts, or spirits from the other world coming back to this. The crossing the line was the only real thing about it. We could not see any difference in the looks of the water; we could not see any change, but we had really crossed the line and were sailing on the other half of the globe. Our reckonings had all been in north latitude; now they must be in south.

"Many a young man and boy 'crosses the line' in their life when they little think of it. The first cigar, the first glass of liquor, the first oath may leave you in south latitude. From that time your course may be down, down, forever! Take care, children, about 'crossing the line.'"

J. E. McC.

PLEASURES OF LIFE.—The loftiest, the most angel-like ambition is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this—if we can smooth the rugged path of one fellow-traveler—if we can give one good impression, is it not better than all the triumphs that wealth and power ever attained?

TRUE wisdom is a thing very extraordinary. Happy are they that have it; and next to them, not those many that think they have it, but those few that are sensible of their own defects and imperfections, and know that they have it not.



NELLIE AT THE WINDOW.

LITTLE Nellie, thoughtful Nellie,
Why this frosty morning stand
Idly at the open window,
Kerchief-bound, and broom in hand?

Little Nellie, thoughtful Nellie,
Not the snow-birds at your feet,
Pecking joyfully the breakfast
You have given them to eat—

Not the myriad shining crystals,
Glittering in the morning light—
Not the merry mimic battle,
Catches now your eager sight.

Little Nellie, thoughtful Nellie,
Building castles in the air!—

No more sweeping, no more dusting,
No more work, and no more care.

When the rosy-tinted future
Brings me gold and palace fine—
When the proud and happy mistress,
I shall look on all as *mine*.

Little Nellie, thoughtful Nellie,
Let the airy palace go ;
Always do the work before you ;
Fancy castles melt like snow.

KRUNA.

ALL blessings are trials. They show
what we are by the way in which we
take them.

"MISS MAULABOY" AND "MISS DOUGHNUTS."

THERE never was a more provoking set of little wretches than used to tease Miss Mallaby; at least she thought so. She lived almost alone in a large house on the corner of a street, right opposite a public school, and the boys soon learned that she disliked them, and so they very naturally returned the compliment. They used to stone her cat, pelt her parrot, ring her door-bell, blow putty balls against and through her windows in summer-time; and in winter the snow-balls used to fly merrily about her door. In short, the old lady declared she had no peace of her life with those pesky boys, and probably she never would have had but for the occurrence I am about to relate.

Miss Mallaby's favorite niece, Sarah, had come to spend the winter with her. She was a sweet-tempered young lady, who delighted to make everybody around her happy. She had not been there long before she discovered how matters stood between her aunt and the boys, and she resolved to bring about a peace between them. She assured her aunt that those wild boys could be tamed, and she would undertake it, provided she could have her own way.

"Poh! pol! child," said Miss Mallaby; "but you can try."

So what does Sarah do but go into the kitchen and set to work making doughnuts by the score. You would have thought she was going to set up a baker's shop. A few days after this a heavy snow fell, and the boys were in their glory. The snow-balls flew thick and fast about the windows, and when they were tired of this, they all set to work clearing off "Old Miss Maulaboy's" walk, they said. But instead of meaning to do her a kindness,

they were only up to mischief. By working and tugging they rolled up a monstrous snow-ball, which they determined to place just before her door. Sarah was watching them from behind the blinds, and presently darting down the steps she seized one of the culprits, and before he knew what was coming dragged him into the house.

"Now," said Sarah, "I'm going to pay you for your work."

"Oh, ma'am," pleaded the urchin, "I'll never, *never* do so again."

"I presume not," said she, when she had locked the door behind him. Then stepping to the closet she came out with a large basket of doughnuts, and putting them in the frightened boy's hand said: "Now, sir, you can take your choice—either stay here until I can call a policeman, or take just as many of these doughnuts as you can eat, and divide the rest among your playmates out here, and tell them there's plenty more, and they shall have all they want."

How the boy's face reddened! How ashamed he felt! What could he do? However, the nice-looking doughnuts soon decided the question, and out he went on his errand. Then you should have seen the boys as they gathered around to hear what had been done to him. They could scarcely believe their ears and eyes; but there were the doughnuts, and they could not be resisted. They were soon distributed, and the boy was sent back to ask pardon for their mischief and to thank the lady for the present. That was the last of Miss Mallaby's troubles with those boys, but it was not the last treat they had, and just for fun, for boys must have that, they used to speak of her as "Good Miss Dough-nuts."



MAGGIE'S COMFORT-BAG.

CHRISTMAS is coming; and Wallie, and Johnny, and Charley, and Maggie are all on tiptoe; even little blue-eyed Gracie has caught the infection, and lisps long stories about "Yanty Yaus and Gandy" to the great amusement of the aforesaid urchins. She is admitted to all the grand counsils, but never tells tales, so the secrets (and the house is brimful of them) are all kept inviolate.

Such whispering behind doors, and sly dodging into corners, clicking of locks, and fondness for retirement was never known before, and Mrs. Martin's head is quite overcharged with important matters of state, for she is the general confidante, has charge of all the savings banks, and is called upon for advice and assistance until she is quite frantic.

Maggie displays great fondness for her needle, and steals away into by-places, although never known to love solitude before—little slips of silk and morocco dropped in her hasty flights reveal the wherefore; but mamma is willfully blind, and never seems to see or understand. Charley sings out, "Oh, ma will see;" and then claps his hand over his mouth as if something contraband had almost slid out; then there is a general shout, and mamma turns away her head to hide a smile. Just then a bright idea pops into Charley's head, and he steals around by mamma, and says, in a stage whisper, "Oh, mamma, I'll tell you what I'm going to get for Maggie;" and then, of course, there is a general rush to hear, and Charley is obliged to refer all further revelations to another time.

"Perhaps Maggie is making another comfort-bag for the soldiers," said

Wallie, by way of changing the subject; "don't you remember the one she sent ever so long ago? I wonder who got it; wouldn't you like to know, mamma?"

"Yes—it might be interesting," said Mrs. Martin. "I hope it did somebody some good."

With the approach of the holidays came old winter in good earnest, folding his icy arms about everything animate and inanimate. The bare, leafless trees sparkled with glittering pendants, and the frost glistened in the sunlight like jewels. It's a rare robe old winter weaves for mother earth, pure and spotless as the vestments of angels. Great snow drifts were heaped in the corners of fences, and snow-houses and snow-men adorned the yard, for the boys were not idle. A hard, smooth path down the hillside showed where the sleds traveled; indeed, there were boy-tracks everywhere.

Christmas morning found the youngsters all out bright and early, not one was caught napping, and such a commotion as there was would have quite distracted nervous people. Then it was the long pent up secrets burst forth, and the hidden things came to light. Maggie's bits of morocco and silk had taken fanciful forms and quite delighted the whole audience.

Johnny examined his stores with a good deal of care, and finally came to the conclusion that Charley's orange was a *little* the largest, and then his things were all stowed carefully away. Charley's good things were soon devoured, and his toys scattered far and wide, under everybody's feet, and in every chair, and he shouted and turned somersets until papa declared it

was well Christmas only came once a year, and proposed that they should all find vent for their superabundant spirits in the yard. The hint was taken, and there was a grand rush out doors, and they were soon amusing themselves in a variety of ways.

"Wallie," shouted Johnny, from his perch on the gate-post, "come and see this funny-looking fellow down the road; ain't he a queer-looking fellow, though?"

"That's a soldier," said Wallie, moving along that way to reconnoiter; "he's setting on the great stone to rest, I guess."

"Hallo there, mister; it's most too cold a morning for you to sit here."

"Oh, I'm used to roughing it," said the soldier looking up; "I've seen some tough times in this campaign," and he held up one empty coat-sleeve.

"I guess you have," returned Wallie; "come up to the house yonder and you'll find a better place to rest than this. Mother thinks there ain't anything too good for a soldier, and I want to hear about the war, too. I wish I could be a soldier!"

"I guess you don't know what it is to go soldiering, my boy; suppose you take your blanket and camp out in the back yard some cold stormy night, and then take your hard tack, and march all day in a pouring rain, and see if it won't cure you," said the soldier with a smile.

"Oh, I wouldn't care for the rain," said Johnny, bringing up the rear. "If I only had a sword, oh, wouldn't I pitch in, though;" and he flourished his stick in a very warlike manner.

"Oh, yes, you'd do great things till the rebels hove in sight, and then I fancy there'd be some pretty tall running," returned Wallie.

"Well, I wouldn't run away from a dog as you did," retorted Johnny. This was evidently a sore subject, and Wallie's military ardor was quenched for the time.

The soldier limped slowly along, and Wallie darted on ahead to announce his coming, and he was soon seated by a bright fire, taking coffee and rolls.

"Home fires and home meals look good," said the soldier; "but there is many a poor fellow who will never see them again.

"We had hard fare sometimes, but stood it first-rate as long as we kept well. I think I shall never forget the time I had this arm taken off. I was in the hospital, without any friends or acquaintances, but as long as I was so bad, it did not make so much difference. There was enough to think about, and the most we could do was to groan and bear it. But as soon as I began to get better, I didn't know what to do with myself; we had nothing to read, and no papers or pens; nothing, in fact, but our clothes, and those badly in need of mending. Well, one day a gentleman came in with the doctor, and passed along from one cot to another until he reached the one where I lay. They stopped and talked a while, and then he handed me a small package and passed on. I was not long in opening it, I can tell you. I suppose I felt some as you did when you got Santa Claus' gifts this morning. My hand trembled some, but it was undone at last, and there was just what I had been wishing for: papers, pens and pencil, soap, comb, needles, thread, and various other necessaries too numerous to mention. But the best of all was a letter from the little girl that sent it; it's a comfort to us poor fellows to feel that somebody cares for us, that there

are those at home that think of and pray for us. I can't tell you how much good those things did me, how many a weary hour they helped to while away; it was a perfect little treasure-house, and did me more good than all their medicine.

The little girl sent her address, and I couldn't go home without thanking her. They told me she lived up this way," and he took a worn letter from his pocket. "Let me see, Maggie Martin is the name."

"Why, that's our Maggie!" exclaimed Johnny.

So this was Maggie's soldier they had talked about so many times, and such a time as there was, the boys were quite beside themselves, and rattled on so, asking so many questions. I'm sure he was quite tired.

"But ain't you sorry you went to the war?—one arm is gone, and you can't do much now," said Johnny.

"Sorry, my boy, no! That arm has done good service, and my country is welcome to the other, if it's needed. The Stars and Stripes are worth more to me than an arm, and long may they wave!"

"Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!" shouts the trio. The soldier was not allowed to leave that day, for there was the Christmas dinner to be disposed of, and Wallie was quite sure, they would need his help.

Charley whispered slyly in his ear that "there was the biggest kind of a turkey, and everything tip-top, and he would spoil it all if he did not stay; and Maggie added her plea, so there was no resisting the combined forces, and for once the soldier was obliged to surrender. So he was feasted and petted, and sent on his way rejoicing,

with the good wishes of half a score of urchins, as well as the older ones, and I suppose has arrived safe home long ago. May God bless our brave soldiers, every one, is the prayer of

EULA LEE.



YOUNG PILGRIMS.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

LIFE's journey we have started;
Its opening dawn is bright,
And if we're merry-hearted,
We'll tune our songs aright.

The flowers that blossom ever
Around our pilgrim feet
With holy joy we'll gather,
And sip their dewy sweet.

With cheerful steps we'll hasten,
Nor list the tempter's charms,
But to the spirit listen
That calls to Jesus' arms.

Twill make life's burden lighter
To feel God's gracious love,
And every precept brighter
That points to realms above.

"His holy book will ever
Our onward footsteps guide,
Until we reach our Saviour,
And anchor near his side.

And when we meet our Jesus,
And tears are wiped away,
We'll take the harp he gives us,
And shout and sing for aye.



OLD WONDER EYES.

SEE old Wonder Eyes,
So solemn and wise!
Of what is he thinking,
With his winking and blinking?
He sits up quite straight,
And looks as sedate
As a grave; learned judge,
Or an old fogey fudge.

He's a rover by night,
But hides from the light,
And all day the old sinner
Dreams of nothing but dinner.
Let him stay if he will,
And feast to his fill
On the rats and the mice
Which he reckons so nice.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE RED FARM-HOUSE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

IN a rural town not far from Boston there once stood an old red cottage between two hills. Some one has said that "red houses blush for the men who painted them;" but Farmer Newell's neat dwelling had no reason to be ashamed. It was too venerable and old-fashioned for criticism; and, besides, it looked somehow all the cosier for its bright, warm color.

Mr. Newell's father had lived there before him. Everybody in town had heard of old "Grandpa Newell," the white-haired soldier, who, long ago, planted the thrifty orchard, built the close stone wall around it, and dug the deep well in the northeast corner of the back yard. The excellent Daniel, who now owned the premises, took a worthy pride in his parent's memory, and was in the habit of saying, with much emphasis:

"Well, if I am only half as good a man as my father was before me, I guess I shan't come to the gallows right away!"

No one could contradict this very moderate speech. Not much danger, indeed, that any of the Newell family would be brought within sight of the gallows; for a steadier, "likelier" race did not exist in all Yankee-land.

Daniel Newell's wife was a cheerful, bustling woman, who knew how to scold a little, but whose scoldings were rather pleasant than otherwise, like the lively little breezes which stir the air and purify it. If her disposition was not exactly sweet, it was, at any rate, "a pleasant sour."

At the beginning of our story, this

red cottage between the hills contained just four inhabitants. Daniel Newell, his wife, their son Perley, and Abner Hackett, "the hired man," who was treated in all respects like one of the family.

There had once been a sweet little girl christened Elvira, and called "Elva," toddling about the house, doing all manner of cunning mischief; but she was gone now. She had been like an "Elf of Light," of which we read in Northern Mythology; but her sunshine had gone out, leaving a great darkness.

Farmer Newell missed the tiny feet which had been so swift in running to meet him, and the rosy face which had been pressed so lovingly to his rough cheek.

Abner, the active worker, who hardly ever spent an idle moment, out of doors or in, now tried to keep busier than ever, in order to stifle his tender regrets for the pretty child, so "full of funnyisms," who had been in the habit of creeping into his arms every evening, and asking him either to "tickle her creep mouse," or to tell her "a 'tory."

Perley, a boy of six summers, also mourned for little Elva, though after the fitful manner of childhood, with loud wailing, and sudden gusts of tears which were soon dried.

But the poor mother! Only mothers can guess what an aching there was at her heart! She went about the house very much as usual, brushing down cobwebs as briskly as ever, careful housewife that she was! turn-

ing cheeses, "working over" the yellow butter, getting "boiled dinners," and blowing the tin horn with all the force of her breath.

But for all this, she took scanty pleasure in her work, now there was no longer a "little hindering thing" to tread upon the skirt of her dress, or tip over her pans of shelled beans.

She had not forgotten to utter an occasional joke; and sometimes her sad face lighted up with a smile, but you could always fancy there was a tear just behind it.

Elva had left this beautiful world in summer, in the "amiable month of June," when the roses were in full bloom. Now it was December, the first "ice-month," and already winter seemed to have set in, in good earnest.

The days were growing shorter. It was as if they had been pulled out like India-rubber all summer, and now were drawing up again. In the middle of the afternoon the sleepy sun began to drop down the sky as if pulled by a leaden weight. The December sun looks chilly to sad hearts. Abner grimly remarked that "it had turned a cold shoulder upon the world."

Yet it was really the beginning of a sharp New England winter, and the Newells were ready for it.

The "Baldwins," "Pearmains," "None-suches, Seek-no-further," and "Sops-o'-wine" were stowed away all sound and fragrant in their bins; also the cooking apples, that is, all which had not been "hung, and drawn, and quartered."

The cider-barrels were filled, and lay quietly down cellar, waiting to be tapped. Yellow strips of pumpkin decorated the ceiling, suspended from long poles. Paper-bags of dried sage, and summer-savory, and spearmint,

hung here and there on nails. The cooking-stove had been drawn farther into the floor, and its black pipe elbowed its way quite across the room.

In short, everything in Farmer Newell's kitchen reminded you of winter; even the smell of carrots, pumpkins, and potatoes boiling together in a confused mass in the "arch-kettle" to form a choice stew for the hogs.

"Pears to me it seems to be setting in for a long, cold season," said Mr. Newell, coming in from the post-office, taking the "comforter" off his neck, and then rubbing his red hands before the crackling fire in the sitting-room.

His wife sighed, and did a very rare thing—dropped a stitch in her blue knitting-work.

"It fairly makes me shiver when I think how lonesome the house will be all winter, day and night!" murmured she. "Daniel, I don't get used to it, and what's more, I can't!"

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Mr. Newell, hanging up his cap in the front-entry as he spoke, "it wouldn't be a bad idea for us to take an orphan child to bring up, to say nothing of its being an act of charity, Betsey."

The good man had made the same speech a hundred times before; but for all that it now seemed to make a marked impression upon Mrs. Newell, who suddenly rolled up her knitting-work, clasped her hands together in her lap, and exclaimed, with energy: "Well, we've thought about it, and talked about it, and now I believe I'll stop talking and go to *doing*. What if I go to the orphan asylum to-morrow, Daniel, and look round?"

"It won't do a mite of harm, not a *mite*," replied Mr. Newell, unfolding his newspaper and snuffing the candle.

"And if I find a child I think I can love, you're willing for me to take her, are you, Daniel? because I want to start with a fair understanding."

"Willing for you to take her? Certain sure I am, Betsey," responded her husband from the depths of the "Boston Traveler."

Now this is how it happened that Mrs. Newell, having fairly made up her mind, paid a visit next day to the orphan asylum.

And moreover, on account of this visit, it chances that a poor little girl becomes the heroine of our story.

A homeless, forsaken little orphan was "Tiny," only a little while before Christmas. Until the happy day, when Mrs. Newell went to "look round," the child's only shelter was the asylum, and her only mother the overtasked matron.

No one knew anything of Tiny's parents. When the desolate little creature was brought to the home for orphans, her great, wondering eyes were stupid with morphia-dreams. Her baby-cries had been hushed by poisonous opiates, till there was nothing left of the child but a sleepy little morsel of skin and bones. Instead of healthy blood, cold, blue ink seemed to run in her veins, and her wasted form bore marks of cruel blows.

Few could look at Tiny without tears, and you may know that large-hearted Mrs. Newell took the wretched baby in her arms and wept over her as one weeps over the grave of a dead darling.

"Who abused her so inhumanly?" asked the kind lady in a tone as if she had said, "Who killed her?"

The matron replied that nothing was known of the foundling, except that she had been brought by a rough-looking woman, not her mother.

Mrs. Newell, who in spite of her brisk, bustling ways would not knowingly brush the down from a butterfly's wing, was shocked by Tiny's bruises. At the same time she felt drawn toward the child by an irresistible attraction. A vague something about her, she could not tell what, reminded her of Elva.

"Can she live?" she asked; "will she ever be like other children?"

The matron presumed she might "come out of it," but did not know, and evidently considered it a question of small importance.

Mrs. Newell shuddered. "I wonder what my husband would say," thought she, "if I should adopt this child; she is just about Elva's age, and somehow, though I can't tell why, my heart really yearns for her."

It was passing strange to the business-like matron that Mrs. Newell should overlook scores of pretty little ones, who were frolicking about the rooms, and make choice of the very child most lacking in the dimpled beauty and cunning ways of babyhood. Poor little outcast! Her new friend meant that she should know what comfort there is in nice food, and natural sleep, and motherly love; that she should feel the warmth of home, and be thawed from the untimely frost which had nipped her tender life in the bud.

So the little one, quite unconscious of her good fortune, was wrapped in a warm cloak, driven in a sleigh by Abner, and at last set down at Mr. Newell's door as carefully as a package of glass.

Abner looked as if he considered his mistress a little insane; Mr. Newell scratched his head, and said, "It beats all!" and little Perley touched the new arrival as curiously as if it

had been an animated clothes-pin, saying, "Look, mamma, it can step!"

The miserable child was clothed at once in decent, prettily trimmed garments, which had once been worn by a far different child.

Whatever Mr. Newell might have thought of his wife's choice, he was careful to say nothing. The orphan was forthwith adopted as the daughter of the house, and having no real name of her own, was christened "Elva"—not Elvira—in memory of the angel-child who had taken wings the June before.

The new Elva was no plaything for anybody at first. Her foster-father could not coax her, even by tempting displays of candy, to sit on his knee. She was afraid of Abner's whiskers, and hid behind the door if he did but whistle to her. She fled from little Perley as if he had been a roaring lion.

The truth was, she had been so cruelly treated, that her frightened wits could not be quieted at once. The tender care Mr. Newell was obliged to exercise had a good effect upon that excellent woman; it gave her plenty to think about and to do.

Elva was like a timid chicken fearing every moment to be pounced upon by some murderous hawk. If her new mother chanced to raise her hand suddenly, the little creature quivered, expecting a blow. As Abner very justly remarked, "She kept everybody at arm's length."

But in time her brain was swept clear of its opium cobwebs, and then she fairly grasped the idea that there lived a few people in the world—a choice few—who did not desire to "shake her to pieces." She learned to say "mamma" with a loving accent, and to lisp a little prayer to the hea-

venly Father, whose name she had never heard before coming to her new home.

Happy little Elva! The roses, which had long ago been frightened out of her cheeks, began to bloom freshly, and with them appeared a pair of dancing dimples. Then her closely shingled hair grew and rolled itself into blonde ringlets, her eyes shone out clear of the clouds which had dulled them, and Elva was almost beautiful.

"She begins to look *like* folks," said Abner, enraptured.

"Isn't she my own sister now?" asked Perley; "because I wish she was!"

Having now introduced little Elva to our readers, we will, in future chapters, relate what befell her.

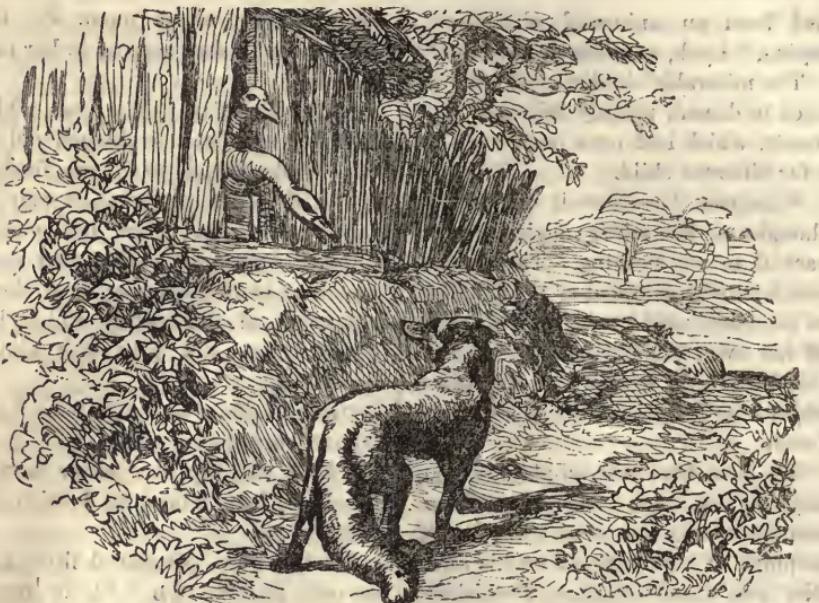
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FILINGS.

FAME flies from faltering footsteps. Facts form foundations for few fancies. Fiction, forging fact, forfeits fame. False friends follow fortune's favorites. Fly far from foolish, flattering friends. Few flatterers form firm friends. Friendship finds few faults. Favors feed friendship's flame. Friendly feelings find friendly feeling friends. Fretfulness frequently finds frigid foes. Fault-finding freezes friendship. Forget, forgive, for fear friends fail. Fools foist foppishness for fortitude. Fearful foes fight faintly. Folly finishes fools. Fight first, fight finally, fight fiercely for freedom.

WARNER B. RIGGS.

LET the youth who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.



WALTER'S PICTURE-BOOK.

IT was not like the one that Santa Clans brought you last Christmas, nor the one that father brought home from the city; indeed, I do not think you ever saw one like it, nor anybody else, for that matter; for Walter made it himself. He was very fond of pictures. He had no brothers nor sisters, and he was obliged to find amusement for himself most of the time. He not only looked at all the pictures he could find, and read the stories that came with them; but he cut them out, and he would often sit by the hour, looking them over, and making up stories of his own about them. His mother, who was sometimes troubled by Walter's pictures being scattered about the house, showed him how to paste them together into a scrap-book; and he soon had a famous collection, which made the picture-book I am writing about.

Walter was a bright, intelligent boy, and I think you would be amused with

some of his talks about his pictures. Here is what he said about a few of them. The first was what you see at the top of this page: a fox passing by a pen when two geese were looking out.

"Now," said Walter, "I'll play fox and geese. First I'll be fox, and then I'll be geese, and we'll have a nice little talk together."

"Good morning, mother goose; how's all the little goslings?"

"All safe enough from you, Mr. Reynard."

"Thank you, Mrs. Goose, I've had my breakfast; I caught a fine fat rooster that was so busy crowing away that he did not see me, and I snapped him up in a twinkling."

"It was young Perticlack, I'll be bound; well, I'm glad of it; he chased my goslings yesterday, and pecked two of them half to death. He was always crowing about and boasting how smart he was."

"Likely enough it was he—I know he made me a good breakfast. But now I must go. Some day I'll be back, and take dinner with *you*, perhaps."

"So! so! Better wait until you are invited."

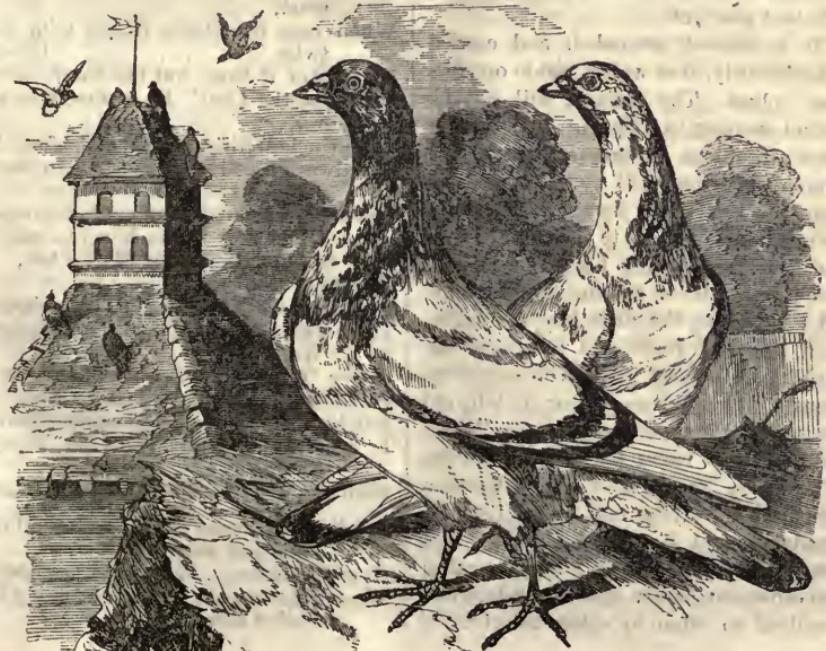
"Now I'll be Willie again, and I'll just take my gun and stand around the corner, Mr. Fox, and when you come, pop! bang! and that *will* be the last of *you*.

"Coo, coo. Here's my doves on top of the barn, looking up to their house which they have just left. They are young ones; they have just learned to fly, and they think they have done something wonderful to fly so far. Well, I think it is wonderful, too. I don't see how a bird *can* fly. Father says they beat against the air with their wings, just like a boy or a frog pushing against the water with his hands and feet when he swims. I asked him why men couldn't make wings for themselves, and fly like the

birds. He said their arms are not strong enough, and their bodies are too solid. He said, too, that birds' wings are very strong and light, and some of their bones are hollow and filled with air. Perhaps somebody will invent a flying machine some day. Father said a great many men have tried to, but they have not made out much yet.

"They do make bellows to carry them up into the air, but when they get up there, the wind carries them along just the way it happens to be blowing at the time. Sometimes men have been blown away off over the water, and the balloon has come down, and they have come near drowning. I wouldn't dare go up in a balloon. I should get dizzy, I am sure, for when I went with my cousin up into a steeple one day, and looked down, it made my head swim so I was glad to look away from the window.

"There, I've talked about my pictures long enough for this time, and now I'll go and spin my new top."



Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR" rises to every lip on this anniversary day; nowhere more heartily felt than in our Merry circle. It comes like a joyous anthem chorus swelling from the thousands of the cousins, echoing from Maine to Minnesota, and filling our *sanctum* with happiest music. Uncle Robert is too full of joy to do more than smile back the sentiment; Aunt Sue seizes her ready pen to respond; Uncle Hiram buries his hatchet amid the chips it has made; and Uncle William strikes up singing—

We all will be young together to-day,
Though Time shakes his finger and
beckons away;
His wintry snow on our heads he may
fling,
But our hearts are yet blooming with
treasures of spring.

Now, then, let's shake hands over all the bygones of the old year, and opening our hearts wide for love and its troop of pleasures, resolve that 1865 shall be the best year yet.

It is moved, seconded, and carried unanimously, that we all outdo our former selves. The MUSEUM will not be found wanting in its part. It has many new attractions to be presented in the coming months. Let every cousin who can give a pleasing thought, provoke a merry laugh, or add to the fund of useful knowledge, bring his or her mite to the treasure-house for the general benefit. To make the circle larger, livelier, and more enjoyable, and to enable the publisher to meet greatly increased expenses, we unitedly ask your friendly aid in securing new readers. Uncle Robert offers liberal PREMIUMS for such efforts. The Merry Badge, especially, is worth a good deal of trying for. Many have already secured it, and are pleased not only to have so valuable and beautiful an ornament, but to find themselves recognized so often by other members of

the circle who at once count them as friends. Once more, then, let us join hands in promoting our pleasant work; and now hear our monthly Chat.

Swiftly the months of the fast closing year
Have rushed upon each other in their flight,
Each bringing, as it came, to thousand hearts
The MUSEUM's kind greeting—like a leaf
Floating from some sweet-scented tree
to fall
Upon our table with its fragrant breath.
Thousands of children hail with new delight
Each coming number, richer than the
In Pictures, Puzzles, Stories, Letters,
Rhymes.

Bright over all beams Uncle Merry's
smile;
And Aunt Sue's glowing words of hearty
love
For all the Merrys; Uncle Hiram, too,
Whose boasted hatchet some profess to
fear,
Is none the less our friend. Pruning is
good,
When men like Uncle Hiram trim the
twigs.
No matter if from out his name, trans-
"I harm the Chat" be made—it is not
true.

Then Uncle William must not be forgot;
We always love his stories. Then there
comes

Rising before me what an endless troop—
A few whose faces I have loved to con:
Ella, and Merrimac, and Hattie Lee,
Winifred, and Fred. W. C. C.;
And others, whom imagination paints
Perchance as well as sunlight—Jasper,
Waif,

Oliver Onley, unknown Sophie May,
Pertine and Bella B., and Saucy Nell.
But I must give it up—to name them all
Is quite unneeded; well the Merrys
know

Each member of their well-belovéd Chat.
Sad thoughts come clustering 'round the
names of two
So ever-welcome: WILFORLEY now sleeps
'Neath Greenwood's shades—among his
kindred sleeps.

His kindly words and sprightly thoughts
no more [look
Shall gladden us. Shall we not often
Upon his noble features, and recall
The nobler mind, and grieve to say fare-
well?

DANKER, too, sleeps; but not with kind-
dred falls [wave
His quiet resting-place. The tossing
Plays with his tresses 'neath the foaming
deep,
Far from the home he loved; and yet
we know

To spirits such as his, it matters not
Where rests the sleeping clay. True to
his God,
True to his country and his fellow-man,
His spirit soars to bask in endless light.
We mourn them; they rejoice; our tears
may fall,
Yet shall we not look up and seek their
rest?

A word of kindest greeting, and I
close; [all
To Uncles, Aunt, and Cousins one and
A Merry Christmas and a brave New
Year!

Success abundant to the MUSEUM!
May no one fail its pleasant face to
greet [five,
Each coming month of Eighteen sixty-
By death, by change, by chance of any
sort—
And may its patrons be most richly
blessed,
So asks one of its best and truest friends.

Nov., 1864. KRUNA.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 9, 1864.

DEAR MERRYS:—I have been absent so long from your circle, that I imagine I am about forgotten, and that I may not be entirely so, I come with this little Chat.

Sharpshooter, I was very sorry I missed seeing you. I can sympathize with your afflictions, being obliged to hobble myself, in consequence of wet days and nights on the James River. I was right glad to hear that you favored "Ancient Abe." I joined the Galena just about a fortnight after "Little Mac," of (in)glorious memory, was on board, and used to enjoy the anecdotes old salts had to tell of him, till, in Washington, he ignored the ship, his protector, and us, and before the committee answered, "Don't remember—might have been. Only this and nothing more."

Jasper and Tommy, your pardon.

Please send your present address, and I will fulfill my obligations at once.

Saucy Nell, did you ever receive a c. de v. from me? I sent you one. If not, will you exchange now?

If any of the cousins will favor Jean with their cartes, he will return at once. Address Box 719, Providence, R. I.

Wilforley, our bright, pleasant friend, is gone. We shall miss his pleasant words much, as the MUSEUM comes monthly round. May he rest in peace!

With love to all, as ever,

JEAN DU CASSE.

Right welcome to our circle again. You have been absent from roll-call several times, but did not know you had taken refuge on the "Protector." Hope it will not have the effect to make you "forget" your old friends. Come often.

Nov. 10, 1864.

GLORIOUS MERRYS:—Hurrah for the Union! Swing hats, all loyal Merrys! Out-West Boy, aren't you glad that our own Honest Abe is re-elected? I am in Illinois, and I want to be friends with you.

I am in favor of a President. "Hark, hark! what myriads bid us rise!" Ye Merrys, rouse to liberty! In union there is strength, so down with W. A. R. and Fletta! Rally to the side of equality in our circle!

Franc, if you are somebody's "wife," I thought you knew better than to be in favor of a queen! But I might have known better!

Sigma, stand by your "brother" in the great contest for equal rights and popular sovereignty. Let this W.A.R. be forever crushed!

Addie W., do you live in R.?

Em. Moore, I know somebody whose name sounds something like yours.

Lillie Linden, I want to sit by you in the Chat—mayn't I?

Blue-Eyes, I want to correspond with you. Will you do so? Please let me know through the Chat or "111."

Lillie Linden, I think I have a very good name, but for the present I prefer to be

NAMELESS.

UNCLE ROB AND MERRY COUSINS:—I wish all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

And why should we not have a happy new year? I am sure we have a great many reasons to be happy. While God

in his providence has seen fit to remove those from our Merry circle whom we loved, and whom we miss, he in his merciful kindness has seen fit to spare our lives to see the dawning of the new year. Who, how many of us, will live to see the close? All, I hope, but I am afraid not. Are we all prepared? Let us each ask ourselves this question. If not, haven't we a lesson to learn from the last year? See how many of our friends have been suddenly taken away! to that better land, I trust—H. A. Danker drowned by the sudden sinking of his vessel; Wilforley, by a short sickness. Haven't we reason to be happy? and should we not be happy when we feel prepared to meet our God, when he may call us from our duties on earth?

Leslie still cries Pertine for Queen, and I for one am ready to stand by him for another year, if need be, in order to establish her upon the Merry throne.

Hattie Lee casts a sly glance at me, while Uncle Robert says, "Pontiac, your time is 'most out—be quick!" So, cousins, wishing you all a hearty good-night, I leave you to the tender mercies of the hatchet.

PONTIAC.

POINT GREEN.

MERRYS ALL:—Again we meet, at the passing away of the old, and the birth of the new year. It is a time for sad and solemn thought. Eighteen hundred and sixty-four is gone never to return: think of it my Merry friends, never.

A retrospective view of the past year doubtless brings to your minds much of joy; but oh, how winding the path of life seems when one looks back upon it as from some high mountain top! How many times we have strayed from the straight and narrow way! But the leaf in the book of the recording angel is turned; what has been written there you and I can never know until we are assembled at the judgment before the awful throne of the Most High God. Then all the millions of earth shall know the good and evil deeds of sixty-four; but sixty-five, beaming with smiles, radiant with hope, and full of promises for a bright and prosperous future, stands waiting at the threshold. Welcome, thou new comer? If thou bringest us victory and peace, faith and love for and in Christ Jesus, we can ask of thee nothing more.

But enough! May you all live to see

many another Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Whatever of evil the parting year has brought, it has given at least one blessing to the Merrys. A Queen we have at last—one whose right to wear the crown none have dared to dispute. All who have been fearless enough to speak at all, have spoken in her favor. The candidates, which a year ago almost set the (Merry) world on fire, have taken to themselves wings. One has winged her flight to a brightly shining Star(r). The other attempted to fly off into the beauties of Shakspeare, but, alas! there is a "Stone" around her neck forever. Now that contest is over, and from all sides comes the universal shout, "All hail to Queen Pertine!"

Dan H. B., have you left us never to return? Are you disgusted with the demoralization of the Merry band? It is too bad; we regret your demise exceedingly!

Certainly, Ino and all other Merrys, send along the *visites*.

Kitty Clover, here is my hand—place your paw within its clasp. I'm glad to meet you in this hall.

Stranger and Rogers, *welcome*. Come oftener.

A. H., I agree with you about this tariff on ideas. It is too bad. Let's strike.

But enough of messages. With one more cheer for Queen Pertine, and three rousing ones each for U. S. Grant, Sherman, and Phil. Sheridan. I — there! you see that horrid instrument runs very smoothly now—all that is left is

Yours, very truly, LESLIE.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—I chatted once, and I fell into the basket; but my motto is, "Try, try again."

I am going to get behind the biggest cousin I can find, and only peep out when I chat; so, Uncle, don't look into this corner. I won't make much noise.

Don't you think, cousins, I'll be safe now W. A. R. is so far away?

If any of the cousins are farmers, please speak, and we'll be friends right off. And if any of the cousins are "sportsmen," come and visit me; I have a good hunting dog, and the prairie chickens are plenty in Minnesota, and so are quails, partridges, and wild ducks. All I ask is for some cousin to come, and we will have a Merry time. Don't forget to come next summer.

ROBIN HOOD.

Dec^r, 1864.

UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS ALL:—I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Uncle, have you called the roll, to see if all are present? I hope they are, and that more have joined our band.

Well, "Better Cousin," so you wish to exchange. I think you have changed your name for the better, and I am willing to exchange *cartes*, but you must send yours first. Uncle knows my address.

Cousin I., I like you, and like your suggestion very much. Hope you will write often. Love to all.

COUSIN FORESTINA.

ADRIAN.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—From my home in Michigan I come to ask admission in the Chat. Am I welcome?

For nearly two years I have been a reader of the MUSEUM, and am seldom more deeply interested than when perusing its pages. The Chat, I think, is *delightful*, and many times have I thought how pleasant it would be to be a member.

Juno, shall we be FRIENDS? I hope so. Leslie, Tattler, Forestina, in fact, all you Merrys, will you exchange with me? Uncle Merry has my address.

VESTA.

The hatchet strikes both friend and foe—for our best friends write long letters, and consequently have to pass through the "manipulator."

You are thrice welcome to a seat and a yearly ticket of admission to our parlor.

A Happy New Year to you all, Cousins Merry, and also to Uncle Robert, for does he not try to make it "A Happy New Year" for us?

Daisy W., I greet you with a kiss; I like your corner hugely. Many thanks to you for your kindly welcome, and I hope we may become better acquainted. Kitty Clover and Prairie Rose, my love for you both! Isn't this a nice corner? and won't we have fun together?

Lillie Linden, shake hands with me, and let's have a little chat.

Juno, shall I read Longfellow with you, or would you rather listen to one of Beethoven's symphonies, or perhaps a plaintive ballad would suit you best.

LURLINE.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

DEAR MERRYS:—Excuse me for coming again so soon, but I have only a little to say, and then will give way for others.

"Nameless," I do not think you need any *more* names, but how would O. S. (Old Scratch!) do for a title? Does it look natural?

"Franc," such catechetical questions will not answer (or be answered).

"Teaser," will you X with a fellow-laborer? Send, and I'll retaliate.

"Juno," if all the admirers of Abigail and Longfellow are your friends, please consider as one, your coz,

SIGMA.

DEAR MERRYS:—Here I come from my place in the corner where I have been staying so many months, but listening very attentively to all that has been said. But, alas! I see that our once merry circle is now sad. Two have left us, Wilforley and H. A. Danker. And one was a brave soldier boy, who died while serving his country beneath the "Stars and Stripes." Oh, "this cruel war!" When will it be over? How many thousands of deaths have been occasioned by it! Grasshopper, I am also for Lincoln.

Ha! ha! Do listen to W. A. R. A fine king he would make, certainly. We are to have a queen, and Pertine shall wear the crown. Only, Pertine, do not, like Winnie, go away and leave us.

Romance and Kitty Clover, I should be happy to X with you.

Please, Uncle, don't consign this to the basket.

DOWN-EAST GIRL.

IN THE WOODS, Nov. 24, 1864.

MERRY COUSINS:—Will you admit another cousin in your pleasant parlor? I will promise to keep in order, and behave myself as any gentleman should.

I have just graduated from one of our "Western Colleges," that is, a low, log building 12x14 feet. My diploma is a curiosity. I will bring it along next time, that you may all enjoy it. I have seen cousins Annie Drummond and Dan H. B., and have Sigma's carte within visiting distance. By the way, Sigma, may I not have one "to keep forever?" I know Cousin Lockwood well.

I am in favor of having Queen Fleta

to reign over us, and of the *persecution* of the W.A.R.

Will Her Majesty, Daisy Wildwood, and Puss exchange picturegraphs?

I should like very much to receive letters from Dan H. B., W. A. R., and any one else who will take pity on me.

Uncle Robert has my address.

Yours Merrily,
BACKWOODSMAN.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

The undersigned hereby acknowledges the receipt of one hundred dollars, the proceeds of a Fair, held at the residence of Mahlon Campfield, Esq., by six little girls of the Third Presbyterian Church of this city, in aid of the American Christian Commission.

E. R. CRAVEN.

Little girls, take notice—one hundred dollars raised for the Christian Commission through the efforts of "six little girls!" Surely there are six little girls, and ten times six, too, among the "Merry" troupe, who can do as much in aid of this noble cause. No public hall is needed. Search among the open-hearted, and you will soon find open "residences" freely offered in which to hold your fairs. Through your own simple efforts you may gladden the heart of many a brave soldier whose "new year" may open in a hospital, or even on the battle-field, where he may lie wounded amid the dying and the dead. Try it, "Merry" girls; and you, "Merry" boys, lend your hearty aid. Remember the flag that we are fighting for is the flag of the young as well as of the old—of the yet unborn as well as of the heroes who died for it nearly a hundred years ago. Every true Union soldier in the field is risking his life for every boy and girl in the land.

As we go to press with this number earlier than usual, some will not receive the Portrait this month. All, however, who send their money for the year in advance during the month of January, will receive the plate in the next number.

We will send a copy of the MUSEUM free the coming year to any one who will send five new subscribers, and prefers the Magazine to any other premium.

For the benefit of our many new subscribers, we would say the Boys' Gold



Badge is worth six dollars, at the present rate of gold, and you can obtain it by sending us eight new subscribers, with the money in advance.

The Girls' Gold Badge is worth nine



dollars, and will be sent to any one who will send us twelve new subscribers.

These Badges make a neat and handsome breastpin, as well as a token of recognition by the large and widespread family of "Merry" boys and girls. We will send either of them on receipt of the price, if any wish them, and can not get them as a premium.

Uncle Robert will gladly exchange photos with any and all the Merry family who desire, and who will send theirs to him. The Merry Alburna is one of his treasures, and we hope for many more accessions to its pages.

The real name of every writer must be sent, which will be kept strictly confidential, if desired.

KEOKUK COUSINS, we acknowledge the "corn," or, rather, the "appendage" referred to. It probably was a "first attempt," and will be improved upon in future editions. Should we ever be in your vicinity, we shall certainly have an "eye" on that "prospect."

NORTHERN STAR sparkles from its "Ivy Dell," and wonders whether all are as merry as when it last did shine.

ROBIN Hood comes from prairie-land to occupy one of the MUSEUM "corners," and is busy counting to see how many "corners" there are, and has already become completely "cornered."

FLETA, your friend is welcome to a "reserved" seat, but can not have yours—you must not ask that. Retiring to private life does not include a vacant seat in the Chat.

FRANK SCOVILLE brings answers to puzzles, and joins the circle.

PRESIDENT. Yes. Did you get *c. de v.*?

FAIRY, we will bind the year's numbers of the MUSEUM for sixty cents, and you can take the volume away when you bring the numbers.

WAR LYRICS.—A choice selection of Lyrics illustrated with war pictures by F. O. C. Darley. It is an elegant book for the center-table, and a worthy monument of the war. We speak for it a place in the households of those whose brave ones have gone to fight for the flag of the free. James G. Gregory, Publisher, New York.

Mr. Gregory also publishes the following beautiful holiday books, which we cordially commend to all our readers. The illustrations and printing are so much above the ordinary publications of the day, that we trust they will find their way into every household in the land.

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS, illustrated and printed in tints from drawings by Darley, is as elegant a Christmas juvenile as we have seen.

THE BOY'S BANNER Book, containing "The American Flag," "Star-Spangled

Banner," "Red, White, and Blue," "Our Flag is There," etc., beautifully illustrated.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—The story told in verse by Richard Henry Stoddard, with beautiful illustrations engraved in colors, and is one of the finest specimens of the art of printing in colors yet executed in America.

LITTLE BLUE HOOD, by Thomas Miller, is the title of a book of 96 pages, containing an interesting story, which will attract and please the little folks.

LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.—Three volumes, with beautifully colored engravings, entitled *FAST IN THE ICE*, *FIGHTING THE WHALES*, and *AWAY IN THE WILDERNESS*. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

These highly entertaining volumes are just the books for youth, combining amusement with instruction, containing valuable information in attractive style.

UNCLE JOHN'S LIBRARY, of six profusely illustrated volumes for the young folks, by the Appletons, is a progressive series of books well adapted to the capacities of children, conveying instruction and useful lessons in the attractive form of short stories and sketches. They are excellent books for holiday presents.

WILLARD PRIME, by the author of "The Little Rebel," is the third book in the "Plymouth Rock" series, published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. This is an entertaining series, full of adventure and interest. The second of the series, which we noticed last month, is the "Tailor Boy," instead of "Sailor Boy," as the printer made us say.

Any Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

HARRY BOWLES wins the prize (his second) for November puzzles, having correctly answered all but two.

The usual prizes will be given month-

ly for the greatest number of correct solutions, viz., a beautiful heart-puzzle to any one not having before received a prize; a gold pen to those having already

obtained the heart-puzzle ; and a gold pen and a silver pencil case.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. A traveler sleeps at an inn to-night. He starts with fear from his slumbers light ; He listens. Below he hears my first. Louder it sounds. Has worst come to worst ? He springs to the door—my second moves. He smiles. He is safe. And so it proves. For below, "mine host" and Mr. Scott Think not of plunder, or crime, or plot, As they talk of my whole—a man of fame— An author—a traveler. What's his name ? *Rhoda Sweeny.*
2. My first is the aim of all; high, low, rich, and poor ; for it many sacrifice life—many obtain, yet few can retain it. It stimulates virtue as well as crime and degradation. My second (in sound) grows in the field, is a part of mankind, the musician's fortune ; yet he who has a large share of me is but an ass. My whole is an individual whose name is ever before the public gaze, and in which great confidence is placed, yet seldom received unless backed by his note. *W. A. R.*

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

3. A verb and its characteristic. *D. P. & W. W. Wight.*
4. A girl's nickname, a preposition, and a verb. *A. S. W.*
5. Young animals, and that on which we stand. *May of Irvington.*
6. A number, an interjection, and a measurer of time. *H. W. Patter.*
7. A sad affair. *C. F. W.*

ANAGRAMS.

8. Gift, nice man. *Aubrey Benson.*
9. Easy ken. *Bay.*
10. I can't be in a pitcher. *Clite Clinton.*
11. Clean it Mag ! *Tominy.*
12. Give the poor, line-pins. *Busy Bee.*

13. Ned, I roam not. *Fred W. C. C.*
14. Nine pence dye dad. *Geo. McKinney.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed :

15. — may be made to give forth *Sigma.*
16. — me with a — of — from the —. *Stupid Harp.*
17. In winter a — is not —. *Grasshopper.*
18. The — and the — are the same. *Franc.*
19. *I ate not his lamb without —.* *Mercury.*
20. U O 2 $\frac{G}{N}$ UR $\frac{\text{Passi}}{80}$ motions. *Adelbert Older.*
21. I am composed of 8 letters : My 2, 5, 7, 8, 6 is a solitary situation. My 3, 2, 1 is useful to housekeepers. My 8, 4 has disappointed many. My whole is one who— "Washed his hands in human blood, to chase the phantom 'Fame,' And made this lovely earth a waste, to win a martial name." *Maggie.*
22. My first is to lead ; my second is a post ; my whole is necessary to travelers. *Mercury.*
23. Change my head several times, and make 1, a prison ; 2, a measure ; 3, an attendant ; 4, rapture ; 5, a wise man ; 6, a verb—meaning to bet. *Franc.*
24. Behead an animal—transpose, and make a degree. *Clementina.*
25. Transpose a coin into an annoyance to a writer. *Minx.*
26. Behead an animal—transpose, and make meal of him. *Merrimac.*
27. Complete, I am familiar to all the cousins ; behead me, and I am an article of dress ; behead again, and I am a preposition ; behead again, and leave a solitary letter. *A. P.*
28. I am composed of 9 letters : Omit my 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9 ; transpose, and leave a dangerous character. Omit my 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8 ; transpose, and leave an article of food. Omit my 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 ; transpose, and leave a girl's name. *Forestina.*
29. 1004150. *Loyalty.*
30. Again and distrust equal a slight fortification. *Pansy No. 2.*

31. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 8th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

245. Swallowed, allowed, lowed, owed, wed, ed.

246. William Shakespeare.

247. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

248. Jefferson Davis.

249. Shoe, hose.

250. Loveliness.

251. Doomed.

252. Teal, leat.

253. Pill, ill.

254. Copper-head.

255. Portrait, traitor.

256. P. Q. Liar (peculiar).

257. Broom, room.

258. Funambulating.

259. Vacation.

260. Pomegranate.

261. Leporine.

262. Rhetorical.

263. Reinforcement.

264. Iron, tom, monitor.

265. Regal, lager.

266. Blow, bowl.

267. Slip, lisp, lips.

268. Time and tide wait for no man.

Harry Bowles answers all but 252, 265.

Coy answers all but 252, 264, 265.

Aubrey answers all but 252, 264, 265, 268.

Violet Forest answers all but 258, 262, 264, 265.

Merrimac answers all but 250, 261, 264, 265, 267.

Forestina answers all but 252, 254, 256, 261, 264, 265.

Signd answers all but 245, 252, 258, 261, 262, 263, 264, 267.

Peter answers all but 252, 255, 256, 258, 260, 261, 264, 265, 267.

Anna J. B. answers all but 247, 250, 251, 252, 258, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268.

Lillie Linden answers all but 252, 256, 258, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 267, 268.

Juno answers 245, 246, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 255, 257, 258, 259, 262.

Volunteer answers 246, 247, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 256, 257, 259, 261, 266.

Hero answers 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 253, 254, 255, 257, 268.

Rena answers 246, 247, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 257, 259, 261, 262.

Augusta R. Bates answers 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 255, 257, 266.

Mercury answers 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 255, 257, 268.

Harry P. Child answers 246, 247, 248, 249, 253, 254, 255, 257, 266, 268.

Henry answers 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 253, 254, 257, 268.

Down-East Girl answers 246, 247, 248, 249, 253, 254, 257, 259.

C. W. J. answers 246, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 255, 257, 266.

Elizabeth answers 245, 246, 248, 249, 253, 254, 257.

Union answers 245, 248, 251, 253, 254, 257.

Robin Hood answers 246, 247, 248, 249, 253, 268.

Hickory answers 248, 249, 253, 257, 259, 268.

Fairy answers 248, 249, 253, 257.

Frank Scoville answers 249, 253, 254, 257.

"*Gen. Butler*" answers 246, 248, 254, 268.

Snow-Drift answers 246, 247, 248.

Vesta answers 247, 249, 253.

President answers 246.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Elizabeth, Vesta, Coy, Violet Forest, Sigma, President, Hickory, Aubrey, and Peter.

"Marching On!"

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG. Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;

Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, We are sol - diers of Zi - on prepared for the war.

Marching on! marching on!

Marching on! marching on! marching on!

Sound the bat - tie - cry ! Sound the bat - tie - cry ! Marching

on! marching on!

marching on!

D. C.

2.
Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rs the foe
Marching on, &c.

3.
Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;

We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights'gainst the Lord.

Marching on, &c.

4.

Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'ly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.

Marching on, &c.

"Bring in the Lambs."

22—Three to each measure.

L. M. with Chorus.

CHORUS.

1. { Welcome, kind friends and teachers dear, Ye who have toiled from year to year, } the tender lambs,
To lead us up the heavenly way, And teach us how to watch and pray. } Bring in the lambs, O bring them.

bring them in to Je-sus' fold. Bring in the lambs, the ten-der lambs, O bring them, bring them in to Jesus' fold.

2. "Soon ye shall reap if ye faint not;"
(O, let that truth be ne'er forgot;) "Wait on the Lord,"—your strength renew,"
"Be zealous," and be hopeful, too.—Cho.

3. Bring in the lambs, while yet ye may,
Ere Satan claims them for his prey:

So "ye shall shine as stars of light,"
In yonder heaven so fair and bright.—Cho.

4. High, high the heavenly rapture burns,
Whenc'er a prodigal returns!
Strive, strive that rapture to prolong,
Till earth shall echo back the song!—Cho.



ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR AND TWELVE.

MRS. NEWELL had reason every hour in the day to be thankful that a kind Providence had thrown the little orphan under her protection. Elva was as impulsive as the vane on the dove-house; prone to bitter tears, and dancing smiles, and wild fancies; but, withal, such a confiding, affectionate little creature, that she crept at once into the empty place in her foster-mother's heart.

"It's more than I could have believed," said Mrs. Jenkins, who came to Mrs. Newell's regularly four times a year to take tea; "I've said to the neighbors often, I never would have thought, when you took that little scrimped-up baby, that you could have doctored her up and made a decent child of her. It took *you* to do it, Mrs. Newell! Come here, little one, and tell me what your name is?"

"Elva Newell; and I'm four years old and a quarter, ma'am," lisped the child, twisting a corner of her apron and dropping her head a little to one side.

"Very well, my dear; and now, who is your mother? and where did you live before you came here, Elva?"

"Oh, *mamma* is my mother! Mamma bought me. She went to the store and said to the man: 'I want to buy a little girl, sir. You got any little girls with black eyes and shiny black hair, all straight?' And he said, 'No, ma'am, he hadn't.' But there was a little girl on the top-shelf, all wrapped up in a buffalo, and that was *me*. And I didn't have anything but blue eyes and white hair. So my mamma bought me—and that's all."

Mrs. Jenkins wiped away a smile with her thimble finger, and looked at her hostess inquiringly. Mrs. Newell returned the glance by a twinkle of the eye which seemed to say, "You see for yourself what a cunning little thing she is."

But no such remark escaped her lips. She merely said, in a brisk tone between scolding and laughing, "We don't think the child means to tell fibs, Mrs. Jenkins, but I'm sorry to say she has a way of making up very queer stories in her head. Elva, darling, take your fingers out of your mouth."

The little girl obeyed, fixing on Mrs. Newell her large dreamy blue eyes, full of astonishment; for she evidently supposed she had been giving a truthful account of her origin.

Mrs. Jenkins, much amused, went on with her questions. "Do you know your letters, dear?"

"Yes'm," replied the child, her face beaming with delight; "I learned 'em on my pewter plate, 'fore I could eat!."

"Of all things! Then why do they

send you to school? If you know so much, and don't have to study any, I'm afraid you whisper and play when the teacher don't see you."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Miss Elva, laughing in high glee. "You thought I was a naughty girl to school, *didn't* you? But I'm as good as a lady! The teacher pins me to her dress, and lets me walk all over the floor—everywhere *she* walks!"

This convincing proof of her own good behavior little Elva told with much enthusiasm, pursing up her pretty lips which looked like "snips of scarlet." But her mother, suddenly remembering that children should be seen and not heard, advised her talkative little daughter to keep quiet; and for the space of two minutes Elva sat staring straight into the fireplace, which was filled with branches of feathery asparagus, or over the mantle at the two black profiles of her father and mother.

Great was the child's wonder respecting those profiles; she thought Mr. and Mrs. Newell must have changed very much, or that the artist had made a strange mistake in their complexions.

Then Elva ran to take a peep at her pretty self in the large looking-glass, whose gilt frame surrounded it like a halo. By-and-by, as her mother and Mrs. Jenkins fell into a butter-and-cheese conversation, which she thought very wise and very stupid, she ran out of doors to find Perley and the dog Nimrod, and have a frolic.

"There's a regular fly-away, you'd better believe," said Mrs. Newell as the last flutter of pink calico disappeared behind the lilac bushes. The words were tart enough, but spoken with a fond smile, reminding you of a sweetly acid stick of lemon-candy.

"She imagines all sorts of strange things," continued the good lady. "Sometimes she calls herself *Esther* for a day at a time, and won't answer to any other name, and wants a crown, just as queen Esther had, in the Bible."

"How you talk!" said Mrs. Jenkins, drawing out her needle with a jerk of surprise.

"She made up that story about my buying her at a store, and has told it over so many times that she really believes it. Why, Mrs. Jenkins, she is so full of her fancies, that I have to be very careful how I speak of sickness before her; for what does she do but imagine she feels all the pains and aches in her own little body! Strange as it may seem, I've actually known that child to turn pale and faint, and cry with the side-ache when she has heard about Mrs. Taylor's sufferings with that cambric needle, you know."

"You don't say so, Mrs. Newell! What a curious child!"

"She is indeed a strange compound, Mrs. Jenkins, I do assure you. She needs a steady hand. It will be my aim to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but I shall need much wisdom from above."

"We shall all need it," said Mrs. Jenkins, sighing as she thought of her large family of boys.

At the early hour of five, tea was prepared; not a minute too soon for panting little Elva, who rushed into the house like a frightened pet lamb, pursued by boisterous Perley in the character of a roaring lion.

"Children!" said Mrs. Newell, severely, "sober down in a minute!"

The children at once proceeded to "sober down" by washing their faces and rubbing them on the roller-towel, which, though of spotless purity, was harsh to the touch, being made of

that kind of "crash" which is not at all softened by age.

Elva had not yet learned to be ashamed of her high-chair. She sat next her mother, with Abner on her left, for the table was round. Mr. Newell asked a short and heartfelt blessing upon the excellent food set before them; and all the while Elva and Perley kept their hands folded, and their eyes fixed on their plates, like well-bred children.

Mrs. Newell poured the tea, as she did everything else, in an energetic, lively manner, which was really refreshing. She always wore her front hair rolled in the shape of the letter O, and fastened on each side of her temples by shell side-combs.

"I like to have company," said Elva confidentially to Abner after tea, "for then we have damson 'serves in a glass dish, and oh, such nice custards, all freckled with nutmeg!"

After Mrs. Jenkins had gone home, Elva sat in her father's lap asking him the most delightfully foolish questions, which he answered at random with scarcely a smile; though at heart he was laughing plentifully, and blessing the sweet little Prattler who made so much sweet music in the house. After coqueting with her father for a while, Elva went to Abner, who called her "Miss Yellowlocks," and asked her what had happened during the day.

"Perley's been a plaugin' me! He called me everything. He said I was all the naughty girls, and all the homely girls—he did!"

"Bad Perley! I shall have to talk to him!"

"Yes, sir," replied little Puss, with a demure sweep of the eyelashes, "I whipped him!"

Then everybody smiled, and noisy Perley clapped his raspberry-stained

hands and whistled with great gusto; for it was well known that Elva had a way of "whipping" her stout brother with playful little love-pats, hardly powerful enough to brush the dew off a rose-leaf.

Then, after much petting, the family consented to part with Elva for the night. She knelt by her mother's side and repeated her evening prayer, and so ended one of her happy days.

Surely nothing could be brighter and cheerier than the poor orphan's little childhood. What does she remember of cruel blows, and still more cruel doses of anise-seed and paregoric? What does she know about orphan asylums, and hungry, homeless children?

It would be a pleasure to linger with Elva through her sunny days of baby-houses and dirt-pies; but we must hasten to have her grow older. We have said good-night to the happy young creature of four; and now let us bid good-morning to the little maiden of twelve.

The same golden-haired Elva, but grown almost out of our knowledge—she is rather tall for her age. Her fair face is a little freckled. Ah! Elva, that is because you do not always remember your sun-bonnet! But what are a few freckles more or less on a gentle frank face? Elva is very "handy," her mother says. Summer and winter she is an early riser, always wakened betimes by the high-toned but pleasant voice of that active housewife, Mrs. Newell.

She was feeding her fowls one morning, standing at the barn-door, gazing far away at the soft sky and the clouds of smoke curling up from the village chimneys, while her hens, turkeys and geese pecked away at their breakfast quite unheeded.

There had been a remarkable event at the farm-house, and Elva's thoughts were running upon it. "A baby, a live little girl," said she to herself; "isn't it splendid? I wish, though, the nurse wouldn't be so cross! What if baby is little! Just as if I should drop her, or break her like a china teacup! Oh! such a darling, with her little bobbing head and her soft cheeks! What makes Mrs. Piper say I shall kiss the blood through? It's just to plague me, and I don't believe a word of it, so there, Mrs. Piper!"

"It makes me so ashamed when the girls come in to look at the baby, to have that woman sit and shake her head just like a tiger, and say, 'Elva, don't *you* touch the child! *I'll* show her to the children myself!' As if I hadn't half sense!"

Here a speckled hen flew at a white chicken in the most savage manner, but received not a word of rebuke from Elva, who stood shelling corn, her large eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"What did that spiteful woman mean by saying, 'Now, Miss Elva, *your* nose is out of joint!'" continued the little girl, unconsciously touching her nasal organ to make sure it kept its usual position. "I don't see as there's anything the matter with my nose; but I can guess what she means, or I have an inkling, as Abner says. She thinks nobody will take any notice of me now there's a baby in the house! Just as if my darling mother can't love two as well as one—three as well as two, I mean. I don't believe a word of it, so there, Mrs. Piper."

"I'm going to make my new sister a present. Let's see, what will I get? I shall have money enough to buy almost anything, for mother says I may have all she gets for my sage and summer-savory and camomile. Let's see."

"Hullo, Elf," cried Perley, suddenly appearing and scattering the feathered assembly in all directions. "Oh, my stars! What do you suppose you are doing, you crazy thing? You're feeding those everlasting chickens with my pop-corn!"

"Why, so I am!" cried Elva, in great consternation; "will it hurt them, think!"

"Hurt 'em, think?" echoed Perley, laughing. "No, nor even pound-cake wouldn't, as I know of, nor custard-pudding. Oh, what a girl!"

Perley stooped to pick up what Elva had dropped.

"Four cobs, miss; and 'twas just the jolliest pop-corn we ever had in the house! How shall I pay you for such doings? I'm going to toss you up to the moon, miss—do you hear?"

"Don't, don't—I didn't mean to," screamed Elva, as Perley seized her in his strong arms, and playfully flung her into a bundle of hay as if she had been a wisp of straw.

"Now tell me," said he, pinioning her shoulders, "What was it Abner said to you last night out in the kitchen, all so solemn? Tell me, and I'll let you up."

"Shan't tell," said Elva, laughing gleefully.

"Then keep it to yourself—who cares?" said Perley, trying to appear indifferent, but evidently in a fever of curiosity.

"Well, I do keep it to myself, and always did, and always shall," said Elva, dexterously freeing one arm and pinching her brother's ear.

"But I shouldn't have known it was a secret at all if you hadn't looked so amazing important," returned Perley. "Poh, that's the way you girls keep things to yourselves. You're wanting to tell, now, I'll bet you are.

You wish I'd tease you a while first. Oh, I know you!"

"How dreadfully he feels!" said Elva, mockingly. "Poor little Perley! But he'll know all about it one of these days, so he need not cry. Everybody knows boys can't keep secrets. Abner wanted to tell my poor little brother, but he didn't dare! Don't cry, honey, you'll know all about it by-and-by."

"When shall I know, Elva?"

"Oh, in about six weeks if you're a dear, patient boy and don't die of curiosity," said roguish Elva, tossing her curls with an air of great importance.

"Come now, Elf, behave! We'll make believe it's a great secret between you and Abner, just to please you, but I know better. Is it sober or funny? Does it make you feel glad or sorry? Say, before I let you up."

"Oh, some glad and some sorry," said Elva, the ready tears springing to her eyes. "I could cry a river of tears; and then, again, it makes me laugh right out, Perley."

"You're always laughing and crying at once," said her brother, with an ungallant grimace.

"But don't you ask me one more question, brother. Why, I wouldn't break my word to that darling Abner for anything—not for all the stars if they were gold and going to drop right into my lap; now you know I wouldn't, Perley."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMONG the pitfalls in our way,

The best of us walk blindly;
So man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

LIFE.—Every day is a little life;
and our whole life is but a day repeated.

MINNIE AND HER RABBIT.

THERE were never such pretty rabbits as Minnie Werkin's. At least she thought so. And no wonder; for her dear brother Karl had given them to her when he went away from home, and there could not be anything half so nice as what belonged to Karl. He was a good deal older than Minnie—old enough to be a soldier, and he had put on the blue uniform and gone from his pleasant home to fight the rebels. There were few braver young men than he, and none could be more gentle. His mother used to say that he was as loving and tender as a girl to the little ones. He was very fond of pets, and his rabbits were always the prettiest, plumppest, tamest little fellows that could be found. You may be sure that Minnie cried sadly when Karl went away from home; she could scarcely be pacified, until he told her that she should have the rabbits, and that she must be their little stepmother. This made her smile, for she was a very little girl, and it seemed to her that it was a great thing to be made mistress even of such tiny creatures. Nor did she forget her charge. Every morning the rabbits must be fed before she would eat her own breakfast, and every night she would not sleep until she was sure that their little house was fastened up so that no naughty cat could find its way in to kill them. Her grandpa, who could do but little except take care of and amuse the children, managed to raise some vegetables in one corner of the garden with which to feed the rabbits when winter came; and after cold weather set in, and the ground was covered with snow, she still had the pleasure of caring for her little darlings, as she used to call them.

One cold morning, about a week before Christmas, Minnie went out as usual to give the pets their breakfast. Her grandpa had wrapped up her baby sister warmly and brought her to the door "to paint her cheeks," he said. He knew that fresh air is the best paint for little folks—so it is for everybody. As they stood watching the rabbits nibbling at the cabbage-leaves, they heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and presently saw one of their neighbors driving rapidly up to the door. "I haven't but a minute to spare," said he, as he stopped. "I am going to drive through the town to-day to get together what the good folks want to give for Christmas presents to our boys in the army. We are going to put them all together in a large box and send them on to-morrow. I will call again on my return;" and away he went.

Then you should have seen Minnie dance. "I'll send him a whole bagful of doughnuts, and a basket of apples; and my new pincushion, and—and"—here she stopped a moment to think what else Karl would like which she could give. "Oh! I'll send him a rabbit, and that will make him feel just like home," said she.

In vain her grandfather told her that soldiers could not keep rabbits.

"Why, Karl would give him part of his own bread," said she, "and he would let him sleep right in his own bed, and that would keep him warm, too," she added.

At last her mother made her understand that it could not be, but to satisfy the child, she said they would make a little pincushion rabbit, and fill it with cotton, and that should be one of Minnie's presents. So when



the warm stockings, and gloves, and cakes, and jellies, and ever so many nice things were ready, the little pincushion, shaped just like a rabbit, was put in with the rest, and a paper fastened to it, marked "From Minnie to Brother Karl."

How the brave boy's heart throbbed, and how his eyes filled with tears, when in the far-off camp, on Christmas morning, he opened the package that came from his own dear home!

Presently, as he looked over the various articles, and came upon the little white rabbit, he pressed the name of Minnie to his lips, and placing the pincushion in his breast-pocket, buttoned it close to his heart.

A short time after receiving his Christmas gifts, Karl was sent out to a lonely place on picket duty. He had been in his station but a short time when he heard the sudden crack of a rifle, and the next instant felt a stunning blow, which made him reel.

"Are you hit?" exclaimed a companion near him.

"I'm afraid so," said Karl, faintly.

His comrade shuddered as he saw a bullet-hole in his breast, and tore open his coat. But no wound could be found.

"Strange!" said he.

"I have it — I have it," fairly shouted Karl; and from his breast-pocket he drew forth the little rabbit pincushion, which had received the ball and saved his life.

Oh, how happy was Minnie, when the next letter from Karl related the story! And I need not say that when his time expired, and he returned safely home, the little white rabbit pincushion was laid up among the treasures on the mantle-piece, to be kept sacred.

NEVER FORGOTTEN.

"And he made him a coat of many colors."
—GEN. xxxvii. 3.

Was it a bird came flying down,
With tinted plumage gay?
No, 'tis a scarlet-breasted leaf
Tilting in idle play.

Fluttering and falling one by one,
Silently throwing around
Crimson and scarlet, and russet and
gold,
Over the cold bare ground.

The mother is loved by her children
to-day;
The "coat of bright colors" they
bring;
Robbing themselves till their shoul-
ders are bare,
On the earth their gay vesture to
fling.

But, alas! the bright coat can not stay
the loved earth
From the season of bondage so near;
Soon stripped of her load, bound in
chains, she will lie
In a prison, damp, chilling, and
drear—

Till the keeper shall find once again
the gold key,
And throw wide the dark doors to
the day,
That the Queen of the Seasons may
enter again
With fresh robes for a new year's
array.
KRUNA.

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand;
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we can not meet him better,
Than in working out our lot.



THE SLEIGH RIDERS.

BY UNCLE WILLIAM.

A hill like glass,
A winsome lass,
Sleigh like a wingéd swallow—
What joy to dash
Like a meteor flash,
And laugh at cares that follow!

Time speeds away,
But young and gay,
They match his swiftest winging—

Catch golden sands
That with trembling hands
He joyously is flinging;

Moments of pleasure,
Richest treasure
Stored in memory's keeping,
To yield bright flowers
In coming hours,
'Neath clouds of sorrow weeping.

A WESTERN "THANKSGIVING" NIGHT.



HURSDAY, November 24, 1864, in this region at least, was truly an "Indian summer" day, a genial sun and warm breezes making everything pleasant, and so very unlike our idea of an old fashioned New England "Thanksgiving Day," which always includes a supply of snow sufficient for sleigh-riding, and ice strong enough for a grand skating time.

On this beautiful morning the churches were opened for appropriate services, and well filled. The boys, released from the restraints of desks and teachers, made the air resound with their gleeful shouts and laughter while engaged in "town ball" and kindred sports.

Still older ones, fresh from Cicero and Geometry, or allowed a rest from the sale of dry goods and groceries, shouldered their shot-guns and were "off" for a tramp. Next came the indispensable "dinner," of necessity not so much a gathering of relatives at the "old homestead" as in the longer settled States at the East, but, nevertheless, a permanent institution long looked for by the juveniles, and about as well enjoyed by their elders; moreover, generally prolonged as much as possible by the different "courses," which follow the inevitable turkey and his concomitants.

Soon the short day drew to a close;

and as the darkness began to increase, the young folks, in one house at least, determined to finish up the holiday by having "a good time."

"Oh, ma! we *must* have some fun this evening. What can we do?" they said.

"Why not have a 'candy pulling?'" replied their mother.

"That's just the thing!" all exclaimed; so quickly Bob informed a few friends that "we would be happy," etc.

All soon arrived, eager for the molasses to attain the proper state of density. "The longest lane has an end," so in a few minutes we were summoned to the spacious kitchen, where, on a long table, twelve plates covered with the dark substance met our view. Here our difficulties commenced, for, first, either we were in too much haste, or the liquid was too warm, for only burnt fingers were the results of our endeavors to remove the embryo candy from the china. Flour, butter, and exposure to fresh air finally enabled us to accomplish this object; then, to our mortification, we discovered that the 'lasses had been boiled too long; but we were resolved to have a pulling, and accordingly persevered.

Into a part we sprinkled the "goodies" of several hickory and walnuts, making what we called "taffee." In the mean while the "pullers," although in the highest of spirits, were in trouble. Frank's portion had adhered in shapeless masses to his not sufficiently dexterous hands. Miss A. had blistered her delicate fingers, and given up in despair. Charlie, on the other hand, had cooled off his so suddenly that it had become brittle, and refused to extend itself into the long white ropes

which he had anticipated. And, in fact, it was all about as black and unpalatable as when it emerged from the pot.

The company, however, were too good-humored to be much vexed at this result; so after removing sundry aprons, towels, and the molasses from their hands, they tasted the merits of an impromptu lunch of doughnuts (and nuts without dough), apples, popcorn, and pumpkin pies, after which they adjourned to the sitting-room.

Here, after a little while, Katie said, "Now let us have

A GAME OF 'BUZZ.'

"What's that?" says the reader. Well, hear how we played it, and then you can try it in your family circles. The company were directed to sit (as near as possible) in a ring; then we were each in turn to count one, two, three, four, etc., omitting every seven, and every multiple of seven, substituting instead the word "buzz." Well, Aunt Carrie commenced, and all went on smoothly until Mr. B.'s number was twenty-seven, and he correctly said "buzz;" but Miss Lucy, who sat next, bluntly called out "twenty-eight!"

"Four times seven are twenty-eight," shouted a little one just out of the multiplication-table, so Miss Lucy was "out;" and the rest of us starting at "one," tried again; and so on, until either from saying the magic word in the wrong place, or not repeating it at the right time, all but Frank and Katie were "out." Carefully they counted clear through the ten "buzzes" of the seventies, and up to one hundred and thirteen, when Frank, thinking of the number without the hundred, confidently exclaimed "buzz" at 114, with much laughter at his discomfiture.

Katie was declared the victor. Then we all tried it again. Afterward,

some one proposed the more intellectual game of

"I HAVE A THOUGHT."

which was played in this way at our house.

Father said, "I have a thought which rhymes with *nook*;" then each one was to try to guess his thought, but must not speak it out; but express it in pantomime; thus, for instance, Frank immediately picked up from the table a volume of Irving, and held it toward the thinker. "No," says he, "it is not a *book*." Another one gave him a stare in the face; but still he said, "No, it is not a *look*." Suddenly Charlie rolled up his sleeves and pretended to knead bread. "Yes," was the reply, "it is a *cook*."

According to the rules of the game, Charlie must have the next thought, which he said rhymed with *now*. Katie quickly placed her hands over her head to represent two horns. "It is not a *cow*," said her brother. Two others arose together and gave him a polite salute. But both were wrong, for it was not a *bow*. Frank then began to pull his hair, and pretended to hit his neighbor; but the rhymer, after some time spent in guessing the representation, told him that it was not a *row*. One of the ladies now imitated the noise of a cat; this puzzled Charlie for some time, but, finally, he recognized the mewing; but *mew* was not the thought. Then ensued a pause, for we could not think of any more rhyming words; at last Miss E. reached up and picked fruit from the imaginary limb of a tree, and that was the word, *bough*.

Miss E.'s thought was *bell*, which jingled with *cell*. Before we guessed it, we had to act out many others, *well*, etc., etc.,

As the interest began to lag, Charlie

full of mischief, inquired if we had ever played.

THE GAME OF "ROBIN."

Those who had, kept "dark," while he explained to his audience that he should give to each one the name of a bird, that we must not tell any one our name, but be ready, when our bird was called, to run and touch a certain door-knob. He speedily whispered to all their names, pausing for us to suggest to him the names of rare birds. etc. My name was Lark, and as a forfeit was to be paid if we did not respond quickly, I was in great suspense until he shouted "*lark*" the very first one, when, to my utter astonishment, the whole roomful were seen rushing to the door along with myself, and great was the struggle to touch the knob, *for he had given us all the same name.*

This game can cause a great deal of amusement, for the "birds" are so anxious to avoid paying their forfeits, that often a general scramble ensues, and sometimes a few tumbles. To complete the deception, the namer should find trouble to think of enough different birds for all the players.

But I have written enough to show you that we had a delightful time on that "Thanksgiving Night," and I hope that some of the Merrys may be able to enjoy themselves by introducing these into their own homes.

Yours, thankfully, SIGMA.

RE-ENLISTED.

SEEM they as nothing to thee, brother,
These three long weary years,
For the seeming of whose glory
We have paid such price of tears?
Oh! ill return for bitter price!
 Oh! value more than paid!
For glory's hollow mockery,
 A shadow of a shade!

Thy home, thy mother, childhood,
 Hast thou forgotten all
That once to the homestead held thee
 In love's but sweet entrall?
Has the wild and wandering war-life
 Such a spell about thee thrown,
In its thrilling, glorious danger,
 Thou canst find content alone?

Oh, this one sweet thought, in these
 long years,
 Has had power to thrill with joy
My aching heart—"In '64,
 He'll come home, my darling boy!"
And now—yes—he *is* coming home.
 Oh, brother, in all these years,
Even through the siege of Vicksburg,
 I have not wept such tears.

Coming home—ah! yes—a voice, a
 look,
 A glanée of thy bright brown eye;
I list to thy laugh, I hear thy step—
 As a dream thou hast passéd by!
Oh! bitterer second parting!
 Oh! lonelier following years!
Thou—to thy much loved perils;
 I—again to prayers and fears.

Forgive me, my own brother!
 My weak and woman's heart
Can not always think of duty—
 Love is of its life a part.
I am proud of thee, my brother!
 "Go! your country calls!" but then,
These words are whispers; my heart
 cries,
 "Dear one, come back again!"

Oh! when peace shall come again
 once more,
 And our flag floats proud and free
Over every rood of Southern shore,
 Like a wave of jubilee,
Shall we not value our freedom then
 As a treasure found, long-sought?
Can we think lightly of what has been
 With our own heart's blood bought?

V. L.



THE TEACHER'S MISSION.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

WETHER Thomson earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the delightful task to which he refers, I know not; if he did, I am sure that he would have thought twice before writing the above couplet.

Nevertheless, I doubt not that he would have written them at last, soberly believing them, as all true teachers do; for the occupation of a teacher is one whose duties, more than those of any other, hardly excepting the ministry, carry with their faithful performance their own blessing, and that

blessing a rich and incalculable one, second to none on earth.

It is not my purpose to speak at any length on the teacher's office, its duties, or its requisites; I only wish to refer to one thing which seems to me most necessary to the making of a true teacher—a teacher whose labors will never be in vain—and that is, a patient and all-including love of children—a love of children that are children because they are children.

A teacher who, in his intercourse with children, remembers and follows

the dictates of the great law of Christian charity, which is wide as from pole to pole, and comprehensive as the great blue sky above us, has a ten-fold reward in the return of grateful affection from his pupils.

Many teachers I have seen, worthy, patient, well-informed, who have forfeited almost all influence over their pupils, by want of sympathy with them. The child's joys were not their joys as well; the child's sorrows were nothing to them; they moved, as it were, in another plane, in an orbit separate and distinct, and never meet their pupils on common ground.

"I love God and every little child," said one of the sweetest of Germany's poets, and in that line he expressed one of the deepest of truths by coupling the two purest of human affections—the love of the Perfect and Holy One, and the love of that one of created beings which comes nearest to the Infinite Perfection in holiness and innocence. That human being is nearly lost to all that is noble and good, whose soul is so deadened by selfishness that a little child can not arouse it to love.

Teachers, love your pupils! Love them because they are children, and therefore have a claim on your love. Many unattractive and disorderly dispositions may exist among them, no doubt, but do not let such place themselves by their thoughtlessness outside of the pale of your charity. If you do, you lose them!

"All children," I once heard a gentleman remark, "are either imps or angels—angels so far as they are children in their childhood, and imps so far as they are not. This we must not take without several grains of allowance. The imps are not quite worthy of being consigned to the

realms below, but they possess quite enough of the disposition belonging to that name to make a perfect little Pandemonium occasionally, to the misery of their teacher, and their own misery too, perhaps; it would be quite consistent with their impish character.

Neither are the angels exactly of the sort to be looked for in the heavens above, but they are good enough for this poor world that we live in; and we love them the more that they are not perfect, but weak as ourselves; and it is right that we should love them; they are sent us to be loved, and the world would be dark indeed without children to love and to be loved in it.

A child that has not been loved in its childhood, has been wickedly cheated out of its share of the little of heaven to be found on earth.

Love your pupils, teachers! Your reward will not be ten but a thousand fold! There is a blessing in the love of any child, and whenever I can make one child happy for an hour, I feel as if I were nearer to heaven by that hour's travel in the journey of life. For when I walk with one of Heaven's own, how can I but be going heavenward!

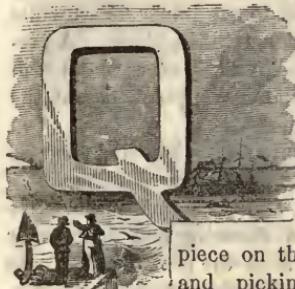
VERA LEE.

NEVER PUT OFF.

WHENE'ER a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once, and do it.

It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.

SEA BREEZES—THE SMUGGLER BOAT.



UIETLY walking along the street, Benny Price found a ten-cent piece on the ground, and picking it up, handed it to Captain Parry.

"Wasn't that good luck? I wish I could ever find anything," exclaimed George.

"Andy Mason found a dollar bill once on the tavern steps," said Georgie.

"I should not count that very good luck," said Captain Parry, "on account of the place where it was found. I am afraid the poor fellow spent it inside the house, judging from his looks as he goes past. Money is never good for anything which does not have God's blessing upon it. I have seen it almost as plenty as these yellow autumn leaves in the door-yard, and no good came of it, either."

"Ah, please tell us where it was, Captain Parry. How I wish we could have been there to get some of it!"

"It was on that same sealing island of Masafuero, a next-door neighbor of Robinson Crusoe's island. One clear day we noticed two vessels out at sea, and both of them were hurrying toward the shore; the head one, we soon made out, was being chased by the other, which proved to be a Spanish privateer. The other was a smuggler, which had just come back from a voyage on the Spanish coast of South America, and had their vessel loaded with unlawful gains. But 'riches

gathered, and not by right,' will be very apt to 'take to themselves wings and fly away.' The smuggler made all haste to load her long-boat with bags of gold and silver, and send her ashore. They tried to hide it as best they could among the rocks, and many bags were thrown into a deep mountain cleft. They would rather have thrown it into the sea than have the Spaniards get possession of it. But their pursuers were soon upon them, and the whole company were taken prisoners and marched off to the privateer, while the smuggler was taken off as a prize. Well, you may be sure, when all were clear out of sight, there was some searching after that money. The Spaniards had found only a little of it, and time was too precious to waste hunting for it. So the boys had the field to themselves. It was not likely that the poor smugglers could ever find their way out of a South American prison to come and look for their property, and it was no more the Spaniards' than it was ours. We fished with grappling irons down the cleft where the most had been thrown, and a great many thousand-dollar bags were secured. Such a mine of golden doubloons opening up under our feet turned the heads of almost every one. Yet we could buy nothing with it, for there was nothing to buy. Still, we had grown up with the foolish notion that money was valuable for its own sake, though it really isn't half as useful as many things we think but little of. It is only good for what it will bring of the comforts and necessities of life."

Well, everybody grew reckless, and careless, and tired of work, so much of the time was spent in playing cards,

and the money was staked and won, and lost over and over again. It was all the time changing hands, and many were the quarrels and broils which grew out of it. The ill-gotten money did less and less good, it seemed. It changed hands so often that they even grew tired of counting it. There was a thousand dollars in silver sixpences. One reckless fellow had won it several times, and been obliged to count it, which he thought a great trouble. So the last time it came to him, he got up and walked away with it, hurling the shining bits far and near among the dried grass and sands and rocks, so it should never annoy him again. Some of it was picked up by others, and much of it was never found. Sixpences were too small affairs to look long after."

"Just think of all that money being lost," said Benny Price; "what a pity it seems!"

"But that was only a drop in the bucket compared with the millions upon millions that lie under the sea. Did you ever think of what thousands of rich gold mines there are on the globe that no one has ever found? What millions of diamonds and pearls are sparkling in river beds, which no eye but God's has ever seen! Yet any one of them would make a man's fortune. Yet one soul is worth more than all these put together. Did you ever think of that?"

"There were some hard fellows among our company, and they were constantly stealing this treasure when they could, and adding it to their own pile. Everybody was anxious to find good hiding-places. One poor fellow had been watched slyly by a thief, and when night came, his bag of gold was stolen. His heart had been so set on it, that the loss made him crazy. He

was harmless, though, so he was allowed to range around, and one day we left him to get dinner for us while we went down to the shore. A precious dinner it was," said the old man laughing and shaking his sides at the remembrance.

"He poured out a barrel of flour on the ground, and a barrel of molasses over that, and then jumped in. We found him flouncing and floundering about in it in the greatest glee. He said he was 'making a pudding.' Nobody took the trouble to ask for his recipe. I don't think it would ever be a popular dish."

The children laughed long and heartily over the queer cook and his dinner, and then they found it was time to run home.

"Never hanker after such easy got money," said the captain. "Don't be so foolish and sinful as ever to buy a lottery ticket, or sigh because you haven't some rich old relative who is likely to make you his heir. The wise man says: 'Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished, but he that gathereth by labor shall increase.'"

WHATEVER work we have to do,
Should never be delayed;
Because the same excuses too,
To-morrow will be made.

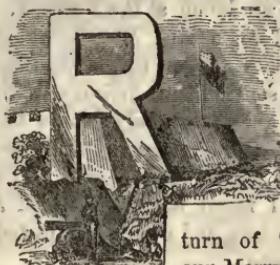
Delay is dangerous—and it turns
To trouble in the end;
But chiefly in our soul's concerns
It must to ruin tend.

KIND WORDS.—As a cross word begets a word that is cross, so will a kind one beget its own likeness.

ELOQUENCE.—Eloquence consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you feel it.

ADVENTURES OF

A "MERRY" BOY.



JOICINGS fill the Merry circle just now, because of the safe return of "Eugene," our Merry boy, who enlisted in the army of the Union at the first call of his country, and who has served her faithfully ever since, encountering danger and enduring suffering and imprisonment, worthy of the reputation of the "boys in blue."

Many of you used to see him in the office of MERRY'S MUSEUM in years gone by; and when Uncle Robert was absent from the sanctum, I knew everything was right so long as Engene was at his post.

Returning from Boston in the month of April, 1861, I never shall forget the determined earnestness of his look when he told me he had decided to enlist, that he should always regret it if he did not, and could not feel it right to remain at home when his country needed men so much. The first gun at Sumter aroused the nation and his patriotic impulses at the same time, and with a heroic devotion to the cause of liberty and freedom, he hastened to the tented field. Enlisting as a private in the gallant Brooklyn Fourteenth, he was in the thickest of the first Bull Run fight, shared the varied fortunes of this historic regiment till promoted to second lieutenant in the Forty-seventh, and subsequently to first lieutenant in the One Hundred and Thirty-first Regiment N. Y. V.

Participating in the charges and battles before Port Hudson, he volun-

teered to be one of the storming party of 1,000 called for by General Banks, to take the fort by assault, but was soon after captured while on a foraging expedition, June 27, 1863. Stripped of nearly everything, he was taken to Libby Prison, and confined eleven months, and after that taken to Danville and Macon, and from thence to Charleston, and there placed under fire with 600 other Union officers. While here he formed plans to escape, and we make a few extracts from his diary in reference to his adventures:

"Early in the morning of the 4th of October I was awakened by hearing the cry of 'pack up.' After rubbing my eyes, I got up from my hard pine-board couch, and looking in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, saw that all was bustle and confusion among the officers in the jail-yard. A few moments later, and they were formed in line and marched off. Those of us confined in the Marine and Roper hospitals now began to look rather anxiously for orders to follow them. I say anxiously, because we were treated better in Charleston than at any other point where we had been confined, and feared that any change would be for the worse. A large number of the people seemed to sympathize with us, and evinced a disposition to do all for us that the military authorities would allow. Some even persisted, as we marched along the streets on entering the city, in distributing bread and other articles of food, after being warned off by the guard until they were arrested and taken away by force. If the people were permitted to show their real feelings, all our prisoners in the South would fare much better than they now do."

At nine o'clock, orders came for all those in the Roper Hospital, and one hundred of us in the Marine, to get ready to leave at ten. Thinking that perhaps the time had now come when an opportunity might be presented for me to make my escape, I put on a Confederate uniform which I had obtained from a rebel deserter while I was confined in the jail. The clock had but just struck the hour when the inmates of the Roper began to go by. We were to follow as soon as they had passed. I took my stand near the door, and when the order was given to move, was one of the first to go out. As the guard near me when we started had noticed my uniform, I walked forward as fast as possible without attracting attention by my haste, and gradually overtook the head of the column. I kept near the line of guards, and when I was quite sure that the guard then near me was uncertain whether I was a Yankee or a Confederate soldier, I began to watch for an opportunity to slip through the line. The column halted. Seeing a party of citizens and rebel soldiers enter a bar-room, I quietly followed them in without being suspected. Lounging carelessly about the room, I, at last with joy saw the column again in motion, the last prisoner pass, and then the guard. I began to breathe more freely, and leaving the bar-room walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

My feelings, as I hurried through the streets, can be better imagined than described. For sixteen dreary months I had been a prisoner of war. Now I was free, or so near it that but a few days would elapse before I should be again where the glorious Stars and Stripes float triumphantly in the breeze. Such thoughts rushed through my mind as I hurried along.

While confined in the hospital, a Mrs. T—, who had formerly lived near my own home at the North, accompanied by a Mrs. D—, called several times to see me, each time bringing some little delicacy with them. I knew this lady would befriend me, so I directed my steps toward her house. After some little difficulty I found it, and received a warm welcome, and was congratulated on my escape.

But it was not to be my fortune to get away without some trouble and delay. Scarcely had I begun to experience a feeling of safety, when the suspicions of the husband of Mrs. D—, who lived in the lower part of the house, were aroused, and I had to seek safety in a rapid retreat into the street and round the corner.

After wandering about the city for an hour or two, and getting very tired and hungry, I went into a house where I saw several colored women engaged in sewing. I gave the old lady some money, and she sent out and got some bread, butter, and eggs, and fixed up a meal for me. Here I made arrangements to stay all night, intending, however, to keep them in ignorance as to who I was; but our intentions are often frustrated in a manner we least expect.

About nine o'clock, as I was getting ready to retire, a woman entered, whom I at once recognized as one I had seen every day in front of the prison selling pies and cakes. She was equally quick in recognizing me, but immediately quieted my apprehensions by assuring me that I was among friends, who would do all in their power to assist me. I found shelter there for the next three weeks. The hardest part of my undertaking was yet to be accomplished. The first attempt

to get through to Morris Island was made about two weeks after I got away from the guard. Through Mrs. T—, who came to see me every day, I found out where several other officers who escaped the same day that I did were concealed. We met, laid our plans, procured a boat and pilot, and at the time set were all together at the house of a colored man not far from the wharf where the boat was awaiting us. We had sent two colored men with the oars and thole-pins to the boat, with instructions to return and let us know when everything was ready for starting. Two hours passed, and they did not return. We began to be uneasy, and two of the party went to ascertain the cause. In a few minutes they returned with the information that we were betrayed—our boat destroyed, and the two negroes captured by the police. Thinking it unsafe to remain where we were, we separated. It had now got to be half-past ten o'clock. I hardly knew where to go, but mechanically directed my steps toward the house of Mrs. T—. As I approached, everything appeared dark, not a light burning. Not thinking it safe to ring the bell, I was on the point of seeking some other shelter, when I noticed that the front door was open. I immediately stepped into the hall, pulled off my shoes, groped my way up three flights of stairs, and found myself in an unfinished garret. There was a window without glass in each end. The weather was cold and blustering, and the idea of remaining there all night was anything but pleasant to contemplate. The floor was so covered with the accumulated dust of years, that lying down was not to be thought of, even if it had been warm enough for sleeping. It proved to be one of the most uncomfortable nights

I ever passed. At daybreak I was at the head of the garret stairs, eagerly watching for the first appearance of my friend in the hall. In about an hour she appeared. I immediately descended, and after drinking a cup of good hot coffee, my blood gradually regained its usual warmth; though the severe cold which I then caught I think was the cause of the attack of yellow fever with which I was laid up a few days after in the same house. Here I remained all day, and in the evening returned to the house of the colored man where I had been stopping. They were somewhat surprised at seeing me, for they had hoped that we had succeeded in our attempt.

One evening, about three days after this, I again went to the house of Mrs. T—, and remained over-night; they always had a bed prepared for me in case I should get hard pressed for shelter, and no nearer place at hand.

The next morning I was very sick. I got up and drank a cup of coffee, but felt so bad that I soon returned to bed, and did not leave it again for eleven days. Part of this time I was so low that I was not expected to live; but thanks to the kind and unremitting attention of Mrs. T—, and a strong constitution, the crisis was safely passed, and I began to rally and gain strength.

While sick I was the recipient of many kindnesses from perfect strangers; one lady, although she sympathized with the South, and knew who I was, forbore to betray me, and even allowed her little girl to bring me some sweet Havana oranges. While I was sick, Mrs. T— had to borrow money to pay my expenses; and now that I was better, the question arose as to how I should make it good. I knew Mrs. T—, although she would not

ask me for it, could not afford to pay it. My only resource was to apply to a gentleman that I had once seen when visiting the prison, I was not certain that I was not putting my head in the lion's jaws, but I must have money some way. I made the trial, and found a friend who was both able and willing to assist me. I had now recovered my strength so as to be able to go about the city. I again met with the rest of the officers who while I was sick made several ineffectual attempts to get out of the city, and made arrangements for another trial. When the time came, through some misunderstanding I was late in completing my arrangements; and the others, thinking they could wait no longer, started off without me. My being delayed proved the most fortunate thing that could have happened for me, for while I was hurrying along the street, in the hope of overtaking the rest of the party, who should I see coming from the opposite direction but those same men in charge of a guard! Had I been ready with the others, I, too, should have been captured.

Stepping quickly around a corner to avoid being seen, I hurried to the house of my colored friends, where I remained impatiently waiting for night to come. As soon as darkness spread her mantle over the city, I ventured out and proceeded to the house of a gentleman who had already rendered me some assistance, and stayed with him all night. With his assistance I got passage on the cars to Savannah. I traveled all day long by the side of a rebel colonel, enjoying his conversation very much.

On arriving at Savannah, I immediately called on a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction

from my friend in Charleston. He took me to a good private boarding-house, and requested me to call and see him the next day, which I did. I was at this time passing as a citizen, and under an assumed name. When I called on Mr. B—, I told him exactly who I was, for I knew it was necessary for me to make a confidant of some one in order to make the necessary arrangements for getting through the lines. The gentleman, although he ran great risk in doing so, offered to find a man who would take me to Fort Pulaski, and also to furnish me the money to pay expenses, but wanted me to wait a few days for a brother of his who wanted to get out of the Confederacy, so that we could both go together. It was two weeks before he came.

In the mean time, I was compelled to leave my boarding-house for fear of being conscripted. The authorities were seizing every man they could find, and sending them to the front to defend the city of Savannah against the approaching forces of Sherman. Mr. B— invited me to come to his house, and I gladly accepted the invitation. Now the question arose whether we had not better wait a few days and see if Sherman would not approach. We concluded to wait a week. At the end of that time Sherman was nearer, but still some distance off. Another week passed, and his troops were surrounding the city.

How eagerly and impatiently I looked for his entrance! The rebels continued to assert that the city would never be given up, until the night of the 19th of December, when they commenced moving the troops and provisions across the Savannah River into South Carolina. All the next day and night, troops and citizens

with their baggage were passing over on the pontoons.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 21st, some three hundred of Wheeler's cavalry who had not left, commenced sacking the city. They would go round in parties of eight and ten, breaking open the stores and carrying off everything of value they could lay their hands on. This state of affairs continued for nearly four hours, when the approach of our advance regiment warned the marauders that it was time for them to leave. Imagine my feelings as I saw the blue

uniforms of our own gallant boys advancing toward me. With what eagerness I grasped the hand and welcomed the first one I met!

We add the following notice, which may be of interest to some of our readers:

MARRIED.—On Monday, January 23d, at the residence of Robert Merry, Lieutenant EUGENE H. FALES to Miss HATTIE M. LEE, both of MERRY'S MUSEUM.

May they have a merry life, and a long one!

THE VETERAN'S FAREWELL.

I HAVE seen the dark clouds of destruction

Hover low o'er the burnished steel;
I have heard iron hailstones patter,
And the steady ranks downward reel.

I have fought for our glorious Union,
With a zeal ever fresh and new;
I have been in Potomac's army,
And I'm going once more for you.

Since you can not go in the army,
I'll go in your stead, like a man;
To help conquer those rebel traitors,
I will do all the good I can.

If I'm laid to rest in Virginia,
By the side of brave hearts and true,
Remember, when thinking of lost ones,
I died for my country and you.

If I lie in the Southern sunset,
Among the red heaps of slain,
Remember, when thinking of lost ones,
That bullet struck never again!
If at close of some crimson battle,
They lay me to rest 'neath the sod,
Remember, my life was an offering
For you, and my country, and God.

BLUE-EYED LORA.

ALLIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS Eve!

But in the city [pity,

There were some whom none could
Some who had no Christmas Eve.
Through a dirty, dingy alley,

Up the narrow, creaking stair—
Spiders built their houses there—
There sat little orphan Allie.

By the window, there sat Alice,
Looking at the sky; said she,
“Oh, that I were there to see

Christmas Eve in heaven's palace!
Father, mother, both are there;

Oh, if God would take me too!”
And her thin hands, cold and blue,
Clasped in supplicating prayer.

“Oh, God! please take little Allie;
Up in heaven all is light,
And I am so cold to-night!

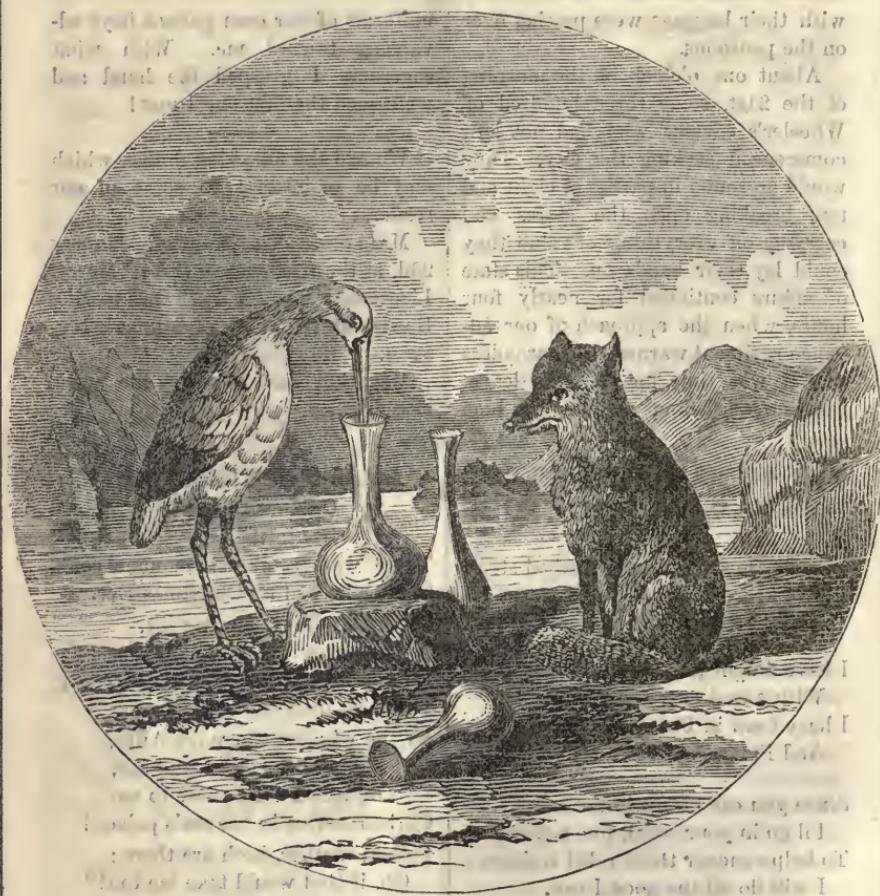
Oh, God! please take little Allie.”

God in mercy heard her prayer;
O'er her face a sweet smile passed,

And she murmured, “Home at last—
There will be no sorrow there.”

And the little angel-spirit
Went to Him who gave it leave—
Little Alice went to heaven,
There to pass her Christmas Eve.

LILLIE LINDEN.



THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A FABLE.

THE fox, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once an inclination to play the wag with his neighbor the stork. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the stork found it consisted entirely of different soups, served up on broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not possibly satisfy her hunger. The fox lapped it up very readily, and every

now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment; hoped that everything was seasoned in her mind; and protested he was very sorry to see her eat so sparingly. The stork, perceiving she was played upon, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish extremely; and at parting, pressed the fox so earnestly to return her visit, that he could not in civility refuse. The day arrived, and he repaired

to his appointment; but to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what was impossible for him to taste. The stork thrust in her long bill, and helped herself very plentifully; then turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled. "I am very glad," said she, smiling, "that you seem to have so good an appetite; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table as I did the other day at yours." Reynard hung down his head, looking very much displeased. "Nay, nay," said the stork, "don't pretend to be out of humor about the matter; they that can not take a jest should never make one."

MORAL.

We should always reflect, before we rally another, whether we can bear to have the jest returned.

LITTLE BESSIE.

LITTLE Bessie wandered through the kitchen and out into the woodshed where her papa sawed wood. But no papa was there this time, only a great black hole in the floor, that looked so black and so deep, Bessie was afraid to go near it. But somebody must have heard the patter of little feet, for suddenly a voice called out of the deep hole, "Bessie, come here!" It sounded like her papa's voice, and the little girl ventured nearer, and peered over the edge. "Bessie, can you see me?" said the voice again. "No; is it you, papa?" "Yes,



dear, and I can see you perfectly. I'm holding out my arms, and if you'll jump, I'll catch you in them."

Bessie hesitated, bent over the edge, called, "Are you *sure* you're there, papa?" then shut her eyes tight, caught her breath, and—jumped! With a gleeful laugh, she found herself safe in her papa's arms.

God is the Father of us all. We can not follow his way; we can not see into the darkness of the future. But fear it not. His voice calls us onward. Obey its guidance, and plunge into the unknown abyss without rashness, but with faith. Then shalt thou find thyself at last safe in a Father's arms, and in everlasting rest.

MADGE.

DON'T TATTLE.—Children, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is mean. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your soul grows smaller—your heart loses its generous blood when you tattle about your friends.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

OUR Merry parlor is beaming with new faces, who are welcomed as joyously as flowers welcome the sunshine. As each shrub, plant, and blossom has its own peculiar virtue, so we are happy to believe the members of the Merry company here assembled have each some gift that may cheer, gladden, or improve their associates. A racy bit of fun, a pithy word of wisdom, some interesting fact, or sparkling gem of wit—all these will make life richer. One can scarcely be selfish here, for do we not professedly leave ourselves behind, and under chosen *nommes de plume* appear as we will? And when selfishness is laid aside, and one is what he would be, then we learn what beauty human nature is capable of.

"Guess Uncle Merry has his thinking cap on," says one; "Pull it over his eyes," slyly whispers another. Softly there, my dears, we'll take it off, and, cap in hand, will listen awhile.

Here I am again, and don't say that you're very Sorry to see me so soon, Uncle Merry. A big budget of love I bring with me, too, For Uncles Hiram and William, and darling Aunt Sue; For in their society I much love to mingle, And enjoy a good chat with Onley Oliver and Jingle, With now and anon a bright cheering gleam Of Star(r)-light, or, perchance, it may be a Sunbeam. And when we would chatter of sound sense expressly, We'll give a glad welcome to Pertine and Leslie. Of punning and joking, whene'er there is lack, We will seek till we find *thee*, oh, Pontiac! And Wanderer and Waif, when a-straying you go, Some one would be pleased to see you, I know (*Ino*).

Though borne by a Zephyr to W.A.R.n us of W. A. R., Which you Spy by the Comet and North-ern Star, And in the distance (though not to our sorrow), A Warrior is seen with a Golden Arrow. At present we're fearing no very great danger. It's naught but a Romance! Say, is it, Little Stranger? But who among all the Merry Band can best tell? Oh! Fiddlesticks and Grasshopper! 'Tis she—Saucy Nell. 'Tis she—and she comes from the Wild-wood to bring A Daisy, and Tu-lips, the flowers of Spring. Now, my good Uncle Merry, don't call it fraud If in my last moments I remember Claude, And just say, "Come again" to dear Cousin Loula, While bidding Good-bye. Yours, very truly, Will add that when tired of her nonsense all over, Just drop a few lines and inform
 KITTY CLOVER.

DEAR MERRY BAND:—"I am with you once again" (as William Tell said to the mountains of his native land). That is, I will be if—if—"What?"

Sig, I agree with you in your remarks about St. L., and say "Amen!" to it all. The only thing that troubles me is that our badges didn't renew acquaintance in that place.

Loyalty, I heard of your unlawful proceedings. If you don't take care, I shall make it public. I saw your "phiz."

Nameless, I think I have heard of your failing in regard to *blue eyes*. I believe you like them of the Keen Blue Stellar order. I hope their absence will never M.A.R. your happiness. Concerning the name, I think I may say to you "Nameless be thou E(ver) Moore."

But I feel the edge of that blade. "It may be for years, and it may be forever." Farewell—till then,
 Yours mirthfully and otherwise,

FRANC.

ORWELL MOUNTAIN, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—I come to ask admittance to your happy circle. Surely you can not refuse one who has been so long an interested listener, but has never yet ventured to speak a single word, having been awed into silence by the talent, wit, and brilliancy of the many bright particular stars of the Merry circle. Who has a word of welcome?

Sunbeam, will you not smile on me with your enlivening beams? It's cold up here on this mountain. By-the-by, Northern Star, I think we must be relatives. I am surely far north. Please, Uncle Merry, be merciful. Ever yours in the bonds of cousinship.

CARRIE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Certainly you are welcome from your mountain home. You can be a "bright particular," only come often, and help make the Chat both brilliant and witty.

CITY OF ELMS, Dec. 3, 1864.

The sanctum door stood invitingly ajar—I pushed it decidedly open, and looked in. There sat Uncle Robert, chin-deep in the most heterogeneous medley of letters and communications from each of the kind (?) circle, utterly at a loss among so many brilliant (?) productions where to draw the dividing line. By his side was Uncle Hi; he knew perfectly well where to draw the dividing line (of the scissors!), said article just now flourishing furiously in the air as if in search of fresh victims.

Not at all intimidated by this unpromising aspect of affairs, I walked boldly up to the editorial chair, or rather to what the editorial chair held, and said: "Uncle Robert, here's another number of the human race come to join your circle." He looked up quickly, a queer combination of expressions flitting across his face; despair quite as prominent as any, as he foresaw another monthly letter added to the huge pile before him.

"Uncle Hi," I said, in my very blandest tones, yet looking with one eye, askance at those dreadful scissors! "you will of course admit me? I bear my credentials from Queen Fleta." "Yes," he replied, tightening his grasp on the cold steel in his hand—"if you are not too long!" Horrors! what does the man mean? is he going to murder me? Does he think me a foot too tall, and so is going to cut off my head!! My strong

nerves, however, carried me through this trying scene.

I have got through with the sanctum (worst of all), and now I'm going into the parlor, where I know there will be only sweet (?) smiles of welcome.

So here I am; "take me for better or for worse," as they say on some interesting occasions; I've forgotten where, now—never mind, perhaps I shall remember some time. I don't care where you seat me if you'll only give me one somewhere—for I will have a seat. I won't stand up at everybody's beck and nod.

Jolly Jingle, if I were you, I would make Uncle Robert give me a seat somewhere, and a pretty nice one too, for you deserve it instead of waiting in meek submission behind his chair, and we—you and I, that is—will go off into some corner together; we'll have our little sanctum where we can see and hear everything that's going on.

Perhaps, in time, we'll let others in. Wanderer, possibly, if he ever comes back, and A. N. If they don't behave, they'll wander back again! W. A. R., also, we may invite.

You know who they are that we want jolly! So I'm established on one half of this comfortable little tête-à-tête in that cosy corner, and I'm not going to stir for anybody.

Wanderer, will you give me your hand in token of friendship? Will you send me a cousinly word through the mail to Box 629, New Haven?—Queen Fleta's address.

Will you, too, A. N.? Jolly, I expect to hear from you of course. W. A. R., will you introduce yourself to me?

Flib, Pertine, Leslie, and Manus, and all who are interested; I invite to have a little chat with me. Now don't feel bashful! pray. Encouragingly yours,

Iva MACGREGOR.

CLAREMONT, MINN., Nov. 13, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE AND MERRYS ALL:—I have long wished to become a member of the Chat, but could not get up courage to write until now.

Pertine, I love you—won't you send me your *carte de visite*? you can get my address of Uncle Robert. Please, Uncle, do not let this come in contact with that awful cutting machine.

Love to all the cousins, especially those who are soldiers. Yours, Merrily,

FLUTER W.

72 WALL, Jan. 5, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—Here I am in the corner, and have been in the same place for the last five years.

I am covered all over with rust, and want a good shaking to take off the dust. Will you please to give me a push with that long pole of yours, so that I shall shake off my drowsiness? or will you send some cousin (a very merry one) to either sit down and keep company with me in the snug receptacle in which I have slept away my V, or lead me into the sunlight and starlight of thy Merry sanctum (III)?

I am not without acquaintances. Leslie, how is India Street? and Loyalty, you're a very fine fellow, used to belong to the B. P. and C. I.'s, didn't you?

I would like to X with any of the cozies. Let me see the *cartes* coming right along, 600,000 strong.

Sigma (not Tau), I would like to correspond with U.

By letting me come in, you will oblige
Yours, etc., IN THE CORNER.

Will some please dust that "Corner," and try and renovate Wall Street a little? Leslie and Pontiac will take hold with a will, and the three "Wills" will certainly accomplish something.

WINDSOR, VT., Dec. 7, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—What a dreary day! Raining about one half the time, and the other half trying to! Not one bit of blue sky to be seen, and the fog is so dense we can not see Mount Ascutney.

Romance and Albert Wolf, I agree with you in regard to having a republican government.

I, for my part, don't wish to be subject to king or queen.

I think Uncle Merry would make the best President.

Uncles, aunts, and cousins, I expect to stay here at the Prison another year, and should be very happy to see any one of you, at any time. RENA.

I hope to be able to "keep out" another year, but may be called that way unexpectedly.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I suppose I am an entire stranger to you and the Merry band, but I have been somewhat acquainted with you all through the Museum, last year. I like it so well I wish

to take it another year, if you will allow a little girl of eleven years to join your circle. I shall be glad to have some little cousin of my own age to sit by me. If not, then I will be content to sit by Aunt Fanny! I have answered a few of the questions, but I do not expect to get a prize very soon—but I will do all I can to merit it.

VIVUS.

To do "*all you can*" is all that is required in this world, and will always bring success.

DEAR AUNT, UNCLE, AND COUSINS:—How de do, all of you? Don't you think it's about time for me to shine again?

Buy *c. de v.* as soon as possible, Romance. Did you have a pleasant journey that day?

Leslie, I like your sentiment; can I claim you as *my friend*?

May Clayton, "my sad heart is pining for one fond word." Will you ever speak to me?

W. A. R., a Wandering Arab, Really, don't get desperate and go and hang yourself.

Juno, music and poetry are my heart's delight.

Coz Zephyr, you came last month with as musical a strain as a summer breeze sighing through the roses of Sharon.

Tu-lips, here's a kiss for you.

Uncle Hi, I'm not coming again until spring, so you'll spare me this time; won't you? Do, and I'll speak a good word for you. I wonder if you're not the hatchet my brother lost once—so keen and bright.

Cousins all, please write, and send photos to your merry coz,

EVENING STAR.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

DEAR COUSINS:—It is with a sad heart that I greet you all again. How sad to think that three of our "loved circle" are gone—sad for us that are left, but joy for them, for they "have entered into rest," and we are left to mourn. No more shall we hear their voices speaking pleasant words through "The Chat." Wilforley, bright star of our Chat, and H. A. D. and Alderbert Olden loved "soldier boys," that have suffered and died for a cause dear to every loyal heart. May they never be forgotten! but oh! may we be as ready when our

"summons" come to "join the innumerable throng."

Pertine, I have not forgotten your request, and will comply.

Down-East Girl, please send photo, and I'll reciprocate.

Tattler, I've not forgotten you.

Uncle Robert, I proposed a Merry Republic, and somebody else had the credit of it; is not that "too bad?" It is so seldom that I say anything "smart," that when I do, I want the credit of it. So now, cousin — take back your assertion, or by the "powers that be" I'll have your photo.

Pontiac, I am in despair; shall I ever see your "handsome" phiz?

Teaser, what do you know of Saratoga girls? Send your photo, and tell me.

Lillie L., I love fairy tales. Forestina, I will (some time).

Leslie, it was "too bad;" try again.

M. E. M., you had better "subside," for you can't have my own "pet name." I hope you may soon take leave of your name, as you are so anxious. But I must stop. Save me, Hattie! MAMIE.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 28, 1864.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have been wishing to write for some time, but for some unknown reason have delayed doing so till now. On one day I had determined to write and keep a promise made for me by another, when the glorious news from General Sherman drove it right out of my mind. By-the-by, as we were reading the paper at breakfast, one of the little ones asked, "What General followed General Sherman to Savannah?" and immediately answered his own question with "General Rejoicing," of which important fact I thought it would be well to tell you. According to the above-mentioned promise, I inclose my carte.

Yours, truly,

M. E. A., of No. 25, Brooklyn.

Please accept thanks for *c. de v.* Our album is still large enough to hold more of these treasures. We believe in the new "General."

BETWEEN THE LAKES.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNTS, AND COUSINS ALL:—After long waiting and wishing outside the charmed circle of merry-hearted ones, I have at length found courage to knock at the door, timidly, to be sure, but with a hope that I may be taken by the hand and kindly welcomed.

Do I hope in vain? or can I by promising to be as good as possible be admitted, and try if I can not through some chance gain friends as well as cousins? I have for a long time been interested in the Monthly Chat, and have found instruction as well as amusement in some of the letters. Our dear departed ones, Wilforley and Danker, were favorites of mine, as was also our dear lost Star-r, Winnie; and while with you, though perhaps unknown by any of your number, I dropped the silent tear of sorrowful regret for those lost never to return to cheer us with their merry chat again. I still wait and live in the hope that we may some time be made happy by once more hearing from Queen Winnie. Cousins, one and all, will you receive another member of the "*happy family*" in the person of QUISQUE?

EAST WINDSOR HILL, Dec. 19, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Do you remember the baby sister of Minna and Alick that you sent the kiss to ten years ago? In looking over an old Museum, I saw that Alick told you how I tipped over pitchers of water and got the ashes out of papa's stove all over his study floor. I have come to tell you that I think it is all a mistake. Minna and Alick have grown up now. Minna is teaching music, and Alick, whom we call Ned, is in Yale. I have read the MUSEUM for a great while, and like it very much; but I wish it came every week.

When I was learning to talk, I used to call Milk Memo, and so mother gave me that name, and therefore I will sign myself, MEMO.

We send another kiss for "the baby sister," but hope you will not make it last as long as the last one. Come often and get more.

DEAR MERRYS:—I wish you all a happy New Year! May no dark clouds overshadow your pathway, but may you all enjoy many years of peace and prosperity.

Leslie and Pontiac, I like your letters ever so much. Let us shake hands and be friends.

Rogers, we are both strangers to the Merry circle, so we will keep near to each other and be company.

Uncle, you will have to have the parlor enlarged, there are so many seeking admittance—will you not?

Ino, I have a compliment for you. Send me a *carte* and I will tell you something.

Addie W., have you recovered from your "clumsy fall" yet? I hope so.

Lillie Linden, Forestina, Kitty Clover, and all the dear cousins, please favor me with a *carte*, and I will return it as soon as possible.

Hattie Lee has my address, and will give it to any one that wishes it.

Hattie, hold the *horrid* manipulator, while I send love to all. Yours Merryly,

SUNBEAM.

Instead of Hattie holding the manipulator, it, or "any other man," has held her so tightly that we fear it will fail to let go. You must try some other way to send your love, where there is not so much *Lee* way.

LITCHFIELD, ILL.

DEAR MERRYS:—I have come from Illinois to ask admission to the "Chat." Is there room for me in any of your corners? I have just commenced taking the Museum, but the first time that I read the "Chat" I was perfectly delighted with it. That's a splendid picture of Uncle William's, he looks so pleasant. If you will give me a corner in your pleasant parlor, you may consider me as a Merry cousin. BILL W.

SNOWY SPOT, LAKE SUPERIOR,
Dec. 28, 1864.

CHATTERBOXERS, AHOY! — Listen a moment to the sounds from this far-off icy region; and you will find, although far away in the interior of the copper regions, encircled in a vast, lonely, and wild wilderness, your long-lost Tommy has not forgotten, or yet forsaken you.

Rodgers, your consolation regarding the *c. de v.* is accepted. Must I wait long before becoming discouraged? Hattie Lee will give you my address.

Lillie Linden, are you aware we both hail from the same place? Do allow me to draw my chair close to you, I assure you I will be real good—indeed I will.

Kitty Clover, the remembrance of the past gives me a longing desire, to again mingle with that company where I reaped so much pleasure; have patience —you shall hear individually.

Loyalty, you are not forgotten.

Forestina, I've a longing desire to again reap the pleasure contained in your cheering letters; may it be so?

Leslie, why do you vex the girls? I fear my sentiments will compel me to agree with Kitty Clover, and proclaim you almost a tease.

Aunt Sue, my dear Auntie, how can I find words to express my loving regards for you? It's impossible to do it—only think "how kind you have been." Glad to hear of the recovery of your little girl from her long siege of sickness.

Hattie, just you keep up the blade of the manipulator, and let this slide through unharmed, will you? TOMMY.

Dec. 1, 1864.

DEAR COUSINS:—Kitty Clover, you and I must be better acquainted if we are to be corner-mates. Daisy Wildwood, how am I ever to get over to your corner? Sunbeam, I like you; will you write? Will a Brooklynite write to me?

Edie Linden, shake hands; I know May Clayton. I send love to all new cousins, and now good-bye.

PRAIRIE ROSE.

TREE TOP, Sometime 1, 1865.

DEARS:—I tried, long ago, to let you know my sentiments in regard to the Queen question, but Uncle Hi cried "Veto," so I shall keep a dignified silence on the subject now.

Welcome, steel-plated William the Merry.

Spin us another yarn, Jean du Casse. The last will wear very well.

I shall be in New York some time this winter, and I shall certainly visit the MERRY sanctum, where I hope to meet some of you Merrynes.

I hope you all spent a merry Christmas. I spent part of a merry one in reading "Les Misérables," and looking at ghosts from "Spectropia." One of the "ghosts" appeared with a hatchet raised High, and that frightened this

BOB O'LINK.

Rather cold weather for Bob-o-link to be out. I should rather expect to find you in the rice swamps of Secessia, or perhaps in the orange groves of the islands of the Gulf. If you come to the sanctum, look out for Uncle Hi. If his "ghost," with a ghostly hatchet, can frighten you out of your singing, how do you expect to manage the veritable flesh and blood and the veritable steel of the living Uncle?

Dec. 1, 1864.

DEAR MEREYS:—The last time I wrote you I was in the country, falling off rail fences on the wrong side, rolling down straw stacks before reaching the top, climbing to the loft from the outside of the barn to hunt for hens' nests, nearly breaking the eggs, and my neck too. I am now at home sliding down the banisters, playing the jews-harp, whistling, etc.

I now feel as though I was welcome in the parlor, because Jolly Jingle, Lillie Linden, and others have proved themselves friendly. Waif, of course we can be friends. Are you yet tired of teaching school?

Lillie Linden, you feel at home with me, don't you?

Elfeda and Ino, send *cartes de visite* and real name to Uncle, he will forward them. I will serve you the same.

Sunbeam, if you wish a seat by "some nice young lady," between the ages of ten and fifty, why don't you come and sit by me?

Daisy Wildwood, I have read "My Lost Youth," and think it grand.

Nameless, why don't you call yourself *Uno*? we have an *Ino* among us!

Uncle, if I send my photo to the album, may I have one in exchange?

JUNO.

Certainly you are welcome, but be careful how you change from the banister to the manipulator. It would make you do something more than whistle to slide down that. We think you must be the girl invited out to skate by a certain young man who, finding she would not skate, let her slide.

Jan. 6, 1865.

Ned W., Daisy W., A. S. W., and all the other W's, I wonder if we are not some relation, independent of the cousinhood.

Puss, what part of California are you from? I have a brother out there—perhaps you are neighbors.

Pertine, is it true what I hear about your being married? if so, I am quite disappointed in you, and if not, I shall vote for you Queen. Jasper, I have taken quite a fancy to you—let us shake hands. Sans Souci, next summer we will have our ride, and then I will tell you where to come.

Franc, I am not from the place you

mentioned, neither Nameless. Am I from R.? You will both have to guess again.

Uncle Merry and Cousin Hattie will please accept the love of ADDIE W.

GLOVERSVILLE.

MY DEAR ALL OF YOU:—Here am I that have been silent nearly a year. I've brought my money with me—so now, Uncle, allow me to say a word or so. Puss, my face will be on its way to see you before you have read this. Sans Souci, I will send you my shadow in exchange for yours. What say you? Marion, I should like extremely well to exchange with you. Send yours along, and soon you will see a sister-teacher. I think we can be excellent friends. Yes, my dear little Prairie Rose, send your white-winged messenger to me, and I will take pity on you.

Zephyr, take notice! I should like to get acquainted with you very much.

Yes, Daisy Darling, I am going to speak to you right away now. I wish you could see me, and you wouldn't think I looked from such a height of experience. Waif, I think it is great fun to teach school. Do you teach a country school and board around? if so, isn't that the greatest fun out?

Sans Souci, Marion, and Prairie Rose, Uncle Robert has my address.

Lockwood, I suppose you didn't hear from me ever and ever so long ago. If I was near enough to you, wouldn't I give you fits? I command you six that you answer my letter immediately. My address, instead of Bleeker, is Groversville, Fulton County, N. Y. Now, if I don't hear from you, you may expect a blowing up. Merrys all, adieu.

MIGNONETTE WILDWOOD.

Your "shadow" has not yet darkened the pages of the Merry Album, but we hope it will soon, and may it never be less.

WOBURN, Dec., 1864.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I now take the liberty to write you a few lines to send you my "dollar and a half" for the "MUSEUM so Merry," and mother said I must write right off after I received the December MUSEUM. I liked the Christmas stories in it very much indeed, and would like some in every one that you publish.

Give my love to all the cousins. Your ever-loving niece, M. L. R.

BLOOMINGTON.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT.—Out-West Boy, I think I know you; do you know me? Sharp-shooter, are you snowed in? I hope not. I should like to hear from some of the Merry cousins. I will close for fear of the hatchet. BLUE BUTTON.

Extracted Essences.

BLUE-EYED LORA.—We send the November again. It was sent once, but must have been lost by mail.

FLETA, please send the name and address of your friend.

BLACK HAWK desires to form the acquaintance of some of the Merry cousins.

TINY WILD ROSE, we have many younger than you in the Chat—little buds, which we could not possibly get along without.

IOWA BOY, our circle will open to admit you, and we trust you will make yourself at home in our midst.

CARRIE and LIZZIE C., thanks for your love and interest manifested in the MUSEUM.

MRS. E. P. S.—All subscribers are "Merry cousins," and as many of them write as choose. All the letters in the Chat are *bona fide*, and we have many more than we can possibly publish. Yet we desire all to write, and believe they are much improved in the art of composition and letter-writing by it.

Moss Rose-Bud, your wish is granted.

Snow-Drift, your own name must be sent with the letters.

FAIRY wishes to know what part of Orange County W. H. Coleman hails from. Willie is so near of age he can answer for himself. We think Puss never wrote for the paper you mention.

COUSIN MAY, glad to receive you as one of our nieces, and shall hope to have you come often. Our corners are pretty well filled this month.

YULA, why didn't you send your real name?

WM. D. H., we will send one bound volume of the MUSEUM to any one who will obtain and send us three new sub-

scribers. Twenty cents must be sent to prepay postage on the volume.

EVANGELINE, send your photo to those you name, and ask an exchange.

DIARY OF MRS. KITTY TREVLYAN.—A story of the times of Whitfield and the Wesleys, by the author of the "Cotta Family," "The Early Dawn," etc., is a work of deep interest and power just published, by M. W. Dodd, New York. It fully equals the "Chronicles of the Cotta Family," and will be welcomed by many thousands who have been delighted with the earnest simplicity and rare abilities of the author.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, published by W. W. Hall, New York, at \$1.50 per year, is one of the very best publications received by us, and contains so many practical hints on health that no family can afford to be without it. The tracts in the January number are well worth the subscription price.

MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY is the title of the well-known Comic Magazine intended for the family circle, and we believe contains nothing objectionable. The publisher offers this month cash prices for the solution of puzzles. A prize of \$50 is offered for an original puzzle this month. J. C. Haney & Co., publishers, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

BABBITTONIAN PENMANSHIP.—Our young friends who desire to have a handsome handwriting, and that includes all, will find the system of writing advertised by Babbitt & Wilt a great help. It consists of a large number of beautifully engraved copy slips, with instructions for writing each printed on the back. The copies are suitable for both ladies and gentlemen, and by carefully studying and following the directions, the learner may acquire a style of penmanship that will be in the highest degree useful as well as ornamental. By an arrangement with the proprietors we are enabled to present a full set of the copies to any one sending us three new subscribers.



The Sewing Ripper.

Uncle William has had a rather singular turn of thought ever since he invented the manipulator by which so many of the "Chat" letters have been clipped and condensed. His mind seems to have run on "cutting up." His last performance in this line is, however, something more than a joke. He has contrived a most useful little implement, for which the ladies will thank him. It is named the Sewing Ripper.

With it a seam can be taken out a good deal faster than a sewing-machine could put it in, and with less danger of cutting the cloth than by ripping with knife or scissors. Here is what Aunt Sue says about it:

"DEAR UNCLE WILLIAM:—I have tried the "Ripper," and it is splendid; just the thing needed in society. Devout men have often piously ejaculated: Let her R. I. P., but they have never practically provided the means for so desirable an end; that was left for you to do."

AUNT SUE."

It is very neat and simple, and any one can readily use it. Everybody knows what a trouble it is to rip out the work of sewing-machines which make the lock-stitch, such as Wheeler and Wilson's, and many others. The Sewing Ripper does it so nicely that it is just like play. It takes out hand-sewing just as readily. The Ripper costs 50 cents, and H. Lee, 111 Fulton Street, will send one post-paid to any one who sends that amount.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

ADDIE W. wins the prize (her second) for December puzzles, having sent the longest list of correct answers.

Harry Bowles, by mistake we awarded you the *second* prize, when you were entitled to the *third*. We forward the *third* prize, and hope this makes all right.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

32. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 9, 2, 18, 12 is a building.
My 1, 17, 19 is good to eat.
My 15, 11, 6, 5, 5 is heard at funerals.
My 16, 7, 4, 3, 5, 6 is in every drug store.
My 8, 18, 13, 14, 15 is an article of dress.
My 4, 10, 11 is to make brown.
My whole established Bruce upon the throne of Scotland.

Lily of the Valley.

33. Entire, I am a soft noise; behead and transpose, I mean to decay; behead and transpose again, and I am a certain kind of town; behead again, and I mean to bribe; again behead, and I mean rage; behead again, and I signify repetition.

Louise.

34. Behead an animal, and leave a gift.

Franc.

35. Behead, then curtail a flower, then transpose and leave a salutation.

Addie W.

36. Behead that which children like, and leave a nickname; curtail, and leave a conjunction; again curtail, and leave an article.

H. C. Hazen.

ANAGRAMS.

37. Thin wagons. *O.I.* *Adelbert Alder.*
38. Try her coal. *T.M.* *Tommy.*
39. Sim perres a ten nito. *M.M.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

40. I give praise to the girl. *Clementina.*
41. To deface, and an article in general use. *May of Irvington.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

42. I throw a — over the —. *Grasshopper.*

43. A — asked me to — his purse. *Aunt Martha.*

44. The — was made by one of your —. *Hero.*

45. Do you — to — across the —? *Forestina.*

46. Entire, I am an adjective; beheaded, I am a pile; again beheaded and transposed, I am an animal. *Lillie Linden.*

47. 100500U500. *Monitor.*

48. Behead a boy's name, transpose, and leave an estate. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

49. Behead an article of furniture, and leave something used in making it. *W. C. C.*

50. Divide an animal, and leave a verb and a preposition. *Fred W. C. C.*

51. Behead a word, and leave a word meaning the same. *Muriel.*

52. I am composed of 16 letters: My 11, 15, 13, 9 is a great ornament in a park.

My 8, 13, 9, 11 is a vegetable.

My 8, 7, 16 is a specimen of humanity.

My 2, 3, 4, 4, 16 is a girl's name.

My 12, 1, 6, 14, 16 is a celebrated grammarian.

My 16, 7, 1, 10 is a personal pronoun.

My whole is a great favorite with boys and girls. *J. M. Dodge.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 8th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

269. Potomac.

270. Turtle-dove.

271. Texas, taxes, axe, tea, eat, at.

272. Speär, pear, ear, era, er, e.

273. Faro (Pharaoh).

274. Anatomy.

275. 1, Bill; 2, kill; 3, fill; 4, dill; 5, gill; 6, mill; 7, will; 8, rill; 9, hill; 10, pill; 11, till; 12, nil; 13, sill.

276. Bishopric.

277. Antimetathesis.

278. Astronomy.

279. Enterprises.

280. Egastrimuths

281. Elephant.

282. Vermont.

283. Ant, tan, nat.

284. Seals, sales.

285. Parse, spare, reaps, pares, pears, spear.

286. Adder, dread, dared.

287. Reed, deer.

288. William Makepeace Thackeray.

289. Because they (cry no lean) crino-line.

290. Lavender (a vender).

291. Woodworth's Cabinet.

- Addie W. answers all but 273, 277, 280, 284, 285.

- Forestina answers all but 273, 277, 280, 283, 284, 285.

- Anna J. B. answers all but 277, 278, 280, 285, 288, 289.

- C. W. J. answers all but 273, 277, 278, 280, 288, 289.

- Forrest answers all but 273, 278, 280, 283, 284, 285.

- Hero answers all but 273, 276, 277, 278, 280, 285, 289.

- Franc answers all but 273, 277, 278, 280, 283, 284, 285, 287, 289.

- Archie answers all but 273, 277, 278, 280, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 289.

- Lillie Linden answers all but 273, 274, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 283, 284, 285, 289.

- Juno answers all but 273, 277, 278, 280, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 289, 290.

- Julian A. P. answers 269, 270, 271, 272, 274, 275, 281, 282, 288, 290, 291.

- Snow-Drift answers 269, 270, 272, 276, 279, 281, 291.

- Elizabeth answers 269, 272, 282, 290, 291.

- Geleco answers 269, 281, 288, 289, 291.

- Alfred Parsons answers 269, 271, 272, 291.

- Vivus answers 269, 271, 272.

- Orrando answers 269, 271, 291.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Forestina, Elizabeth, Addie W., Lillie Linden, Bonnie Bell, Ella Avery, Tiny Wild Rose, Franc, Hero, Willie S., and Julian A. P.



UNCLE ZENE.

GOOD old Uncle Zene, as we used to call him; how we all loved him! His name was Zeno. The schoolmaster said he was named after one of the Grecian philosophers. We did not know what that meant, when I was a little girl. I remember I used to think it was some kind of a machine, but I wondered why they should name a man after a machine. Since I have learned that a philosopher means a man that loves wisdom, I think Uncle Zene was rightly named, for he practiced as well as loved the best kinds of wisdom: he tried to make everybody happy, and that kind of wisdom is the best and the rarest that I know. He could talk about all the things in the books with the

schoolmaster and the minister, and they often used to go and spend an evening with him, for they said he was the best company in the village. If anybody was sick, Uncle Zene was one of the first to visit him, and his face seemed to bring sunshine into the darkest hours. But his greatest delight was to gather the children around him, and be a child with them. We had no merrier playmate than he. He knew all the games, could tell the funniest stories, and then, what was most delightful to us, he could play sweetly on the violin. Many a time have I joined a merry group in dancing around him as he sat in his old arm-chair on the grass in front of his cottage. I shall never forget what he said one

day when a man who was passing asked him if it wasn't wicked to dance. "Not if you can't help it," answered he; "and I never saw a child that could," he added; "it's a way they have of laughing with their feet;" and he struck up such a lively tune, that the man almost danced as he walked away, and we kept on with our merry frolic.

Dear old Uncle Zene! he sleeps now in the sunniest corner of the church-yard, and in summer his grave always blooms with flowers, which his former friends carefully cherish. As I stood there lately, it seemed as though his own sweet smile was brightening the beautiful leaflets of the forget-me-nots and violets, and I said "his works do follow him." LOTTIE.



SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A LITTLE girl who repeated her lessons correctly at school every morning, was asked by a school-mate, "How is it that you *always* know your lessons?"

"I pray to God to help me to learn them," replied the little girl.

This was the secret of the dear child's success. She not only prayed, but diligently used the ability which God had given her. This is what we ought always to remember. We have no warrant in the Bible for asking God to do for us what he has given us power to do for ourselves. God

has given us hands with which to work, feet with which to walk, heads with which to think, but let us never forget that we daily need God's help, to enable us to make a right use of both body and mind.

GOETHE tells of a tombstone on which, instead of the usual inscription—

"Remember that you *must die*," was another, and better, inscription—

"Remember that you *must live*."

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER III.—WENDELINE.



BOUT six weeks had passed. The baby was beginning to feel more at home in this odd world of ours, and lay in her nice blanket wrinkling up her wise face, to the great amusement of Elva and Perley, who rejoiced in the

departure of the obnoxious Mrs. Piper.

"Oh, mother!" said Elva, skipping from the cradle to the fireplace and back again, "I've done with playing forever! You never'll go to the back door again and call out, 'Where's my little runaway? Come, wash your dishes!' It won't be out of doors that you'll go to look for me. It will be in the sitting-room, or wherever darling baby is!"

Mrs. Newell laughed. "There! there! don't kiss the baby so hard! Don't you see you'll set her to crying? How long, think, before she'll get to be an old story?"

"Now, mother!"

"Well, well, dear, I'm not scolding. Bring me the gray goose-wing, Elva. But children are generally children, to the best of my observation. You think now you'll be a wonderful sight of help. Well, I'm sure I hope you

will, Elva, for a baby never makes the work of a family any lighter, that's certain."

"But pleasanter, mother—a great deal pleasanter," exclaimed Elva, kneeling by the cradle and pressing her cheek close to her little sister's velvet face; "I can spring out of bed in the morning now and never mind it. Precious, cunning, darling baby, you make us all so happy, don't you know? Don't you see, you little lump of love, it's *you* that makes us love to work?"

There was a soft tearful light in Mrs. Newell's eyes as her daughter spoke; but she went on in her matter-of-fact way:

"You understand just how it is, Elva. It isn't my way to like to have hired help. To be sure, we shall be obliged to get Cynthia Ross during haying; but otherwise than that, we can get along alone, if we are so disposed, and take things to advantage."

"Oh, mother! seems to me I could learn to cook! Don't you know those biscuits I made once? They'd have been real good if I hadn't put in cream of tartar instead of soda!"

"Pretty likely," replied Mrs. Newell, drily; "and the meat you baked last week would have been nice if it hadn't burned to a chip. Time enough yet to learn to cook, my child. But you do make yourself useful in other ways, and I'll give you full credit for it."

Elva blushed with delight. It was not her mother's habit to praise her very much.

"I am afraid I shall have to call upon you rather more than usual this

summer, Elva; you shan't be kept out of school, though, a single day, unless it's on account of sickness. I won't interfere with your studies."

"I knew you wouldn't," said Elva, confidently. "You know I haven't been absent yet, and haven't missed."

"Glad of that, my child; but hurry and comb your hair, or you'll get a tardy mark, as sure as you're alive. Study as hard as you can to-day, for you know you'll be dismissed this afternoon before three."

Elva and her mother exchanged glances of much significance.

"Here are the flowers, mother," said Elva, as she came back to give the baby another kiss before starting. "Don't let them fade. Only to think that Perley don't know yet! Oh, the teasings and pinchings he's given me to make me tell! He won't say after this that I can't keep a secret."

Elva walked to school with a shining face, her red, blue, and yellow dinner-basket swinging on her arm. The white school-house glared like a snow-drift in the sun. She reached it in excellent season, for it lacked a quarter of nine.

A few of the older girls—Samantha Piper, Margaret Hilton, and Louisa Flint—were seated on a grassy knoll under the large maple, discussing some interesting topic.

"How d'ye do, Elf? Seems to me you're dressed up! Have you seen the new scholar?"

"No—what's her name? How does she look?"

"Her name is Wendeline Gilman, and she looks out of her eyes," was Samantha Piper's curt reply.

"Looks as proud as Lucifer," said Margaret Hilton, "and that's the truth of it, if it was the last word I was to speak."

"She dresses *so* beautifully, only in horrid taste, though," said Louisa Flint, looking sorrowfully at the skirt of her own faded calico. "We all saw her walking out with her father last night, Elf. Nobody knows whether she has any mother or not. They have a housekeeper to take care of things."

"Oh, it's the people who have bought that beautiful stone house, is it?" cried Elva, eagerly.

"Yes," said Samantha, quoting from her mother, "and if they don't 'feel their consequence, I'm mistaken! But Wendeline is going to *town-school*, though."

"Dear me! who wants her?" exclaimed Margaret. "Hush! here she comes, as big as life!"

Elva, turning suddenly, saw approaching the fair young stranger. Most certainly Wendeline Gilman made a striking appearance. She was dressed in a lilac-colored barege heavily bedecked with ribbons and flounces. From her pocket peeped a scented handkerchief edged with deep lace, and to shade her pink silk bonnet, she bore aloft a blue parasol.

At such an imposing spectacle the girls looked quite overwhelmed. No one had the presence of mind to bid the new arrival "Good-morning." But as Miss Wendeline sailed along, a dead branch of sweet-brier, which had been lying in wait, seized the skirt of her dress, and Elva kindly hastened to prevent the delicate flounce from being torn.

"Thank you, miss," said the pretty stranger, with queenly condescension.

The girls looked and listened spell-bound. There was an aristocratic, distinguished air about the new scholar which overawed them in spite of the disgust they had affected to feel.

"Dear me! I wish I could be so genteel!" sighed Samantha Piper; all to herself, however.

"She makes me think of the titled ladies I've read of," thought Elva, quite enchanted. "She never will say anything to *me*; we shall never get acquainted."

Wendeline occupied one of the back seats alone. The unpainted hacked bench had suddenly become a throne. Elva, uneasily conscious of the piercing black eyes which might be looking at her back hair, wondered whether it curled well, and whether the new scholar liked curls, and was glad she had worn her spotted delaine this day of all days. It was so odd to think of a little girl who was rich and could buy everything she pleased. Surely Wendeline was to be envied!

During this rush of new thoughts, Elva forgot, to exult over her secret which was being kept from Perley, and was almost startled by a knock on the door, at a quarter before three, followed by the summons, "Perley and Elva Newell wanted!"

Perley looked a little astonished, but Elva reassured him by a very wise smile, which was meant to imply, "This is only what *I* have been expecting, my dear."

Near the door-stone stood Farmer Newell and the gray horse and chaise.

"Jump in, children! It isn't every day you're invited to a wedding."

"A wedding! Whose? Where?"

"Guess, Mr. Perley," cried Elva, exultingly; "guess, and then tell me who can keep a secret, sir."

"Oh, ho! Abner's! Abner the fair—no, Susan the fair, and Abner the brave! Poh! I knew that, or I guessed at it! So that's why you wore your speckled dress? Feel all all so grand, don't you, Elf?"

"Grand!" In an old delaine! Elva remembered the delicate beauty of Wendeline's lilac dress with a pang.

"You needn't think yourself all creation, Elf Newell—I knew about Abner's going to see Susan Nutting before ever you did."

"There—there, that will do,, children," said Mr. Newell, mildly.

It was a mile from the school-house to Farmer Newell's. To Perley's impatient spirit the gray horse seemed "as slow as stand-still."

Arrived at home, the children rushed into the house out of breath. There, in the parlor, sat Susan Nutting, as lovely as a June pink. At the center-table stood Abner, handling the last year's "Gift Book" as cautiously as if it had been a loaded gun, looking all the while so supremely delighted, yet so wretchedly bashful, that Elva hardly knew whether to speak to him or not. The parlor looked very tidy, as it always did; with its gay striped carpet, its white curtains, its framed pictures of Washington and the "Deathbed of Wesley," its nosegays in a pitcher, a tumbler, and a glass sugar-bowl cover.

Elva darted forward to kiss the baby.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "haven't you a word to say? You've not forgotten this young lady?"

"This is *my* little girl," said Abner, taking Elva by the hand and leading her up to the bride-elect. This is Miss—Miss—this is Susan."

Miss Nutting, who seemed far more at ease than Abner, kissed the little girl affectionately, and said she "grew astonishingly."

Perley, who had hastened to don his Sunday suit, now entered the parlor, looking shy, pleased, and sulky by turns. He did not relish the idea of losing Abner, nor was it very flat-

tering to the boy's vanity that *he* should be the only one kept in ignorance of these arrangements.

When it was time for the marriage service, Mrs. Newell said in behalf of tongue-tied Abner, that he had requested to have Elva for bridesmaid and Perley for groomsman. Perley's face passed out of cloud in an instant.

The parties took their proper places, Perley at the bridegroom's right hand, and Elva at the left of the bride. Mr. Newell, who was a justice of the peace, now offered a short prayer, and then proceeded with the ceremony.

It was the first time Elva had ever been present at a wedding. She had supposed it would be very amusing, but somehow it made her think of a funeral. Instead of forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, as her mother had feared she would, in a fit of nervous laughing, she suddenly burst into tears.

"Just like Elf," thought Perley, frowning with severe dignity. "She is sure to laugh or cry—one of the two."

But poor Elva was not weeping without cause. A feeling of desolation swept over her at the thought of losing Abner, that partial judge who had always taken her part in her disputes with Perley, that excellent friend who had so often lightened her childish troubles.

Elva tried to think how pleasant it was that Abner had saved enough money to buy a nice farm, and was now going away to live upon it. She knew she ought to be glad for him, just as he would be glad for her in case somebody should give her a beautiful present. But instead of being glad, she was very, very sorry.

It was certainly strange, but in the midst of the child's tears the image of Wendeline Gilman rose before her.

What would such a rich and proud little girl think of her if she should know of her tender friendship for a hired man!

Abner might be sympathetic and kind, and make reels in bottles, and do various other interesting things, yet it could not be denied that his hands were horny, and that he was a hired man!

Not that Elva was for a moment ashamed of her liking for the excellent Abner. She only thought with humility how plain and countrified was Elva Newell, and how aristocratic and grand was the Miss Wendeline who had so dazzled her that day.

Elva was suddenly recalled to herself by the distribution of the wedding-cake.

"Good-bye," said she, clinging to Abner till the last moment, "I'm glad you've asked me to go and see you, and I certainly shall, if mother will let me."

It seemed to Elva that this had been a day of wonders. And so it had indeed. She little knew, however, that her acquaintance with the new scholar would prove to her the most important event of all.

Sleeping that night with a slice of frosted cake under her pillow, her dreams were divided between tearful weddings and black-eyed Wendeline. She thought Wendeline was a queen, wielding a scepter which was, and yet was not, a brier branch; and wearing a pink bonnet, which had been magically converted into a crown. This royal lady led Elva wherever she pleased, through fire and flood, through bush and brier. It was not altogether the crown and scepter which seemed to control Elva—it was still more the wonderful eyes of the queen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-FLAKES.



SOFTLY fall the fairy snow-flakes,
Clothing naked branch and tree
With a mantle light and downy,
Robe of meekest purity.
Softly in my heart there stealeth
Gently, as the snow-flakes white,
Peace, with mantle pure and holy,
Filling me with happy light.

Snow-flake, thou an emblem seemest,
Falling thus so noiseless down,
Folding in thy kindly beauty
Darkness made by Winter's frown.
So to me sweet peace is coming,
Quiet as a snow-flake's step,
Hiding with its heaven-wrought
beauty
Sorrows I would fain forget.

One by one, like memory's whispers,
Or like blessings from above,
Float the snow-flakes, white as
angels
Bringing messages of love.
One by one, from heavenly por-
tals,
Peaceful echoes come to me,
Soothing from my soul each mur-
mur,
Prophesying rest to be.

Down thou liest, lowly snow--
flake,
Pitying earth's deformity ;
Sparkling in the bursting sun-
shine,
Smiling in thy charity.
So in peace my spirit resteth,
Clad in glory not its own ;
Gladly waiting, hoping, trusting,
Soon to know as I am known.

To find a higher home, meek
snow-flake,

Soon thy mission it will be ;

Sun and tender breeze—both wooing,
Star and cloud will welcome thee.
So, my soul, if peace thou keepest,
Thou mayest reach a perfect land !
Righteousness, a sun, will lead thee,
Guiding on to God's right hand !

Peace doth flow there, as a river ;
God Himself that land doth light ;
Sin and death there cease defacing
Garments new and snowy white.
Holy welcomes there will greet thee ;
Prayers for peace thou'l need no
more ;
Pray while waiting, *wait* while pray-
ing,
Time will waft thee to that shore.

CHARLOTTE LEE.

JUDY'S ANGEL.



UCH a forlorn-looking little creature as she was, standing on tip-toe, with her face pressed against the brilliant show window of a French baker's store on Broadway.

Crowds were passing up and down, but not one paused to notice the sad, weary-looking creature, in soiled, tattered garments, so lost in admiration as to be quite unconscious of all else.

Her little half-frozen feet were thrust into great overgrown shoes that well-nigh refused to do duty any longer; but they kept the tender flesh from the sharp, pitiless stones.

She drew an old rag of a shawl about her shoulders, and shivered as a blast keener than its fellows swept by. Two gay young creatures paused beside her, and the younger one exclaimed—

"Oh, Gracie! how tempting! Let's go in, will you?"

But the elder one was watching the beggar child with the wan, hungry look. The girl looked up with a start, and held out her hand beseechingly.

"What will you do with money if I give it you, sis?"

"Buy something to eat; we're so hungry, ma'am."

The lady took the little blue thin hand within her own and gently led her into the richly decorated shop. The child gazed shyly around, no doubt expecting it all to vanish, as all

her bright dreams had before. But there surely was reality in the tempting roll that seemed to melt in her mouth; and they were heaping up her basket with good things, too. Then the elder girl placed the basket in her hands, and asked—

"Where is your home, child?"

"I haint got none, ma'am; I stays with old Molly, and she's sick, and Ise 'fraid she'll die, too."

"Have you no father?"

Her eye drooped, and then she said, softly, "He's in the Tombs, ma'am."

"Poor child! Tell me your name, and where you live—I'll come and see you."

"Judy Marks, 102 — Street: but it's a dreadful bad place—not fit for the likes of you, miss."

"Never mind—I'll come, Judy;" and she noted down the street and number upon her tablets, and turned to the obsequious shopman to order something for herself.

"Only a miserable little impostor, ma'am," he said, with a slight sneer; "the city is full of them."

"It's enough to know she is wretched and hungry, sir. I'd be glad to feed them all."

But Judy was not an impostor, and her little feet were flying toward Molly's attic as fast as the great shoes would allow; swiftly she mounted the rickety stairs, her face all aglow with pleasure, as sunshine lights up the face of old Winter.

In one corner of the low attic room, where wind and snow were free to play all sorts of antics, was a heap of straw and rags, where lay old Molly.

"Did you get anything this time, child?" she asked, feebly, as Judy rushed toward her.

"Haven't I, though?" exclaimed Judy, displaying the tempting food; and taking the paper she spread it on an old box that served the double purpose of table and chair, and there she laid the crisp brown loaves and delicate cakes, pausing now and then to feast her eyes and rest her aching arms.

"Oh, Molly! I 'spect I've seen an angel," she said at last, in a solemn tone.

"Lor, child! there aint no angels, nor none of them things."

"Yes, but there is, Molly—Peggy told me so; she goes to Sunday-school, and she says up where they live they never get hungry, and so I guess they brought us some good things beforehand; and then, besides, don't you b'lieve they're comin' here."

"Lor a massy! dat does beat eberyting."

"Now I must go and see *him*," said Judy, putting some of the cakes in her basket; "I wonder if he'll be cross to-day."

Very patiently she trudged along, her thin face growing sadder as she neared the gloomy prison; the shadows of those massive stone walls seemed to fall upon her heart, blotting out every stray sunbeam that lingered there.

She was evidently well known there, and was passed in without comment, the heavy door closing with a clang that made her shudder. Great, burly policemen glanced carelessly at her, never heeding the little thin face so shadowed with grief and care. Why should they? Are they not met with everywhere? So she glided up the winding stairs, along the galleries, passing cell after cell, without pausing to glance at the crime-stained faces that peered out at her from the nar-

row gratings. At last she halted, and balancing herself on the tip of her toes, held up her little offering of cakes.

"Is that you, little chick? So you've come to see your old dad again, eh? Well, you's a good young 'un," said a gruff voice inside.

"Aint these nice cakes?" said Judy; "a lady gave them to me—*such* a nice lady! I thought she was an angel!"

"Well, *you're* a born lady, and I've a great mind to tell ye where ye belong, if you won't tell on me."

"What is it you mean?" said Judy, her great eyes opening wider and wider.

"It's a long story—but the long and short on't is, you aint my young 'un, no more'n than that great brass-buttoned fellow over yonder is."

"Who am I, then?" gasped Judy, quite bewildered.

"You wait and I tell ye; your dad is a rich man, and I had a grudge agin him once, and got a cousin o' mine, a servant-gal in the family, to steal ye away—that's how 'tis."

"But nobody won't b'lieve me if I tell 'em, for they don't b'lieve nothin' beggar children say."

"Won't they? Let's see now. Don't you remember, jist before I come here, I give old Molly a box to keep for me? Well, you just take that and go to the number I write on this card, and let them look at the things, and then at you, and see if they'll send ye off. There's a mark on your neck they'll remember well enough. Now, good-bye, little puss, and mind ye don't peach. Here's the key to the box!"

Judy thought surely this was a dream and no mistake, so she pinched her thin arms till they were quite blue. Dream or no dream, the little arms would rebel, so she passed in the

remainder of the cakes, and with a gentle good-bye turned to go.

"But look here, young 'un! yer name aint Judy, neither—it's Florence Eldridge. There! go, now—I've got that off my mind anyhow."

Judy, as we must still call her, seemed to tread upon air. The great prison was a changed place, and never before had the sun shone so brightly, or the busy, dirty streets worn so cheerful a look. Joy seemed to lend her wings, and she burst in upon the astonished Molly quite out of breath, and so much excited that Molly could gather nothing from her incoherent words, and fancied she had quite lost her wits.

"Oh, Molly! I aint Judy at all; I'm somebody else, and am going to live in a fine house, and you shall have a new dress, and lots to eat, and get well ever so fast—just like the stories you told me."

"Land's sake, child, are you clean gone crazy?"

"Not a bit. I'm to take a little box that you've got, and go somewhere to-morrow, and find out all about it."

The bright winter sunshine was a welcome visitor in the Eldridge mansion, so it crept into all the dark corners, and twinkled and danced and sparkled until every shadow was driven out. Then it caressed the thrifty plants in the window, gazing in the tiny water-drop mirrors on their fragrant leaves, and wooed the brilliant canary till he burst forth into such a flood of melody that the cheerful room rang again.

Miss Grace glanced up from the book she evidently was not reading. "Master Dick, what *does* possess you? —the spirit of gladness, eh?"

Dick hopped up one perch higher, cocked his dainty little head on one side, and chirped his assent.

"Well, sing on—you've nothing in the wide world to trouble you;" and Grace sighed wearily. Then going to the window she gazed up and down the street, with a troubled look on her usually sunny face.

The door opened, and a little curly-head peeped in.

"Say, Gracie, Nora is busy, and ma is going out, and says you must get us ready for school; and I want a string in my shoe, and can't find my books, and Charley wants a button sewed on, and his collar fastened, and he says his cap aint nowhere."

"Quite a formidable list, Miss Katie—but I'm coming," laughed Grace; and she bounded after the little elf with such speed, her tiny feet went flying up the stairs in great glee.

Grace's nimble fingers soon supplied the missing button and string, the lost were found, and the little ones trudging off in the best of humor. Then the house grew quiet again, and Grace was left to her own reflections. She wandered about restlessly, putting things to rights in an absent-minded way, in places where no one would ever dream of looking for them again, and afterward to her own amusement finding gaiters in her glove box, and collars where shoes ought to be.

Just then Bridget made her appearance with a forlorn-looking little mortal in rags and tatters, that Grace recognized as the beggar girl of yesterday.

"Please, ma'am," says Bridget, "she would come in; she says she has something to say to you."

"Very well; you may go, Bridget. Come in, child," said Grace, kindly.

Judy came slowly in, box in hand,

and seating herself on the edge of a chair, sat twisting her fingers for a moment, hardly knowing how to commence.

"What is it?" said Grace, encouragingly.

"Did you lose a little sister ever so long ago?" said Judy, "and did she have on a red dress? and gold things on her sleeves and neck, and would you know them?"

"Mother would, and here she comes now. Can you tell us anything about her?" inquired Grace.

Judy handed Mrs. Eldridge the box, unlocking it as she did so.

"Why, Grace, these are the clothes Florence wore when she was stolen away—our little, lost darling! What do you know of her, child?"

"I am her!" said Judy, baring her shoulder; "do you know that mark?"

"My child—my long-lost child!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldridge; "can it be?"

A host of exclamations and explanations followed, and then Judy was hurried off into the bath-room and nursery, and came out fresh and bright in a suit of Miss Katie's, that fitted very well with the exception of being a trifle too small, for Judy was small of her age.

"There, mamma, I think when we have coaxed back the bloom, she'll look quite like our Flora," said Grace. And really she was not Judy any longer; she was somebody else, sure enough, as she had said.

Old Molly in her lonely attic was not forgotten, and as time passed on, grew to believe in angels, too.

EULA LEE.

It is not enough that you are praised by the good; you have failed somewhere in your duty if you are not cursed by the bad.

THE STOLEN DOG.

A GENTLEMAN had a good sheep-herd dog which could do almost everything except talk. If every boy and girl were as faithful to perform every duty, the world would be a great gainer. One day a drover bought a flock of sheep of Coly's master, and bade Coly go along and help the man drive them. It was thirty miles to the man's home, and he was requested when he got there to feed the dog and bid him to go home. It would have taken a good many smart men and boys to have kept the flock in as good order in that long march as that one faithful driver. The man was so pleased with his skill, that he made up his mind to keep the dog. He was to leave the country soon, so he shut him up and tried to win his heart away from his old master. But his advances met with no response. He ate the nice food given him like a sensible dog, but he watched his chances of escape as keen as if he had been a prisoner of war at Richmond. But for days he was unsuccessful. At last, however, a chance occurred, and he was not slow to improve it.

"That fellow tried to steal me," he reasoned, "and I shouldn't wonder if he meant to steal all those sheep, too. I'll just gather them all up and take them home to my master."

So to work he went, and managed to find, or make, an opening out into the highway, and then marched them all off in the dead of night like any other fugitive. What was the surprise of his old master to see him come home with his flock after so long an absence! He was certainly too honest a dog to enter into partnership with a thief in any manner. If he had succeeded in taking him off, he would have found him a troublesome ally.



THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS.

A FABLE.

HOW apt are men to condemn in others what they practice themselves without scruple!

A wolf, says Plutarch, peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, "Lord," said he, "what a clamor these men would have raised if they caught me at such a banquet!"

MORAL.—We severely censure that in others which we ourselves practice without scruple.

So LIVE with men, as if God's curious eye [pry; Did everywhere into thine actions For never yet was sin so void of sense, So fully faced with brazen impudence, As that it durst before men's eyes commit [witness it; Their brutal lusts, lest they would How dare they then offend when God shall see, [be? That must alone both judge and jury

THE SOLDIER BOY.

The shadows were falling on curtain
and wall,
And the soft evening lamp threw its
light over all ;
The family clock, with its slow even
tick,
Could not vie with the grandmother's
musical click,
As from bright needle-points the warm
sock seemed to grow
Like magic from top to the well-fin-
ished toe.

Near the clock, in a little wire cage on
the wall,
Was silently muffled a tiny buff ball ;
And, though, *how*, it oft puzzled our
Minnie to see,
Trill knew lamplight from daylight as
well as could be ;
For he shook out his feathers and
sung with the sun,
And rolled himself up when the long
day was done.

Poor Trill ! if his eyes had been open
as wide
As dear little Minnie's, much might
he have spied,
For she was as busy this bright Christ-
mas-eve
As a little girl could be with fancies
to weave
Into every possible texture and shape;
From wire-mounted monkeys to dolls
in pink crape.

The turtles that sprung from her rai-
sins were true,
As e'er sunned on a log or crept bright
water through ;
And her apple-seed mice, save they
kept very still,
Looked as cunning as any that live
in a mill.

Just now she was pinning a small
crimson stocking,
Near the stove in the corner where
grandma sat rocking ;
She hung it up well—gave the toe a
neat pull,
To make sure it would hold should it
be very full.

Then she looked at her mother in
sweet childish glee,
“I'll hang *this* one for Freddy, this
tiny one, see !
Oh, my rattle will fill it as nice as can
be !
This rattle was all I could buy for you,
Fred,
For the rest of my change went for
‘comforts’ for Ned.
I guess Freddy will laugh when he
snatches it out,
And shakes it, and throws all the mu-
sic about !”

Little Grace, with her sewing, was sit-
ting quite near,
And Minnie espied in her blue eye a
tear ;
“Why, Gracie, what ails you this
sweet Christmas-eve ?
I'll hang up *your* stocking, and then
you won't grieve ;
For Santa Claus never, I am sure, will
pass by
Such dear little girls as you, Grace,
and I.”

Grace brushed back her curls, and
then smiled as she said,
“The tears came because I was think-
ing of Ned ;
And what if our box, with the fruit
and the pies,
And our comfort-bags, sent for his
Christmas surprise,

Should be lost by the way, or should
reach him *too late!*

We can not be *sure* of a poor soldier's
fate."

The mother replies, in a low tender
tone,

"Still, we all shall be glad that the
nice box is gone.

I think Ned will get it—on Christmas-
day, too,

And will be very happy in thinking of
you,

When he sees what your love for him
led you to do.

'Comfort-bags,' to be sure, with the
sugar and spice,

And the coffee, and tea, and dried
peaches so nice;

And the dear little Testament, with
the kind note

Between its small leaves, which his
grandmother wrote.

And then," her lip quivered, "you
know, if Ned should

Fail to get it, then some other brave
fellow would.

We'll hope for the best till we get the
next letter,

And then for our fears—it will seem
all the better."

Earnest prayer was then offered, that
God would still shield

The fatherless boy 'mid the ills of the
field,

And speedily weaken the power of
their foes, [close.]

And hasten this long, cruel war to a

So the comforted children were soon
sound asleep,

And the morning told secrets which
Christmas can't keep.

They were all as happy, the grand-
mother said,

As they could be, or should be, with-
out their dear Ned.

Three days passed, and four, and then
came a long letter,

As the mother had said for their fears
all the better.

"Such a box!—such a time!—it was
almost a sin—

If you could have been here when
that box was brought in;

For merrier fellows, I venture to say,
Never lived in a tent on a cold Christ-
mas-day.

We almost forgot one poor fellow
awhile,

Who could only look on with a faint
weary smile,

As he lay with his head on the ever-
green boughs,

In a stupor our glee could but partial-
ly rouse.

There was plenty for each in our half-
dozen ring,

And we voted our dinner a meal for a
king;

And we did not forget our wounded
boy long—

We made from our comfort-bag tea
nice and strong;

And we threw down the hard-tack
and toasted him bread,

Till he raised from his pillow his poor
aching head,

And thanked us so gently, with eyes
full of tears—

Poor Willy! An end to our hopes
and our fears,

No longer he moans on his rough
hemlock bed— [ble dead!]

He quietly sleeps with the brave no-

The note in the Testament written for
me, [knee];

I read it to him, with his head on my
And his eye fixed on mine, he drank
in every line,

And I heard his faint whisper, 'that
Jesus is mine!'

Those words—oh, my mother—they
came to your boy
With a sweetness and force which no
time can destroy;
And I promise you now that I never
will rest
Till they find a clear echo within my
own breast.

There is fighting to do, and hard bat-
tles to win—
But the battles without are not like
those within;
I can stand the loud din, and the bul-
lets' thick hail—
I can battle the bravest, forgetting to
quail;
But I find with *one* foe who is subtle
and still,
I am powerless to grapple in spite of
my will;
Against him I shall now try the
strength of that sword
Which is sheathed in the folds of that
most precious Word—
The sword of the Spirit, 'tis this I
shall wield,
When drawn up for battle on this
bloodless field."

The letter was finished; no voice
spoke a word,
But an ear ever ready each silent
prayer heard,
Oh, shield him, our Father! be his
through the din
Of battles without and of battles
within;
Let the bullets pass by him; oh, spare
us our boy!
But if he should fall, may we have
this great joy,
That of thy blessed Word he so drank
in each line,
That his last, faintest whisper said,
Jesus is mine!

KRUNA.

A BATTLE THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT.

MANY years ago, two boys differed
about some trifling matter, while at
play, and one of them challenged the
other to fight. The challenge was ac-
cepted, and the heroes went into an
adjoining field to settle the quarrel.
Jackets and caps were thrown on the
ground, and all was in readiness, but
each appeared unwilling to strike the
first blow.

"Now, then, strike me, if you dare,"
says the younger boy, with a look of
defiance. His companion looked at
him, but did not like to strike, and at
length said, "Nay, I have nothing to
strike you for."

"Well, then," said the other, who
had provoked the quarrel at first, "let
us be good friends again, for I have
nothing to strike for either."

They dressed and left the field with-
out striking a blow, and never quarreled
after.

One of them now holds a very re-
spectable position as a teacher of youth.

How few battles would be fought,
either among young people or old, if,
in imitation of these boys, the disputants
would try to find a reason for the
quarrel before they strike a blow.

"The beginning of strife is as when
one letteth out water; therefore leave
off contention before it be meddled
with."

THE thought should always travel
from the brain to the lips by the way
of the heart.

BIRDS are the poor man's music;
flowers, the poor man's poetry; and
the rich man has no better.

IF you race for a shadow, be sure to
start before sunrise.



BE COMFORTED.

WEEP not for those thy Father's taken
From a world of care,
Nor mourn thyself as one forsaken,
Life alone to bear.

Joy, rather, that from all the sorrows
Of our pilgrim way,
They are free, ever, and each morrow's
Brighter than to-day.

But though long ago they have left us,
They're around us still;
Their angel-forms are ever near us,
To protect from ill.

Faint not, nor with thy toil grow
Angels by the way [weary.
Cheer us, and, when this life seems
Tell of brighter day— [dreary,
Of a day, all our life-work ended,
And our trials done,
By spirits whom we've loved attended,
We shall go home.
In God's own time, the angels holy,
From before His throne,
Shall bear thee to behold his glory
Forevermore at home.

LILIAS S.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.



CHRISTMAS, the dear, good, old Christmas, with its fragrant forest-breath, stolen from the fine green hemlock boughs and the balsam-sweating pine-branches—Christmas, with its loving cheer for young and old, had once more come and gone.

Santa Claus, who is generally satisfied with one visit a year to the little folks, took it into his head at this Christmas-time to make a second visit a few days after Christmas. It was from curiosity, to be sure; but when one has made so many visits of pure generosity, and seen so much curiosity in others—eager children peering into corners of hidden packages—sleeping half Christmas-night with one eye open to see what shape Santa Claus assumes, and what he draws from his bag as he approaches their stockings—parents, not quite old enough or wise enough to have *their* curiosity annihilated—when he has seen so much of this trait manifested, let us not blame him if he came back once to see how things looked in a few homes a fortnight after his usual yearly visit.

There was one very beautiful room called the Nursery, in an elegant home which he particularly remembered; first, on account of the two sweet-looking sleepers over whose faces he had spent two whole minutes of his precious time on Christmas-eve; and, second, because of their beautiful greet-

ing to *him*, which was pinned on the falling drapery from the rose-hued canopy above their heads, in the shape of a gilt-edged crescent, with the words “Welcome, Santa Claus!” put on in rich letters of shaded brown and green moss. Their two stockings, one of crimson and the other blue, hung lovingly side by side on the wall close by. A delicately chased ring with a ruby stone was dropped into the blue stocking, and into the crimson one fell a locket of gold; while underneath he placed a box filled with the choicest of china tea-sets, and a miniature house with elegant furniture.

So his first call after Christmas was one pleasant afternoon when he touched his magical wand and became invisible within two feet of the wide-awake children of the nursery. How happy I have made the little cherubs! was his first thought, rather rudely put to flight by the words which came from the olive-hued and curly-headed Nina.

“But I had ten times as lief have a locket—I want a picture of Flora in it, with her plump bare arms and shoulder-knots—and I want to wear it like a watch, with a pretty gold chain, and a little pin to fasten it on with, like that.”

“But I have had hard work to tease this chain from father, and now I’ve got it I shan’t give it up,” said Mabel, with a decided shake of her golden locks, and a teasing twinkle of her blue eyes; “besides, your ring is a beauty.”

Nina held up a tiny tapering finger, turning it daintily to see the carmine-hued stone turn to violet in the changing light, as she replied, “A beauty! then why won’t you change with me?”

"Why wouldn't you let me take your tea-urn to put real tea in yesterday?" answered Mabel, pulling diligently at the linen threads of one of the tiny napkins she was making for her doll's table. "We can't have any fun, you're so afraid I'll break everything I look at."

"And you're so afraid I'll soil a carpet, or break the leg of a chair, or the back of a sofa in your doll-house."

"So you will, too. You know you *did* break the knob from my sugar-bowl!"

"Well, well," thought Santa Claus, "I guess I'll be going—but I'll leave them another gift."

A little tinkle, and they both turned to see two small keys lying on a little china plate at their elbow. Mabel took up one, and read from the label attached—

"To lock up the toy-house from my sister," while Nina had already made out—

"To fasten the box which holds my tea-set, that no one may disturb my china."

"Somebody has overheard us!" was all he waited to hear them say, as he left the beautiful nursery for a second call, which is all we can follow him in to-day.

This was at the door of a low-ceiled family-room of a plain but neat-looking old house. It was an inviting room, too, notwithstanding it was so crowded with furniture that but for his wand he might have sought a place in the children's corner in vain. Two beds would have pronounced it a bedroom, but for a supper-table neatly set in the center, which seemed to say it was the dining-room, while one corner, where was a sort of doorless closet, with some children's chairs near it, and a few toys, and three busy

little people, looked as if it were a nursery. Santa Claus knew it was all three; he knew, too, that it did not always follow, by any means, that *poor* children were the *best* children, and *rich* ones the bad children; nor that nice and costly gifts make little folks selfish and fretful, nor that the merest trifles pleases them abundantly. But though not always so, he admitted that it must be so in *this* case.

A neatly dressed little boy held in his hand a small slate, on which were various attempts at likenesses of dogs, kittens, and flowers.

"I had rather be doing my sums, but Ruth wants kittens made, and as Santa Claus gave me so nice a present, I must please Ruth with it too."

"Yes," said Ruth, "and he gave me a doll, and that's as good as a slate."

"Better too," chimed in little Fanny, "for mother has made a cradle for the doll, and then if you hadn't had a doll and a cradle, Robert wouldn't have papered this nice box for your play-house."

"I know it," laughed Ruth, "nor my nice little broom, made from part of a real one; see how cunning it looks, hanging up in my kitchen! And here is my fire-place, with nails for andirons, and little scarlet-ash berries for coals, under my bits of sticks."

"And your acorn-pot, boiling," said Robert.

"Yes—we never did have so nice a Christmas before," said Ruth.

"Robert made my present, though," said Fanny; "I expect Santa Claus forgot me;" and she held up a little yellow bucket with a pink cord bail, neatly cut from a small mock-orange which her good brother had long saved for the purpose.

"Oh, no," said Robert; "didn't he put the sugar-plums and the mottoed

heart into your pail? I think he was very generous to us all."

"Yes, he was," said Fanny, with her sweet gentle way and half-ashamed look, "and so was mother, too. You know the pop-corn and the little thimble seed-cakes for our play party."

"Blessings on them! I'll remember them, next year," said Santa Claus to himself, as he silently left the room. "I see it isn't gold, or china, or velvet, but it's something rarer than these, scarce as they are in war-time—it's not the gold nor the rubies, but the warm pure love in the heart."

KRUNA.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

ARE there no young men of hope and promise to whom the "wine parties" have been a snare and a trap, the first step to ruin? Are there none who started in life with a thorough distaste for intoxicating drinks, who were betrayed and lost through the usages of society? It would be well if persons who are skeptical on this subject, could see behind the scenes as we have done, and witness the havoc made by this monster evil in families of different ranks and classes.

It is the strangest delusion that Satan ever yet fastened upon the mind of man, to invest that *dire poison*, which is the most prolific source of sorrow, crime, and disease in our land, with the life-giving and invigorating properties necessary for a daily beverage, to be fearlessly placed upon the table at every meal, and especially at all our pleasant feasts; alike for the daily use of the strong man, the delicate woman, or the little child.

DAVID BRODIE, Esq., M.D., writes thus: "We have wondered what

good quality these universal favorites were possessed of to make them so welcome at almost every board; and, like Diogenes looking for an honest man, we have searched the secret recesses of science, and the busy scenes of every-day life, for anything good, which a healthy man, woman, or child could get out of these much-loved drinks, but hitherto it has been in vain. We can not find one single good quality which they possess to compensate for the load of woes which they inflict upon the foolish family of mankind. * * * Genius is not ennobled, but bedimmed and dishonored, by its alliance with intoxicating liquors. There is no joy worthy of the name, in any degree of this indulgence. Man is intended to enjoy life, and will have enjoyment; but it is ever and always a bitter and joyless stream which flows from the *spirit bottle*, and abstainers ought not to acknowledge it as gladdening, or represent their abstinence as an act of self-denial."

LIFE'S MARINER.

MOTHER dear, oh, pray for me,
While tempests round me roll;
Storm lashed upon life's heaving sea, |
My barque's beyond control.

Dark waves are rolling over me,
Reef-rocks obstruct my way;
The dark clouds spreading o'er the sky,
Shut out the light of day.

Without the smile of Him above
To light my weary path,
How can I buffet with the storm,
How brave the cold waves' wrath?

Then, when twilight o'er the altar falls,
And finds thee kneeling there,
Think of thy wayward sailor boy,
And breathe for him a prayer.

MYRA E. GLOVER.



ELLIE'S CHICKIE.

In a cosy little cottage down in Devonshire, one of the loveliest parts of England, lived once a good farmer and his wife. Many years the woodbine had been climbing over the porch and around the lattice, and the moss growing on the wide roof, and the oaks and sycamores stretching higher toward heaven, and spreading their branches more generously. The cows had worn a narrow path down to the green meadow, the bees laid up stores of honey in the same hives by the garden gate, and the hens and chickens were perfectly at home in the lawn before the house. But indoors it was very still. You could almost always hear the ticking of the clock, for there were no little children to drown its quiet talk with their idle chatter or noisy play, or the patter of tiny feet. Father Hambleton thought it was almost too silent and orderly. Only a little grave in the church-yard reminded him that it had ever been otherwise for one little year.

But one day there came a sad interruption to the quiet. A poor woman

fell fainting at the hospitable door, which opened always in pity to the sick and needy. She had with her a lovely child about a year old, a little golden-curled fairy who clung crying to her mother.

In two or three days she died, and was laid in the church-yard. With one impulse the farmer and his wife adopted the orphan child into their heart and home. Little blue-eyed Ellie soon learned to know and love them. She toddled round after grandma when she made her cheese and butter and washed the shining milk-pans. She was carried in grandpa's arms to see the wee bits of pigs, and to pull the cows' horns and pat the horse's big nose with her tiny hand. And in winter she would sit on the floor in the sunshine, amusing herself with a string of spools while grandma Hambleton was busy. But when the spring came, and she could run out and pick daisies and buttercups, she was brimming over with joy. And when the old mother hens, with their young broods, came clucking majestically along, she

was at first afraid ; but after grandma caught one of the little downy things and put it in her hands, she was divided between delight and terror ; and always after that she regularly went out with grandma to feed the chickens and hunt for eggs. On Ellie's third birth-day, grandma gave her a little white chicken that was conspicuous among its black and gray brothers and sisters. Ellie's eyes shone, and all day she was running round in pursuit of her "chickie," which was as constantly running away from her. But the white chicken soon found out that the daintiest bits were reserved for it by that same little hand, and would run at the sound of her voice, and allow her to carry it round in her arms, and nestle its soft head there with a subdued peep of satisfaction.

Yes, grandpa and grandma often sat and watched the pretty picture—the figure in pink, with sunny hair and violet eyes, sitting on the broad door-stone, with the chicken clasped gently with one hand, resting contentedly in her lap, the yellow sunlight streaming over both. Only at night were these two friends parted, and then often Ellie waked in her crib, and called "chickie" in a sleepy voice, and then subsided to slumber again.

But ah ! one bright morning, when, smiling, Ellie ran from the breakfast-table to call "chickie," "chickie" was deaf to her voice—could nowhere be found. She went all around the house, and into the garden, and still no "chickie;" then to the barn, and round behind the carriage-shed, and there, lying on its side, lay Ellie's



chicken, and it would not move when she called. She thought it must be asleep, and took it up tenderly, setting down her basket, but its eyes were open, and with a vague feeling of terror she carried it to grandma.

"Grandma, my chickie is sick, and wont move!"

Grandma touched the cold, stiff feathers.

"Chickie's dead, Ellie."

With wonder and fear Ellie looked up—"Dead, as mamma was dead?"—and then burst into a passion of tears. She cried all day. At noon grandpa buried the chicken, and coaxed her to sit on his knee and eat some dinner, but sobs choked her and she could not swallow a mouthful. At night she lay tired with crying, but her eyes wide open for a long time. Then she called, "Grand-ma." Then putting her arms round her neck—

"Grandma, my little chickie has gone to heaven, and God will take care of it; so I won't cry any more."

Grandma wasn't a severe theologian, and did not try to prove that chickens, who have no souls, can't go to heaven, but left the child to her comforting faith.

A few weeks after, the house was very still again, and darkened, for the death-angel was waiting to carry away little Ellie. With tearless eyes but aching hearts the loving grandparents watched their adopted little one droop its head, and the light grow dim in the blue eyes. She knew them always, and when at last they told her she was dying, a flash lighted up her face, and she said, "Yes, I'm going to heaven, and I'll find mamma and chickie, and then you'll come and find me." And the eyes closed, and the lips grew pale, and the death-angel carried to Paradise the soul of little Ellie.

PASSING AWAY.

How oft we meet,
In busy street,
People old and gray!
Their bowed forms,
Wrecked by storms,
Slowly passing away!

From such we turn,
And fail to learn
The lesson of to-day;
We, too, must change,
Run through life's range,
And at last pass away.

But, beautiful still,
Though wrinkled ill,
Each one of us can stay;
A cheerful heart
Can love impart,
For love can ne'er decay.

The life within,
Unstained by sin,
Ever cheerful, gay,
Preserves its worth,
Gives us new birth,
When we, too, pass away.

TROY, Feb. 2, 1865.

W. A. R.

HE who goes through a land and scatters blown roses, may be tracked next day by the withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters rose seed, a hundred years after, leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his monument, and as a heritage for his daughters and sons.

Honor thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for truth, do not contend;
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will avenge the deed.

OUR SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY BELLE P. R.

Down where no weeping willow
O'er his low bed weeps,
Where the turf is piled up rudely,
There our brave boy sleeps.

 There our darling soldier slumbers,
Day by day alone;
And the low-voiced mourning cuckoo
Wails its plaintive moan.

 Down where no sculptured marble
Marks the humble spot,
Near it is the field of glory
Where our boy was shot.

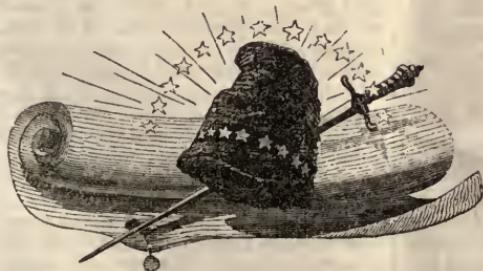
 Years ago, when he—a baby—
Slept on mother's knee,
Little thinking of the rough voyage
On life's wayward sea,

 How dear mother used to watch him,
Then her pride and joy;
And how oft she used to bless him,
Bless her darling boy.

 But now, how still he slumbers!
Now, he's free from care;
God took our boy to heaven,
And he's resting there.

 But I think I see him, joyous,
'Mid a happy throng,
Where Glory, glory to the Father,
Is the sweetest song;

 On his head a crown of glory,
Brighter than the sun—
Far, far brighter than the other
That on earth he won.



SUMMER.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

THE zephyrs, idle vagrants,
Come filled with sweetest fragrance;
They shake the blossoms down in
showers,
And steal the fragrant breaths of flow-
ers.
The bee, the bright-winged rover,
Is wandering all over
The fields of blooming clover;
He dives deep down in the lilies' bells,
And sips the sweets from their hidden
cells.

 The brook steals down the meadow,
Through sunshine and through shower,
By buttercups and daisies,
In deep and shady places;
Then, with a sound of mimic wrath,
It leaps along its pebbly path.
Beyond, the green-clothed hilltops lie,
And smile to see the smiling sky.

 Deep in the leafy woods,
The shady solitudes,
The timid little rabbit peeps,
The squirrel on the branches leaps.
Each tree stands dim and solemn,
Like some old temple's column,
And through those arches vast and
dim,
The wind is chanting a grand old hymn.
We had forgot the primal curse,
And peace reigns through the universe.
May 21st, 1863.

I'm mustered out!
God of our fathers, our free-
dom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, op-
pression, and wrong!
Oh! land of earth's hopes, on
thy blood-reddened sod
I die for the Nation, the Un-
ion, and God!
I'm mustered out!

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



HIS month comes to us bringing sorrow and sadness and weeping. Another of our noble boys in blue sleeps among the martyr dead. The altar of human freedom demanded another sacrifice, and Adelbert Older cheerfully gave his life for his country.

Thus one by one they pass away, each noble spirit adding one to the immortal names of the long line of heroes who die that their country may live, and whose blood is freely given to purchase universal freedom and a righteous peace. Their glorious record and heroic memory will be fondly cherished by dear ones left behind.

In the December number we published a letter from Adelbert's father, giving an account of his enlistment in the Union army, his battles and wounds, and capture by the rebels; and this month we have another letter, with the sad news of his death.

We assure the afflicted parents that they have our warmest sympathies and prayers, trusting and hoping for a glorious reunion when the sound of war is heard no more through all the land, and all tears are wiped away from every eye.

On another page we publish a short piece of poetry by Adelbert, which has been in our hands many months, waiting an opportunity.

The following letter will be read with painful interest by all :

PACKWAUKEE, WIS., Jan. 19, 1865.

AUNT SUE:—In obedience to your request to give you, and through you the

Merry circle generally, any intelligence received of our lost boys, Adelbert in particular, I write this to tell you that we have received such information as renders it all too certain that both are dead. Adelbert died in Richmond, a prisoner, but at what date, or whether naturally of wounds, or by cruelty and neglect, is uncertain. The younger met his death on the battle-field. Far be it from me to wish to burden others with our sorrows, but I may be allowed to say that in their death we have lost a great deal—two sons of whom any parents might justly be proud. Society has lost bright ornaments, and with Adelbert the MUSEUM has lost an ardent admirer. God needed defenders of his eternal principle of human freedom, and they understandingly responded to the call, were slain upon his altar, and their freed spirits have gone to their reward. Alas that this must be to you, to the Uncles, and all the Merry cousins, in behalf of Adelbert Older, an earthly *farewell!*

Your sympathies, dear sister, we are sure of, and your prayers you will not deny to your afflicted brother and sister,

AMOS AND ANN OLDER.

U. S. STEAMER SONOMA, OFF CHARLES-
TON, Jan. 17, 1865.

Can you wonder, Uncle Merry, that I have not written, when I tell you that to-night, for the first time since leaving Gotham, have I beheld the September MUSEUM? Am I not, therefore, entitled to a little indulgence, Merrys all, and be permitted to say all I wish? If you said no, Uncle M., I didn't hear you, for I'm too far away; besides, the guns make too much noise.

Did you not know that I was vain, and desired to have you tell the folks that I had gone off again? Why did you not remind him, Hattie? Here I've been, rolling off Charleston, and cruising around the "big pond," generally, for five months more, and none to say "good luck" to me.

To all new Merrys I send greeting—all, mind you. Yes, James, you may write, but be careful and not talk treason concerning Winnie, or there'll be a row.

Ino, I should like decidedly to do so, but how am I to do my part of the exchange out here? The rebs will not let

us have Charleston, and when I was over to Savannah, the "picter" man had not arrived, so there is no gallery where I may be taken. You see they take none but "full length" pictures on board ship, and I don't fancy that style exactly, for the Doctor is generally the artist (or else the rebels send one), and there's usually an arm or a leg left out, which spoils the looks of the figure, as they did one of our poor fellows a week or two since.

And so you've come to life, Jean Du C.? I was afraid you'd lost the number of your mess. "Sonoma, S. A. B. Squadron," will find me. Do write. Are your reminiscences of the Purser pleasant? Hope so, for I'm in the "P. D."

How long your message was coming to me, Coy! I had hoped to meet you there. Did you ever hear a letter read since I left that sounded like Jasper? Shall look again when I return.

Teaser, who *are* you? I declare the girls *teased* me enough about your first letters to make me three Teasers instead of the author of the letters merely. Will you not tell me, please? Were you not on the frigate Potomac? No. I know you were not, for you would not say, "How are you, Geraldine?" I wish the lady mentioned would write and inform me whether *I am* acquaint. Everybody says we are. How is it, Lady Geraldine?

That'll do, Hattie, you need not laugh! Ella, too; I see you're smiling. Am I not ungrateful? Warn all Merrys never write to Jasper, lest he should answer their letters as he did your last. I'm really penitent!

Dan H. B., a friend of yours came on board last night; he recognized your face in my album, instanter—Marcy by name—a school-mate. Said you were "queer." Winnie told me the same thing once, so't must be so!

Leslie and Pontiac, it's a wonder you do not both haunt me nights! Believe me, I have not forgotten, even though silent. When I come back I'll give you evidences of my sincerity. Remember me at "99," particularly to Brother Stearns. Has the Treasurer inquired for me?

Dear Ol, I thought of you the day we took Fort Beaulieu. After landing, I found a collection of birds' eggs in the fort, all broken but two, which I have saved. Do you still retain your interest

in "O O'logy? Why did you forsake Tommy? He's heart-broken!"

I was reminded of Danker yesterday. The monitor Patapsco went down, struck by a torpedo—nearly all hands lost. Poor fellows, what a death!

In connection with Danker, let me say one word, though late, of our Wilforley. None of the Merrys knew him better, none loved him more. I attended his funeral when home, and the words,

"They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

ring in my ears to-night as they did that day. "A finished life," the minister said, "and yet so young!"

I fear I must stop, for Uncle admires brevity, and besides, I've an impediment in my speech.

Lucy, A. N., Nell, Forestina, Fiddlesticks, everybody, my best wishes to all.

Jessie Bell, may I not know you?

If Fort Moultrie or the torpedoes sink the Sonoma this week, don't forget

JASPER.

We bury the hatchet while Jasper speaks, and set the manipulator to work upon other letters from the "home guard," believing our boys of the Army and Navy have the first right to be heard. We hope Charlestown will "hear" from you before you come again. You will know Jessie Bell when you find out who she is, and will wonder you had not "known" *before* you found out.

A young Western friend writes to know something about this Merry circle—"if it's a secret society, what the rules and regulations are, etc." Now, as I am not one of the initiated, I must e'en come to headquarters for information. Won't some one enlighten us?

I must confess it is with some fear and trembling I venture within this charmed circle, but, after passing safely through, shall, no doubt, grow suddenly strong and valorous, as a little fellow I once knew did.

He was a neighbor's child, and one day, in company with a little sister, came for a visit. He was very quiet during his stay, and we were troubled to know the wherefore, until just before he left it came out that he was afraid to pass a grove that stood upon the borders of

our place. They had heard some strange noises in passing, and were quite positive that it was some wild animal. Seeing there was no hope of convincing him to the contrary, I put on my sunbonnet and sallied out as body-guard.

It was a lovely autumn day, and not a sound disturbed the solemn hush of approaching twilight, save the sad note of the mourning dove or the hooting of some far-off owl.

My little companions crept quietly and cautiously along, starting at the slightest sound, and fairly holding their breath as if they expected a panther or wild cat to spring from every clump of bushes.

At last we emerged from the wood without encountering anything more formidable than a frightened squirrel that eyed us suspiciously from the tree-top, and Eddie's courage began to revive. When the last bush was left behind he grew wonderfully brave, and flourishing his arms in a warlike manner, exclaimed, "Oh, if I only had a sword, no wild animal dare come near me."

Before I go, let me introduce our little black-eyed four-year-old, a restless, mischievous little youngster, brimful of fun and frolic. One day an auntie said to him, "Artie, I think you have pretty sharp eyes."

"No," returned he, quickly, "if they was, they would cut."

Last summer his older brother raised a small patch of corn, and watched it with a good deal of interest. One day he came in boasting that he had two ears on one stalk. "Pooh!" retorted Artie, "that's nothin'; everybody's got two ears, ain't they?" EULA LEE.

Uncle, I have a few words to say to the cousins, will not be very long, so please let me have my say.

Kitty Clover, you come with messages to many of the cousins, but I am not noticed. Iva MacGregor enters quite deliberately, talks rather boldly, tells what she will and what she won't do, then turns around and singles out certain individuals, and is already trying to form a select circle. Now, Uncle, is that right? I thought we were *one* circle. Are you going to allow such proceedings? *Our Union* should not be broken. Ah, so you are "*In the Corner.*" Now, methinks, I would come out and get in the center of the room,

then the cousins can get a good look at you. Perhaps if you had the shaking you say you need, you might feel better afterward.

Mamie, I will wait patiently for that *someday* to come, yet I hope you will not wait very long.

Vesta, Sunbeam, etc., I will exchange with you, but I can not send mine first. As soon as yours are received I will reciprocate.

So Hattie "has gone and got married." So one by one of our cousins are leaving us; yet, Hattie, even if you are married, won't you write to *We, Us, & Co.*?

Cousin FORESTINA.

The "Union" of our circle must be preserved, even if we dust every "corner," and break the "select." Hattie still occupies her accustomed seat in the circle, and we trust will not follow the bad example of some of our "bright particulars" lately, and turn her back upon her old friends.

Oh, Uncle Merry! don't you repent in dust and ashes, with tears in your eyes, and all the proper "trappings and suits of woe," that you didn't give insignificant Jolly Jingle a seat when it was wanted? Now, oh, you wicked Uncle, I, having suffered severely from protracted standing behind "the old armchair," will take a seat (whether you will, or not), by Iva MacGregor.

Oh, we'll have the "maddest, merriest time," Iva—you and I, and the few "congenials." Such a feast of words there'll be! Mind you, Iva, I expect you to furnish the feast; I will do my best to devour it (figuratively speaking), speechless with awe, dumb with admiration.

Please, Iva, specify the occupants of "the corner." And, perhaps, I had better say in the beginning, that you will get tired of me, and wished you "had never asked Jolly Jingle to come into your corner." I can take hints, though; and when you say, "Jolly Jingle, I'm not pleased with you—you may walk off," I'll walk. Isn't that fair? If there weren't so many cousins about, I'd tell you how much I like you.

Oh, Fleta, Fleta, "bright particular star!" out of what door have you made your exit? The matrimonial? How deep, oh, Merry Queen, is the "drift of circumstances" that covers you now?

We'll all be "weeping sad and lonely," if you don't shine on us again! You may expect, in early numbers of the MUSEUM, poems in all sorts of hideous metre bewailing our lost Queen; for the throne is yours indeed. (Don't you say so, Nellie Van?) Rush to her standard, Merry boys and girls! (Now this is saying a good deal, inasmuch as said Queen Fleta has treated *me* HORRIDLY, hasn't she, Iva?)

Dear Saucy Nell, don't hate me for not having written to you! You know how one can delay, and delay, until—well, you can imagine the rest.

Onley, I like you, and hope you will like me. I'm not at all like what you think me. Homely people aren't always the worst friends, that's one comfort.

Juno, let's get up a circle of Longfellow-ites. You and Daisy and a few others, J. J. inclusive. We will read in that cosy corner by the fire. Yes, we will, Uncle Merry, don't you say "no!" What a sweet time we'll have, to be sure! There'll be Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell; Miss Mulock, Miss Proctor, and Mrs. Browning. Oh, Juno! don't you love Mrs. Browning? If you don't know her writings, read the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and then thank Jolly Jingle for the treat you've had. When we get tired of poetry we'll have Abigail and music, won't we, Juno? And here I must "fess." You speak of Beethoven's Melodies. Now, don't flounce away! I fear I am not "up" to them. I would rather, while we sit by the fire—you, Daisy, and I—have singing; in fact, I prefer word music to piano music. Please don't say I have *horrid* taste. With lots of love to all the cousins, good-bye.

JOLLY J.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.

UNCLE MERRY:—I have had a glimpse of a cosy parlor and groups of Merry cousins enjoying themselves therein. Mayn't I be one? Do let me step in and take each by the hand and give it a hearty shake. Ah! so you have a door-keeper, eh! and a hatchet is his baton? I thought the hatchet was buried, and the pipe of peace was smoked perpetually. Well, as long as it doesn't cut my head off, I will not be frightened.

Visions of a mysterious room—purple velvet hangings—cabalistic signs—goats—sheets, etc.—all the paraphernalia of a well-conducted lodge-room of the

Sons of Malta style cross my mind's eye—ugh, and a big, grim sentinel with a two-edged sword. I'll step in this lodgeroom, Uncle Merry.

Grand Master, and a host of satellites, P. M.'s and M. P.'s. There's no danger here.

Uncle Merry, will you admit me? Once before, when I was more bashful than I am now, you almost admitted me, but I hung at the door afraid to enter. I remember in my early years how I was afraid to enter the school-house at five minutes past nine one day, and how, the next day, I wasn't afraid to enter. Time works wonders!

SID.

WASHINGTON.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I want to tell you now, as I forgot it the last time I wrote, that I have carried the MUSEUM to the hospital a good deal, where it has been very gladly received by all who have seen it.

I hope, if you visit any more of the hospitals here, I shall see you, for I want to do so very much.

I expect to go to Hartford this year, and shall certainly try to call at the sanctum if I stop in New York.

I liked the anecdote by Cousin L in the December number very much, and hope the example will be followed by the cousins.

I wish, Uncle, if any of the cousins live in Washington, you would let me know some time. I have not met with any one yet that I know here who takes the MUSEUM, but if there are any, I would like to scrape acquaintance.

As ever, your affectionate niece,
ELIZABETH.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Please let me be heard, I have kept still so long.

Evening Star, I am longing for a sight of your "dear familiar face." Where are you?

Juno, Lurline, Sigma, and all the admirers of Abigail," can't we have a corner by ourselves where we can read and sing without being disturbed?

Jean Du Casse, I will "favor you with my carte," if you will send me yours first. Will you?

Uncle Merry, will you please accept an invitation to come out in the country to eat maple-sugar this spring, and all the cousins likewise? If you will, we will have grand times. Pleasant days

we would all go to the "sugar-house," and have some warm sugar, and by way of variety we would take a ramble in the grand old forest to gather the early spring flowers, and we would have Pertine for May Queen. Wouldn't we have a splendid time?

Cousins, I will exchange with any of the cousins who want my "pretty picter," and will send me theirs *via* Uncle Robert.

WAIF.

We accept the invitation to "maple-sugar" with the proviso that, if we can not go to the "sugar," the "sugar" will come to us. Of course we should have a "splendid time."

LINDENETHIA.

DEAR MERRYS:—Calleta, why don't you answer me? I guess you don't want to "scrape" much.

Juno, you darling, write to me again. Ino, I should be happy to hear from you.

Where has Jessie Bell gone to? and who is Queen? Juno, what is your favorite in the "Wayside Inn"?

Uncle Hi, go to sleep for a minute with that hatchet, while I finish this letter. There is not much more. Anybody wishing to write (I wish they would), can send to — or, no—Aunt Sue knows my address.

"Nameless," take "Bother" for a name, since you seem to think you are one. I don't mean that you are, though.

Carrie of the Mountain, I should like to make your acquaintance.

Mamie, do you love fairy tales? Glad to hear it. Write, Uncle has my address.

Sunbeam, your address, and I obey!

Tommy, who are you? Draw your chair as close as you please.

Prairie Rose, address, please; I want to write to you.

Naughty Juno, of course I do, but why don't you write? Aha! Miss Juno, you don't know how good Nameless is, so don't say *Uno*. LILLIE LINDEN.

Call at "111," and see Uncle Robert, and find "who is who." Hattie will probably grant your request if you see her face to face. Why don't you send *c. de v.* for the album?

You will find the prizes for puzzles in January number.

MAPLE GROVE, Dec.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Here comes another Merry asking admission to your parlor. Suppose that there is always room for one more, is there not? Please introduce me to Cousin Forestina, and lots of others. Will be happy to X *cartes de visite* with Sigma, Evening Star, Tulip, Better Cousin, and others who wish to see their Merry Cousin,

LEWELEN LEE.

Jan 4, 1865.

UNCLE MERRY:—Again I come, as quietly as possible. But were it not for the kind inquiries of some of my Merry cousins, I doubt if I should have summon'd courage.

Kitty Clover, have you taken any lessons since the evening we spent a few minutes in a certain dining-room? I wish all people were as quickly taught as you! Will you be astonished at my presumption, or listen while I ask if you and Daisy Wildwood can not allow me to come sometimes and share your cosy little corner?

Comet and Iago, who are you?

Grasshopper, I think you were slightly mistaken in the November number, or perhaps I misunderstood you. Hattie Lee is more "closely related" with some one else now.

Lillie Linden, I have taken a violent fancy to you. Can not we assume a cousinly regard for each other? I want a friend. Almost all the cousins treat me as though I were a stranger indeed!

Uncle Robert, I, too, have felt the shade of sadness thrown over the MUSEUM by the death of its members. The return of Eugene, however, has partially dispelled the shadow. Who can read the story of his adventures without experiencing a thrill of delight that he has surmounted all difficulties, and again returned to home and friends? Hattie, I wish you and him joy! I beg that you will step in for a moment and stand beside Uncle Hi, grasp his hand tightly, reserving the application of that "manipulator" of which I have heard so much, while I send love to all cousins, to dear Aunt Sue, and sign myself

STRANGER.

Glad to welcome you again to our circle, and we hope that your brother in rebel hands may be as fortunate as Eugene, and soon be among the loved ones at home.

ACADEMY AT NOON.

Cousins, I give in my vote for a Merry republic, with Uncle Merry for President, and Uncle Hiram for Vice-President. W. A. R. may be Secretary of War, if he hasn't absconded.

Addie W., did you enjoy yourself as hugely as you expected to, during vacation? If you'll tell me where you live, maybe I'll come and see you some of these days.

Sunbeam, do not you live in River-head, L. I.?

With love to all the cousins, I bid you good-bye.

VIOLET FOREST.

CONCORDIA COLLEGE, FT. WAYNE, }
Jan. 22, 1865. }

DEAR UNCLE:—Thanks to "Better Cousin," I have also become, as I hope, and shall try to be, a good cousin.

Better Cousin, receive my sincerest thanks; and, Uncle, please introduce to the Merry circle your nephew

CONCORDIANUS.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although I am a stranger to you and the Merry cousins, I have taken the MUSEUM a year and a half, and have often wished I could write for the Chat.

I am a little girl of twelve years old, but will not make much noise, if you will let me have a seat in some corner by Vivus. I will inclose a picture for the Merry album, and I hope you will send me one of yours.

ERTA.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Jan. 19, 1865.

DEAR UNCLES:—Most heartily do I second the motion of Cousin I., and here is my mite.

A little cousin of mine (not a Merry), with his mother, was visiting at our house. One day he was amusing himself by looking through the window at the people passing by. Along came a man with a canine companion close upon his heels. "Oh, ma!" says L., "see that pretty little dog running right behind his papa."

At another time he made a clandestine visit to the pantry, and, having closed the door, he appropriated to his own use some sweetmeats, of which he was very fond. His mother afterward reproved him for the theft, and told him that even if no one else saw the deed, God did.

"Oh, no he didn't," said he, "for I shut the door."

"But God can see everywhere, and he saw you."

"Well, then he must have peeked through the cracks," persisted the youngster.

Nameless, I can not support you, for I am pledged to Queen Fleta.

Backwoodsman, my cart(e) will back up to your door soon.

Marcus, your letter is received and answered.

Yours, etc.,

SIGMA.

Jan. 24, 1865.

It is some time since I've had the pleasure of a Chat, and I've no idea how much longer I might have remained a looker-on merely, but for an item in the January MUSEUM, which was irresistibly suggestive. Do the verdant young Merrys who come in from the backwoods with their shouts of "Queen Fleta!" know to what low estate their once would-be honored Queen was fallen?—how the "vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself" and come down very hard on page 29? Think of the audacious, brilliant, captivating Fleta, who used to light up all Merrydom with the coruscations of her genius by the page, appearing as an Essence (a phosphorescence, I admit), and becoming so modest as merely to ask for a "reserved" seat for a friend! Think of it. Some currency (U. S.) must have come o'er the spirit of her dream to cause this quiet abdication. I seem to see the bashful retiring apparition vanishing down "the corridors of Time" Fleta than ever! *Bon voyage*, your Majesty.

Seriously, Fleta, for one, I protest against your retirement; too many of the old attractions are now and must always be wanting, for the chief of all to take her leave.

Leslie, your "strike" seems to have been successful, except the strike for a queen. Do propose something new. What shall it be?

A. N.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—I have come to gain admittance to your circle—will you let me in? I hope Uncle Hi will pass me into the Chat, and not cut me short in my career.

Vivns, I am only two years older than you are—can't I sit by you? I would like to X with you and other cousins, if you will send first. At any rate, will

you write to me? You and all others that will favor me so, please direct to Carlos A., Box 26, Pittsfield, Mass.

But I can hear the manipulator preparing for action, and I sign myself,

Your Merry cousin, CARLOS A.

IN THE COUNTRY, Feb. 7.

UNCLE MERRY AND MERRY COUSINS:—Will you admit an "operator" to your Merry circle. I am a poor telegraph operator, and live about one hundred miles inland. I am fifteen years old, and have long read the "Monthly Chat" with delight, and thought I should like to participate in it, but have not had the courage to write until now. I should be glad to be the recipient of letters from any of the Merry cousins. Uncle Robert has my real name and address.

My love to all cousins. OPERATOR.

All letters for the MUSEUM, whether for the Chat or on business, should be directed to J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York city, and they will be promptly handed to the department to which they belong.

Will kind Uncle Merry permit a would-be "cousin" from the little city of Elmira to enter the Chat?

When very young, I used to read the MUSEUM, which I then thought more wonderful than all the other reading published. For the past year, my old interest has revived, and at last I've mustered courage to write to Uncle Robert.

I have read so many letters from the different cousins—many of them very beautiful ones, that I almost feel acquainted with some of the writers, though never, to my knowledge, have I chanced to meet a Merry cousin. Encouraged by the kind manner with which Uncle Merry always treats the new comers, I, too, have come to ask that I may enter the already well-filled parlor, and join one of the merry groups of cousins. Will not Mignopette, who welcomed Harric, repeat the cheering words to me? May Clayton, Muriel, and Romance, too—Uncle Robert, please introduce me to them, if they have time to bestow a few words on me.

Since the most lovely flowers, the zephyrs, and the subjects of Titania herself, besides numberless less beautiful

things, have been laid under contribution to furnish names for the Merry cousins, until the supply is much diminished, I have been much puzzled to know what to call myself, but finally have concluded to be known as

LIZZIE E. N.

Extracted Essences.

TO ALL IN ARREARS.—We send bills in this number to those who have not paid for the coming year, and ask as a special favor that you will send the money by return mail. The high price of paper and printing compels us to make this request, and by a prompt compliance we shall be enabled to make the MUSEUM a more welcome visitor to your household circles.

VINCENT, of Fall River, "went for Long Abe four years ago," and has a sister who took the MUSEUM twenty-one years ago. We find your credentials all correct, and declare you an accepted member of the Merry family.

BETTER COUSIN, accepts thanks for words of encouragement. The translations, if short and good, would be acceptable.

JUNO, we shall positively "let you slide," if you do not stop making such comparisons; or else we shall call and get our card, and turn you over to Uncle William and the manipulator.

SPARKLE—your friend must take some other name; we have one or two "Rose-buds" already.

EDWARD P. F. comes from Illinois for a seat in the corner. The full set of Babbittonian Penmanship will be sent for three new subscribers, and it should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the land.

OUR WEST BOY—your real name must be sent with letter for publication.

VERDANT stands firm for the Union, and loves the "Merry folks." Uncle Robert has taken a fancy for you, because if the Chat happens to be over-

crowded one month, and you fall into the "basket," you promise to "try, try again." Pontiac, Leslie, Sigma, Down-East Girl, etc., shake hands with Verdant.

CHARLES H. will please send his address. We have a letter for him.

ADDIE CRAVEN will please report at once to "111 Fulton Street," or take the consequences.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

SIGMA wins the prize (his third) for January puzzles, having sent the longest list of correct answers.

Anna J. B. was equally entitled to a prize for December puzzles with Addie W., but owing to a mistake, was not duly credited.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

53. Transpose a bird into a river.

Aubrey.

54. My first is a tough substance; my second is no substance at all, but is often found in the ground; my whole may be found in barns.

Hickory.

55. My first is a preposition; my second, a denial; my third, a coin; and my whole we should all be. *Vesta.*

56. Behead a word meaning to throw, and leave a fish. *Mercury.*

57. I am composed of three letters: my first and third (in sound) is a beverage; my second and third is a pronoun; my whole is an adjective. *Vivus.*

58. Lane music sounds ——. *W. A. R.*

59. I am composed of 12 letters: My 10, 12, 2, 6 is a hostile incursion. My 6, 12, 3, 1 is an agricultural implement.

My 9, 12, 10, 2, 8, 7 means "to flatter."

My 8, 11, 5 means "to place one's self down."

My whole is one of the principal characters in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. *Parsons.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

60. I struck a —— with a ——. *Fred W. C. C.*

61. The members of —— are often annoyed by the ——. *Down-East Girl.*

62. It is not —— to make the —— predominate. *Coy.*

63. I saw a large number of —— floating down the river on a ——. *Peter.*

64. —— actually —— at the news. *Aunt Martha.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

65. Push fifty. *Addie W.*

66. A sovereign and an angler. *H. C. Hazen.*

67. Conduct the young lady beneath. *Grasshopper.*

68. A pronoun, a nickname, a verb, and an exclamation. *Schuykill Nell.*

69. An inquisitive collection of houses. *A. Van A.*

ANAGRAMS.

70. Spare him not. *Adelbert Older.*

71. Don't Eagle. *H. A. Danker.*

72. 'Tis cat tails. *Tommy.*

73. O, digest this clam-pie! *Franc.*

74. An old seer. *Forestina.*

75. 1000e1011000. *Jas. A. Robinson.*

76. I am composed of 31 letters:

My 11, 5, 22, 15, 31 is an article used in school. [ing

My 12, 9, 20, 27, 2, 29, 20 is a dwelling.

My 1, 13, 16, 26 is a man's name.

My 5, 22, 12, 19 is a household article.

My 2, 23, 29, 20 is more valuable than my 10, 2, 20.

My 25, 22, 2, 30 is an ornament of the head.

My 7, 8, 4, 25, 21, 30 is to tease.

My 18, 9, 3 is what we all do.

My 24, 28, 6 is an article.

My 17 is a vowel.

My 14, 25, 29, 23, 10 is not long.

My whole is a true motto.

Bonnie Bell.

77. Behead a feminine, and leave a masculine. *Monitor.*

78. What two chapters in the Bible are alike? *Rena.*

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

79. The rest of a part of the body. *Elizabeth.*

80. Art, a pronoun, and to strangle. *Julian A. P.*

81. A gait of a horse, to place in the ground, and something found in almost every house. *Mary Clayton.*
 82. A bird and something belonging to a rooster. *A. S. W.*
 83. Two articles for the table. *May of Irvington.*
 84. What Merry cousin needs only a head to become a prosperous city? *Rhoda of Guilford.*
 85. Behead one animal, transpose, and form another. *Merrimac.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 8th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

1. Humboldt.
 2. Cashier.
 3. Sticktight.
 4. Clematis.
 5. Coltsfoot.
 6. Four-o'clock.
 7. Love-lies-bleeding.
 8. Magnificent.
 9. Yankees.
 10. Pectinibranchiate.
 11. Magnetical.
 12. Philoprogenitiveness.
 13. Denominator.
 14. Independence day.
 15. Organs, groans.
 16. Adel, lade, deal, lead, dale.
 17. Peach, cheap.
 18. Latitude, altitude.
 19. Hesitation.
 20. You ought to govern your passionate emotions.
 21. Napoleon.
 22. Guide-post.
 23. Cage, gage, page, rage, sage, wage.
 24. Badger, grade.
 25. Penabad (a bad pen).
 26. Camel, meal.
 27. Chat, hat, at, t.
 28. Dyspepsia.
 29. Civil.
 30. Redoubt.
 31. To win fortune, be honest, industrious, and persevering.
- Sigma* answers all but 16, 25, 28, 31.
Franc answers all but 3, 10, 12, 16, 25, 28, 31.

- Aubrey* answers all but 7, 9, 10, 16, 24, 25, 31.
C. W. J. answers all but 3, 4, 10, 16, 18, 25, 28, 31.
Anna J. B. answers all but 3, 4, 10, 12, 18, 24, 25, 28, 31.
Birdie answers all but 3, 10, 12, 13, 16, 18, 25, 28, 31.
I. Austin Steele answers all but 3, 4, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 24, 25, 31.
Forestina answers all but 1, 2, 3, 7, 11, 12, 16, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31.
"Double you see" answers all but 3, 4, 5, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 24, 25, 28, 31.
Rena answers all but 1, 4, 7, 10, 12, 15, 16, 18, 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 31.
Reuben answers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, 20, 21, 22, 27, 29.
"Uno Hoo" answers 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30.
H. B. D. answers 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 11, 14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27, 30.
Nettie answers 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27.
Tiny Wild Rose answers 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27, 30.
Frank C. B. answers 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, 20, 21, 22, 26, 27.
Hero answers 5, 6, 15, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27, 29, 30.
Clarence answers 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 19, 20, 21, 26, 27.
Down-East Girl answers 5, 6, 11, 19, 20, 21, 23, 26, 27, 29.
B. answers 8, 9, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30.
Union Boy answers 5, 6, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27.
Etta answers 6, 20, 21, 23, 26, 27, 29.
Elizabeth answers 5, 6, 8, 9, 21, 24.
Evening Star answers 21, 22, 23, 26, 27.
Horace answers 1, 4, 21, 29.
Black Hawk answers 20, 21, 27.
Annie Stephens answers 21, 22, 27.
"Uncle Abe" answers 21, 29.
Better Cousin answers 2.
Rodney A. Mercur answers 20.
S. L. F. Deyo answers 1.
- Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Forestina, Rena, Tiny Wild Rose, Elizabeth, Iva MacGregor, Nettie, Mollie, Hero, Franc, "Double you see," Rodney A. Mercur, Grampus, Evening Star, Ed. F. P., and Silver Ring.



THE PRETTY FLOWER.

"FATHER, take this pretty flower,
And tell me how it grows;
Who made this pretty jessamine,
And yonder blushing rose?"

"'Twas God, my love, I've often heard;
I think He's very good
To take such care of you and me,
And give us constant food."

" And is it God who does all this,
And makes us hear and see,
And walk about this pretty world,
That looks so bright to me?"

"'Tis only God who can give life,
Indeed, I know 'tis so;

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XIX.—7

It was your mother who said this,
Not many days ago.

Though she can paint a pretty bird,
She can not make it fly;
She says 'tis only God that can,
Who lives above the sky.

We're sure she always speaks the truth;
She says that you must too,
Or else you can not go to God,
And sing as angels do.

Now, love, you go and play; I think
Another time we'll talk;
I want to see the pretty flower
In yonder shady walk.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER IV.—BOSOM FRIENDS.



LVA missed her loyal Abner unspeakably. In his place Mr. Newell hired a rough young man from the backwoods of Maine. It was now Perley's turn to have a friend and champion.

Seth Furbish, with his whitling accomplishments, his string

puzzles, his stories of logging-swamps and deer hunts, made himself very fascinating to the boy. As for Elva, Seth had an ungallant contempt for girls.

Just now Elva had plenty of occupation for her thoughts. Black-eyed romantic Wendeline was certainly making a sensation among the schoolgirls—she was so tall and straight and dignified, so romantic, so much like a young lady!

To be sure, the wise people said her stiff and haughty manners were sad to see in a little girl, and they pitied her because she had no mother to teach her better. Her schoolmates, too, called her stiff and haughty; but at the same time if she chanced to drop them a nod or a smile, they were very proud of it.

There seemed no end to her silk dresses. There were remodeled from old ones of her mother's, though she never said so, and, indeed, was never known to mention her mother but once, and then she said in a mysteri-

ous undertone, which was in itself as good as a ghost story:

"Please, young misses, do not allude to my mother again! I am not at liberty to tell whether she is alive or dead! there is a dreadful mystery about it!"

After this, you may know that curiosity raged like wildfire. If there had been any possible means of discovering this terrible secret, not a schoolgirl in Woodford but would have walked barefoot on thistles for the sake of ferreting it out!

The beautiful stone mansion of the Gilmans seemed to the children like a haunted castle. They took walks in its neighborhood, and looked at it with longing eyes, but no one would have dreamed of entering it.

Wendeline had now been at school for some weeks. Reserved to others, she seemed from the first to take an especial fancy to our little heroine, as, indeed, did every one who knew her.

It would be difficult to make my readers understand how much this preference gratified Elva. A humble chipmunk could hardly have felt more flattered by the patronage of an eagle. She came home one Saturday noon in a flutter: "Oh, mother! do you need me very much? If you do, say so truly and certainly; but if you don't, are you willing I should go to Tanglewood to tea?"

"And where in the world is Tanglewood?" said Mrs. Newell, pausing with a dish of "minute pudding" in her hands.

"Oh, it's Mr. Gilman's new house!—don't you know?"

It happened that overtasked Mrs. Newell had a week's mending to do, and that the baby was unusually cross. She had been depending upon Elva's help that afternoon; but seeing how eager the child was for the visit, she could not disappoint her.

"Where's the little girl who never wanted to play any more?" said she with a tired smile. "Yes, go, child; but be sure not to stay out after eight. Remember your brindled cow."

Elva was buoyantly happy when at the primitive hour of two she set out on her visit to Tanglewood. She wore an organdie muslin dashed with pink sprigs, a dress which she had formerly taken such pleasure in displaying, that her mother had often been obliged to caution her against the sin of vanity. But to-day the little girl looked at the same dress with contempt.

"I hope Wendeline won't notice where the tuck is let down," she thought; "I hope she'll never mistrust this is the best dress I have in the world!"

Arrived at Tanglewood, she cautiously opened the iron gate and entered the yard with a throbbing heart. The trimly cut hedge, the ample gravel path, the evenly mown grass, the ornamental trees, stone lions, and urns impressed her anew with a sense of magnificence.

"No wonder Wendeline is proud," thought silly Elva, drawing out the bell-pull so timidly, that the bell in the far-away kitchen only danced nervously, and did not find its tongue.

Elva waited a long while, then tried again. At the third summons a servant appeared, as well dressed as Mrs. Newell herself. In a voice hardly above a whisper, Elva asked if Miss Wendeline was at home. The house-keeper replied that she was, and ush-

ered the trembling little girl into the withdrawing-room, there to gaze about in a maze of awe and wonder, till at the end of half an hour Miss Wendeline appeared.

"Please excuse me—we were at dinner."

"Dinner?" echoed poor Elva faintly.

"Yes; papa usually dines in the city, but Saturdays he comes home, on purpose to have my company."

Elva was overwhelmed. She supposed late dinners must, for some unknown reason, be the quintessence of gentility.

"I'm so glad to see you," added Wendeline with a sudden glow of hospitality. "Come, let's go, and get introduced to my father, and then we'll see my curiosities up stairs."

Elva could scarcely conceal her bashful dread of meeting Mr. Gilman.

"Ah, it is Miss Elva! and how do you do, my dear?" said that gentleman, courteously rising as the girls entered his study. "So, Wendeline, this is your little favorite, is it? Well, really, I am not surprised at your fancy! Be as good friends as you like, my dear girls—as good friends as you like!"

This condescending little speech, accompanied as it was by a gentle patting of the child's head, pleased and flattered Elva. She began to think there really must be something rather remarkable about a little girl whom great people, like the Gilmans, noticed so kindly.

"Oh, what a beautiful room!" cried she, when they entered Wendeline's chamber. She had firmly resolved not to express surprise at any sight however wonderful, but now she could not help it. The marble-topped furniture, the damask curtains, small-figured tapestry carpet, handsome books and or-

naments were fit, she thought, for a palace. And this was but a chamber!

What would Wendeline think of the little bird's nest of a sleeping-room occupied by Elva at home? Just one window in it, with old-fashioned panes of glass, two of them puttied! A coarse white curtain, whitewashed walls, yellow floor, rag rug, two broad shelves—one holding a wash-bowl and pitcher; the other loaded with borrowed books.

Oh, dear! she never more should take pride in tidying up that horrid old room! What had she been thinking of, not to know before that it was horrid?

As Elva admired Wendeline's Chi-

nese work-table, with its sewing implements of carved ivory, she was thinking with actual shame of the pleasure she had taken in her Indian work-basket, which only cost fifty cents—half of that paid in cold meat!

"What a goose I have been all my life! I guess Wendeline would toss up her head if I should tell her how I've enjoyed those two daubs of putty on my window! One of them I've named 'Red Riding-Hood,' and the other, 'John Gilpin,' and never wanted new panes set in, because those cracks have always been there, and look so natural!"

They came at last to a treasury of pictures, puzzles, and illustrated story-



books. If politeness had allowed, Elva would gladly have plunged at once into the very midst of the tempting feast.

"Do you have books at home, Elvie?"

"Oh, yes; 'Juvenile Rollin,' and 'American Antiquities,' and plenty of histories, you know. Then mother has Perley or me read aloud in 'Saints' Rest' Sundays; and she takes the *Zion's Herald* and *Ladies Repository*."

"Dear me—how stupid! I'm glad nobody makes *me* poke over catechisms and questions, books and *bibles*."

"Oh, but mother is so good!" said Elva, greatly shocked; "she insists upon my going to Sabbath-school and getting Scripture lessons; why, Wendeline, of course she does!"

"Dear me!" said her hostess, waiving the subject. "I have a whole library down stairs: anything you like you may carry home, and welcome. It would give my father pleasure to have me lend my books to *you*."

"How happy you must be!" cried Elva, clapping her hands in an ecstasy. "You have a whole world of beautiful things! You do just as you please!"

"Not so happy as you may think," sighed Wendeline, with an expression of face which was a very good imitation of despair; "you forget the painful secret about my mother! You, too, have a mystery hanging over you, Elva, and that is why I love you!"

"Love me! does she really love me—this rich girl?" thought Elva, her sweet face flushing with joy.

"Will we not be bosom friends?" said Wendeline, pressing her lips to Elva's forehead.

"Oh, yes," faltered Elva, feeling as if she were a crowned queen.

"The girls at our boarding-school used to pair off, two and two, and call each other 'bright particulars,' 'sworn friends,' 'bosom friends,' and sometimes they said 'thee and thou.' It is a serious thing, Elva. It's almost equal to an engagement or marriage. Remember, before you pledge yourself, that's it's solemn and binding, Elva! You keep my secrets, and I keep yours, forever and ever!"

"I can keep secrets beautifully," said Elva; "that is, I could, if I had any!"

"If you had any! Why, everybody has secrets, dear. Have you given me your promise, Elva? are we bosom friends? thee-and-thou-friends?"

"Oh, certainly, of course."

"Well, then, come sit on this tête-à-tête with me, and let us talk. Were you ever friends with any one before Elva?"

"Why, yes—Louisa Flint and I, ever since I can remember; but we never made any vows."

"Louisa Flint! I mistrusted that! Strange, Elva! What can you see in that girl?"

"Oh, she's very good, Wendeline; you don't know how much care she takes of her little sisters."

"Well, that may be; but she is commonplace, let me tell you. Elva, she hasn't the refinement you have, by any means."

"Why, I wonder if *I* have refinement!" thought Elva, secretly gratified.

"Do you know what was the first thing that struck me when I saw you, Elva? It was your beautiful hands—now I am telling the truth!"

"Why, they are as red as beets, Wendeline! I have to milk the brindle cow, weed the flower-beds, and lots of things."

"Milk!" cried Wendeline, apparently ready to faint; but recovering, she added: "it's the *shape* of your hands, Elva, the delicate taper of your fingers. See! they are like mine, only your thumbs are slenderer, if possible."

"I'm glad," said Elva, with innocent pleasure.

"Indeed you may be, for it's the sure mark of a lady; coarse and stumpy fingers are always *plebeian*."

Elva was silent. Her companion understood these matters, without doubt; still it was unpleasant for her to remember that her dear mother possessed what might be called stumpy fingers.

"As I was saying, Elva, your pretty hands and your peculiarly refined ways made me think you must be *somebody in particular*. I found out that you were not Farmer Newell's daughter; that you were adopted from the asylum. Then what do you suppose came into my head like a flash? Will you promise never to tell while you breathe the breath of life?"

"Never, never!" cried Elva, with wide, luminous eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VICTORY.

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a halfpenny. "Now," said he, "I'll have a stick of sugar-candy; for I have been wanting some for a long while." His mother asked if that was the best use he could make of his halfpenny. "Why, I want sugar-candy very badly," he said; and he put on his cap, and ran off in great haste. His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along; but he stopped. She thought he had dropped his halfpenny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door

of the grocer's shop. Then he stood there a while, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the sugar-candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for. But she was more surprised still to see him come off the step, and run home again without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and brighter glaee in his eye, and said, "Mother, the heathen have beat! The heathen have beat!" "What do you mean, Robert?" "Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your halfpenny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and traets. Help us,' "

HAPPINESS.

Not all the wealth of India's mines,
Not all the pomp of state,
Can unalloyed contentment give,
Or happiness create.

True happiness does not consist
Of pride, or wealth, or creed;
For all these will avail us naught,
In hours of greatest need.

Be kind, be just, and yet, withal,
Your anger keep subdued;
You will feel better afterward,
When in reflectivo mood.

Let love, and charity, and truth
Your conduct ever guide,
Then strive to keep your conscience
clear,
And life will peaceful glide.

LUCY.

THE LAST BOOK.—The following is the title of a Chinese work just republished at Frankfort, "Hautsewen-fachoukouangtsongmou."



HARRY'S LESSON.

"MOTHER, I wish that you would explain to us about *the muscles* to-night," said Harry, "My lesson to-morrow is about them, and I do not quite understand what the Physiology says."

"What are muscles?" asked Nellie, folding her work and preparing for the twilight talk.

"Muscles," replied Mrs. Harper, "are the fleshy parts of the body. If it were not for the muscles fastened to the bones like wires or strings we could not move."

"Then there must be a great many of them, mother," said Harry, "unless

one muscle gives us a great many motions."

"There are over five hundred named and described by modern scholars," said his mother. "Every muscle has its 'adversary,' and they 'act like two sawyers in a pit, by an opposite pull.' If you bend and then straighten your finger, you will contract two separate muscles."

"What do you mean by *contract*?" asked Nellie. Mrs. Harper took a thread, and laying it along the inside of Nellie's finger, she said, "Now the thread is just as long as your finger. Try how it will be when you bend it."

Nellie did so, but then the thread lay loose, and seemed much longer than before. While her finger was still bent, Mrs. Harper held the thread tightly over the top of it. But when Nellie straightened her finger again, the thread was loose.

"You see," said her mother, "that we want the muscles which help us to bend our fingers to be of different lengths at different times, so as never to be too tight or too loose, like this string. The muscles have the power of *contracting*, that is, of *growing shorter*, when it is necessary."

"Just like elastic cord, mother," said Harry. "If you had tried that, it would have been better than the thread."

"Not quite like the cord. That adjusts itself to its place by growing longer, and then contracting again; but the muscles are made of full length, and then when too long, they contract. This power of contraction seems to me a very kind and curious provision which God has made for our comfort and convenience. As we study the way in which God has fitted our muscles to act, we can not fail to see how intent he seems to have been to give us just what we need. 'The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.' Truly we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

"Why would it not have been as well if the muscles had stretched like elastic, instead of contracting?" asked Harry.

"Open your hand now," replied his mother. Harry did so, but his mother said, "That is the way we naturally keep our hands when open; but do you not see that it is not fully open—that your fingers are not quite in a straight line?" Harry opened it fully, but found it tiresome to keep it so

long. "That will show you," his mother added, "how soon our fingers, or indeed any part of the body, would get tired, if the muscles moved by *stretching* instead of *contracting*. But notice another thing: the muscles which close the hand are more powerful than those which open it, as if God did not intend to give us any power to be wasted; for the use which we wish to make of our hand when more or less bent often requires much power, as when we grasp hold of anything; but we do not need near so much to enable us to open it, or for any use we make of our open hand."

"So God fixed it just as he saw that we needed it," said Harry. "How kind, how thoughtful, and how very wise he must be to get everything so just right."

"And I hope that you will not forget to be very grateful for all this loving-kindness. We have scarcely begun to talk about the muscles yet, but how much we have seen of God's goodness, how much to shame our ingratitude! Try, as you study more about them, to learn still more of Him who doeth 'marvelous things without number.'"

GRAMEN AND GRAMMAR.—One of the Merry boys, at work upon his Latin lesson, came to the sentence, "Grass is agreeable to oxen," which he was to translate in Latin. Beginning with *gramen* (grass), he looked up to his father, and said, "*Gramen*, does that agree with *oxen*?"

The answer was, "It may agree with their stomachs, but not with their gender, number, or case."

"Ah!" said Harry, "if they are hungry, it certainly agrees with their case."

Harry, very good—we owe you one for that.

H. H.



FELTER

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

THOU Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes;
Here shall the child of sorrow find
A place of calm repose.

What friend have I in heaven or
earth?

What friend to trust but Thee?
My father's dead, my mother's
dead—
My God, remember me.

Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
And bid my troubles cease;
In Thee the fatherless shall find
Both mercy, grace, and peace.

I've not a secret care or pain,
But He that secret knows.
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

IN MEMORIAM.

AUTUMN winds are round
me sighing, [song;
Sad and mournful is their
Ah! they speak of Sum-
mer's dying—
Chant a requiem o'er the
young.

For the gentle Summer pass-
ing,
Bore away a beanteous
flower
To a land of bright Elysian,
To a fair celestial bower.

Even while our eyes were
gazing
For its petals to unfold,
Christ our lovely bud was
changing [mold.
To a flower of heavenly

Like the gentle snow-flake
falling [sea,
For a moment on Life's

Little Anna came to cheer us,
Then like it to pass away.

Oh! our hearts were well-nigh break-
And each bosom heaved a sigh, [ing,
When, a little band, we gathered
'Round to see our sister die.

As the golden sun was throwing
Shadows of departing day,
Sadly watched we it, well knowing
Anna too had passed away.

When the sun of Life is casting
Over all its parting light,
Then we'll meet where joy is lasting,
Where we ne'er shall say "Good-
night!"

In that land there'll be no sighing,
Death no more can grieve the heart;
For with Christ there is no dying—
We from loved ones ne'er shall part.

E. H.



waiting for him by the fire.

"Yes, and the boys hope the mill-pond will be frozen over to-morrow, and then there'll be such jolly sliding. You'll let me go, mother?" he added, coaxingly.

"Well, my dear, eat your supper now, then we'll talk about it."

Mrs. Nelson was a widow, and Harry was her only child; her husband had been a good, industrious man during his life, and had been employed in a mill near the little village in which they resided; but while working there, he had met with a sad accident which caused his death. After her husband's death, Mrs. Nelson managed to support herself and little Harry, who was then only two years of age, by taking in washing and needlework. She was a good mother, and tried to train her child to obedience and love to herself, and still more to his Father in heaven, for she was a truly pious woman.

At the time of which we are writing, Harry was a fine little boy of eight years old; in general he was a good child, and tried to do what is right, but he did not always go the best way to work about it. After supper, on the evening before men-

THE FIRST SLIDE.

OTHER," said little Harry Nelson, one evening as he came home from his school, "it's freezing hard to-night."

"Is it, my child?" said his mother, as she rose to pour out his porridge, which had been

tioned, Harry reached down his lesson-books, and was soon quietly busy with them; but, somehow, the columns of spelling were longer than usual, and the sums could not be worked right; for visions of merry boys sliding gaily on the ice, or making snowballs in the drifts, crossed his mind, and distracted his attention from his lessons.

At last the books and slates were put away, and seating himself on the hearth, with his favorite cat, beside his mother at her work, he said again, "Now, mother, you'll let me go?"

"Harry, dear," said Mrs. Nelson "when I was a little girl, I had a brother a few years older than myself, of whom I was very fond. One cold day in winter he went out to slide with his school-fellows, and he never came home again."

"Was he drowned, mother?" said Harry, struck by her low, sad tones.

"Yes, he was drowned; he ventured farther on the ice than his companions, and it broke, and he fell through, and before he could be rescued, he was drowned. And now, Harry, dear, you will not wonder if I ask you not to go with the boys tomorrow. I do not actually forbid you, for I think you love me better than to go where I do not wish. Do you remember the first verse of the chapter you read to me this morning?"

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right," slowly repeated Harry.

"Yes, dear," said his mother, "try to remember that, and ask God to help you to obey it; and now go to bed, it is getting late."

Harry kissed his mother, and went up stairs; but before undressing, he drew back the curtain and looked out;

the bright moonlight sparkled on the icy road, and it was very cold.

"Oh! how nice it would be to slide with the boys to-morrow. I think mother might let me go!"

Thinking thus, Harry knelt down, as usual, to say his prayers; but though he repeated the words, "Lead us not into temptation," it was with his lips only; he could not help thinking of the forbidden pleasure.

Harry's home was more than a mile from the school, and consequently he always took his dinner with him; and as his mother gave him his basket, she said, kindly, "My child, remember your text."

"Yes, mother," he said, cheerfully, as he ran off.

Things did not go well with Harry in school that morning; his mind was not with his work; he lost two places in his class, instead of rising, as usual, to the top of it. When at last they were dismissed at twelve o'clock, Harry was still undecided what to do. The boys clustered together in knots, eagerly talking about their expected enjoyment. Many of them came up to Harry, for he was a general favorite through his good-nature and readiness to oblige. He did not know what to do, and instead of saying directly, "No!" he hesitated, and was undecided.

"Oh, come, Nelson," said one of the boys; "come along, whatever's to do!"

"He's afraid of his mother," said another, jeeringly.

"Surely not," said the first speaker; "come, Harry, you're not such a baby as that."

Harry colored and hesitated still more.

"Oh, come along! we'll have such fun."

Poor little Harry! he thought of his mother, and sighed, but the temptation was too strong for him, and he finally ran off with his companions.

They reached the pond, and soon made a splendid slide; but though Harry laughed and talked with the others, his disobedience lay heavily on his mind, and many a time he wished himself in the play-ground at his usual amusements.

It was almost the first time he had ventured on so large a sheet of ice, and was consequently timid at first; but it gradually wore off, and he became as brave and rash as any of them.

At last he ventured out into the middle of the pond, where the ice was thick and the water deep; a sharp crack—a scream, and poor little Harry was lost to sight in the dark waters! A sudden silence ensued among the boys, till at length the oldest, a youth named Brooks, sprang forward, and bravely dashed down beneath the ice, in search of his little comrade.

He rose at last, with the lifeless body in his arms, and came to the shore. "Oh, he's dead, he's dead!" cried some of them, crowding round him.

"Nonsense, he'll come to," said Brooks; "some of you go and tell his mother, and another for the doctor." Two or three of the boys darted off, while Brooks made the best of his way to Mrs. Nelson. Poor Mrs. Nelson had been deeply distressed by the sad news, but had made all the preparations she could think of to restore her son. The doctor arrived almost as soon as the boys did, and before long succeeded in rousing Harry from the fainting fit he was in; but the fright and the sudden chill brought on a long and dangerous illness; and for

many days Harry's life was in danger. But at length, with care and patience, he began slowly to recover.

One evening, as his mother sat at work beside him, thinking him asleep, he opened his eyes, and said, "Mother, I think this will always be a lesson to me."

"What will, my dear?"

"Why, this illness; mother, you do not know how I felt when the cold waters closed over me. Oh, if I had died, then, mother, in my disobedience, where should I be now?"

"Let us thank God that you were spared, my child," she said with tears in her eyes.

"Mother, if I had asked God to help me to resist temptation, when you told me not to go, I should have been able to say 'No,' to those boys."

Ah! many young men, and older persons, too, have met with trouble from that little word, "No."

"For the future," Harry continued, "I mean to ask God's help more than I have ever done before."

"Nobody who seeks his help in earnest," said Mrs. Nelson, "fails to find it; it shall be my earnest prayer that it may be granted to you."

It was indeed a "lesson" to Harry, and though of course he did not become a "pattern boy" all at once, through constant, earnest striving in the right path, he was a great comfort and help to his mother, and in after years showed himself a credit to her wise training. When he left school, after rising to the top of it, he entered the mill where his father had been employed, where, through steadiness and good conduct, he rose to an honorable and trustworthy position.

He supported his mother to the end of her life; and when in after years his own children clustered round his

knees, he often told them the story of his "first slide;" and every one of them well knew the verse, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." Y. B.

A SOFT ANSWER.

We have a merry-hearted little friend of five summers, with a smile like sunshine, and we call her by the pet name of Birdie. Her little heart loves all things bright and pure, and many are the questions she asks about God and heaven.

One day Birdie got vexed about something, and spoke very unkindly to her baby brother. Her mamma told her how much better *soft* words sounded; and to make her remember this, she taught her the text, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Birdie was pleased with this text, and learned it very quickly. Whenever she is inclined to be cross, the words, "A soft answer," are sure to win back smiles. One day she was visiting a family who loved her very much, when one, with whom she was an especial favorite, spoke rather hastily. Clinging close to his side, Birdie, in her simple, earnest way, whispered—"A soft answer—a soft answer." The little pleader's words could not be disregarded. Though a child, her influence for good was powerful.

FIRST think; and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speak; and after that thou speak'st, fulfill.

DEFEND the truth; for that who will not die,
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.



SEA BREEZES.

HENRY GHORAM'S GHOST STORY.

"STEP right aboard, children," said Captain Parry cheerily, as a troop of children came down to the cottage one Saturday afternoon. "Got a little fire in the cabin this afternoon—shall have to keep it up till the wind shifts. These nor'easters are hard on old timbers like mine. Got your jack-knives and shingles, I see. Well, mother will let us whittle round the fire-place, if we'll clear the deck afterward, won't you, mother?"

"To be sure," said the old lady, benevolently smiling at the group over her steel-bowed spectacles; "and I dare say the boys will like to fill up the wood-box now their old uncle has such a touch of rhumatism."

"A word to the wise"—so away sped four boys, and "in less than no time" the big box was heaping full, and a nice armful split up as fine as kindlings.

"That's to start your fire with, auntie," said Fred.

"That's nice," said the old lady, "and thoughtful of you, too. Father, you'll have to tell the boys a story for that."

"A story is it?" said the captain, with a merry twinkle of his pleasant eyes. "As if I knew one the boys hadn't heard fifty times over. Ah, Henry Ghoram was the chap to tell you stories. Couldn't he splice the main-brace regular ship-shape! We all knew there was a good deal of yarn about them, but I can't say but we liked them fully as well as if they were true. I shall never forget one breezy afternoon how he sat there on deck and told us ghost stories till they made our skins creep. He was sitting on one of our quaker guns, I remember, with his pipe in his teeth, busy over a little ship for the superecargo's boy, a great favorite of his. He wound up finally with a ghost story, which I guess was intended to be true. I shouldn't mind telling it to you, if you would like to hear it."

"Ah, tell it, please—do tell it," chimed in a chorus of eager voices.

"Well, it happened on a long voyage that the cook of the ship was taken sick, and grew every day worse and worse. He thought he was going to die, and he charged them over and over again not to bury him in the sea. At last he died, and as they were far from land, there was no other way but they must bind him up and put a bag of shot at his feet and drop him down into the deep blue water. I am sure one couldn't ask for a better burying-place," said the old man, thoughtfully. "It isn't a very pleasant thought to me, to think of being shut up under six feet of clay and molder away to dust. After all, it makes but little difference about the body, so the soul is ready to stand before the great Judge.

"But, as I was saying, the old cook died and was buried in the sea. A few days after, in the gray morning twilight, the watch came running down to the captain with the word that the old cook was walking behind the ship, all in a white gown! The captain told him to mind his watch and not be a fool; but after a little time he came back again in greater fright than ever. It was certainly the cook, and half a dozen hands 'could be qualified' on it. The captain, vexed at being disturbed, came on deck, and, sure enough, there was the old cook rolling along after his customary fashion, walking on the top of the water. The captain immediately put the ship about, and in mortal terror the crew saw they were rapidly nearing the ghostly object. What do you think it turned out to be? A piece of a floating spar with a sail attached, which had survived some poor wrecked vessel. Now, boys, that's just as much as there is to any ghost story. You may tell that to anybody who tries to make you believe in such creatures.

"Now, boys, if you'll bear a hand and help me shell a peck of corn for these chickens, I'll tell you another."

"Enough said," spoke up Charley Wilson. "Where is it at?"

"If you don't mind going up into the wood-house loft, you'll find it on the starboard side, in a bin. Just take that big tin bag to get it in," and he pointed to a large tin pail in the corner.

"It's a good thing to be useful, boys," said the old man as they sat around the big pail shelling off the yellow grains by the handful. "An old captain used to say, 'Scour the anchor—anything is better than idleness. You'll not often have to scour anchors, boys, if you will keep your eyes open for good useful work.'" J. E. McC.

THE TEETOTAL CAT.

The story I shall tell to you,

You may depend, is strictly true;

So please to wait,

While I relate

The facts, and all particulars state.

It is about a little boy,

A pretty boy just four years old,

His father's hope, his mother's joy—

A Scottish laddie, stout and bold.

His name was Donald, don't forget;

He wore a bonnet, not a hat;

And Donald had a darling pet,

A fine, large, well-behaved tom-cat.

Young Donald's father, and his mother,
(He had no sister, nor a brother.)

Had signed the temperance pledge;
Were one teetotal family. [the three

But Donald said, "The cat makes four;

He signed the pledge—I'll tell you

I held a pencil in his paw,' [how;

And, when he signed, he cried

'Me-ow.'"

The father was a workman, who

Although not rich, yet was not poor;

He was what folk call "well to do,"

And occupied a second floor.

One morning Don-

ald's father saw

That when the cat

came near to play,

Then Donald cuffed

his outstretched

paw,

And drove his play-

fellow away.

"Why, what's the

matter, Donald?

Fie!

Don't beat poor

Tom; what has

he done?

Say! has he scratched

you on the sly?

Perhaps it only was

in fun."

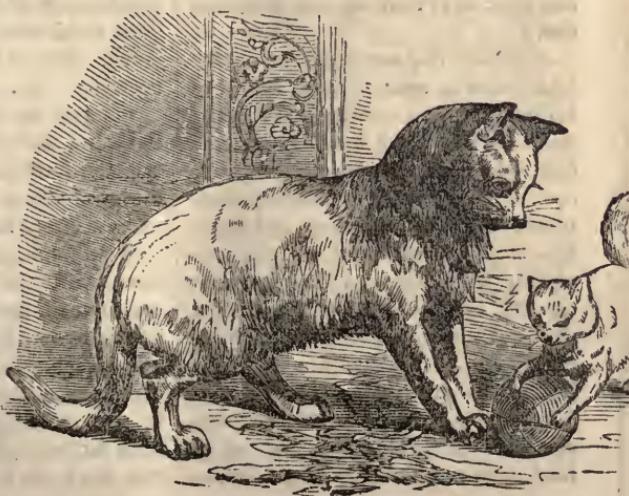
"No, father! he's a wicked cat,
And I have done with him—that's
flat." [dear;

"What has he done? Explain, my
You are too hasty now, I fear."

"No, father! I just served him right;
He is a most deceitful cat;
He little thinks I know; last night
He broke his pledge, sir; think of
that!"

So sly he crept away, last night,
Down stairs, as quiet as a mouse;
I saw him, by the bright gas-light,
Go over to the public house."

"But cats don't drink;
Sure you can't think
Tom went to get a little drop.
It's a mistake—
Tom did not break
His pledge by entering the shop."
"Well, father, I
Can't pass it by;
We can not be the friends we were;
For you'll agree,
I'm sure, with me,
Teetotalers have no business there."



THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.



HE sun was shining in all its splendor on one beautiful afternoon in January upon the white and glistening snow which had fallen so softly and so quietly upon the hills and fields of the country, and the streets and house-tops of the city. The boys and girls were having grand times; on every hillside they were collecting, ready to glide over the frozen snow on their swift sleds. Those in the country were fortunate in having the long hills all to themselves, with no interruption and but little danger; but the city children were obliged to coast down public streets, at great risk of being run over, or of running over some one else.

In one of the streets of the city of Charlestown, near Boston, the boys had worn a fine coasting place; they could start from the head of the street and slide nearly to the end, where it opened into the business thoroughfare. It was Wednesday afternoon, and therefore all the juvenile portion of the population were engaged in the great coasting carnival. From the window of one of the brick houses which lined either side of the street, a little girl looked out upon the gay scene; her fair, pale face was close to the pane, and her pretty blue eyes seemed to feast upon the animated picture before

them. There were sleds of every size and color; and the various names greatly amused Emma Abbott, for that was the little girl's name. There was Little Mac, and Old Abe; Gen. Sherman, and Pocahontas; Snow Bird, May Flower, Speed, Union, Tecumseh, Flying Arrow, and lots of other names, too numerous to mention.

But there was one sled which pleased Emma more than any other; it was larger and higher than the rest, and much resembled what the New England boys call "runners;" it was painted red, and named Atalanta.

The proprietor of this sled was a stout, ruddy-faced boy, with a frank, open countenance, and he appeared to be a great favorite with his comrades, for they were continually calling for Fred Bickford, and he very good-naturedly replied to all their questions.

Emma watched this merriment for some time, until her mother looking up from her work at her, saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Mrs. Abbott knew well the cause of her daughter's grief, and she pitied her very much. Emma had been a cripple for nearly a year. A severe fever had terminated in the shortening of her right leg, and the poor little girl was crippled for life. Emma remembered the good times she had had the previous winter, running up and down that very hill, and mingling her glad shouts with the others; but now she must remain indoors, and try to satisfy herself by looking at the happy group.

Her mamma came to her and kissed her affectionately, and told her not to cry, for bright days were yet in store for her. Emma dried her tears, and tried to look more contented;

and just then Fred Bickford espied her at the window, and his quick eye read in a moment the sorrow of the little girl's face. He recollects how happy she used to be, and how merrily her voice rang out in hearty joy. His generous nature told him quickly that it was possible to awake those merry tones again, so he ran to the window and said, "Oh, Mrs. Abbott, if you will let Emma come out with me, I will take good care of her, and she can slide on my sled with me."

Emma's eyes sparkled at this proposal, and she looked for her mamma's consent. Mrs. Abbott could not resist the pleading of that upturned face; and knowing that Fred was a good boy, and could be relied on, she consented, and to Emma's great joy she soon found herself in the street, all securely seated on Fred Bickford's sled.

The boys and girls were all glad to see her again with them, and they were eager to lend their aid in making her happy. In a few minutes Fred's sled shot rapidly down past Mrs. Abbott's window with Emma seated on the front, her ringlets dancing in the air and her face shining with pleasure. Fred was behind, steering, and the Atalanta outdistanced all the other sleds.

Emma retained her position, and Fred drew her again to the top of the hill. On the way up, she noticed again the name so prettily painted on the top of the sled, and said, "What a pretty name Atalanta is! Where did you get it, Fred? and what does it mean?"

Now Fred was a high-school boy, and was always glad of an opportunity to display his learning, so he replied:

"Atalanta is the name of a heathen goddess described in mythology as being the daughter of Jasos. She was very beautiful, and took great delight

in hunting and athletic games. Her father was desirous that she should get married, and she only consented on condition that her suitor should run a race with her in this manner: she was to carry a dart in her hand, while the suitor was not permitted to run with any weapon; he was to start first, and if he reached the goal before she did, then he could be her husband; but if she passed him on the way, then he was to die by the dart she carried. Many young men attempted to win this beautiful girl in this singular manner, but she outran them all, and they lost their lives, and their heads were cut off and stuck on poles along the race-course. Finally, Meilanion, her cousin, offered to compete with the fair Atalanta. This young man had been to the goddess Venus, and she had given him three splendid golden apples; so when he commenced running, he threw these apples down, one at a time, and Atalanta could not resist the temptation to pick them up, and meanwhile Meilanion reached the goal, and Atalanta became his wife. I read this, Emma, in my Classical Dictionary, and I thought it would be a good name for my runners—don't you think it is?"

"Oh, yes," replied Emma; "it is a grand name for such a swift sled. But what a pretty story that is! I'm glad Meilanion did not get his head cut off."

By this time they had reached the summit again, and were soon flying swiftly over the frozen snow. For more than an hour Emma enjoyed this fine sport; and then her mamma tapped on the window for her, and Fred pulled the sled up to the door and helped the little girl into the house. Emma thanked him for his kindness, and Fred went home that

night with a light heart, and feeling that he had done some good that day at any rate.

Emma's cheeks were quite rosy, and her afternoon's fun had brought back the old sparkle to her eyes and the old smile to her lips, making her forget the shortened foot with the high boot, and she began to think it was as her mamma had told her, that happy days were yet in store for her.

Many times during the winter Fred Bickford brought the gay Atalanta to Mrs. Abbott's, and took Emma to ride on it. By-and-by spring, with its warm sun and melting winds, dissolved the snow, and Fred put away

his Atalanta in the barn chamber, for she could not run very well on bare ground. But he was at no loss for a plaything, for just about that time Emma's papa got home from a voyage to Calcutta; and when he heard how kind and generous Fred Bickford had been to his little daughter, he gave him a live monkey which he had brought home. Fred was delighted with this funny present, and taught Jocko many queer tricks. He kept him nearly two years, and then he found him one morning hanging by the neck to a beam in the barn. But whether poor Jocko had committed suicide or not, no one ever knew.



LITTLE BUILDERS.

LAY the blocks on very even—

Place them skillfully with care.

Ah! thy mimic house is growing

Large, and high, and very fair.

Little Nellie's eyes are watching

As the painted walls uprise.

She and Carlo think there's nothing

Half so grand beneath the skies,

Keep thy patience, little builder—

Wrath and haste thy work undo.

If thy walls fall down before thee,
Other walls have fallen too.

Older hands have oft erected
Castles large and fair as thine;
Built with every hope and heart-beat,
Yet they crumble and decline.

Waste no time in vainly weeping
Over ruins fate has made;
Work again, and build them stronger—
Some day thou wilt be repaid.

MÄDGE.

GOOD-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE moon her flock is guiding,
While night is on the silent earth;
To clouds beneath her gliding,
She gives her solemn night-song
birth;

And she so sweetly singeth,
So soft her music flingeth
Into my heart, in silence sliding.
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

The birds are homeward wending,
They seek on high their sheltering
nests;
Each twig and floweret bending,
In the bland, smiling moonlight rests.
The water-mill is quiet,
The brook forgets its riot,
Its murmurs with the stillness blend—
Let thy slumbers quiet be, [ing.
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

It is the hour of dreaming,
Its welcome sprites are at the door;
Songs, in the palace gleaming,
The harper chanted, all are o'er.
At sea the fisher sleepeth,
His watch the shepherd keepeth,
The mountain fires around him gleam-
ing.
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

Within the cottage lowly,
The taper meets no more the eye;
The woes, that pass so slowly—
So heavy in the daylight—fly.
Softly the cypress waveth,
Oblivion's billow laveth

The soothed sense with influence holy.
Let thy slumbers quiet be
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

Where'er an eye is weeping
Unseen, but fast, its bitter tears,
Or heart, its deep love keeping,
Droopeth beneath o'ermastering
fears,
There gentle dreams are hieing,
To soothe the sad one lying;
And hope her sacred harp is sweeping.
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

Good-night to all the weary,
And you, beloved, far and nigh;
I, too, no longer dreary,
Rest, till the day-star kiss my eye.
While thou, the music-loving,
Sweet Philomel, art moving
The night with praise, and God doth
hear thee.
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

BE the harvest small as it may, the
words of ancient wisdom are still true
to him who labors faithfully; "Blessed
are ye that sow beside all waters."

First worship God; he that forgets to
pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow or good-
day:
Let thy first labor be, to purge thy sin,
And serve Him first whence all things
did begin.

A NEW USE FOR LOOKING-GLASSES.

FOR what purpose looking-glasses are commonly used, you know about as well as I do. Nothing better could be contrived to enable you to adjust your clothing properly, and to arrange your hair so as to please your taste. While you gaze into them for such purposes, they can not very well help showing you the outline of your faces, the curve of your noses, and the color of your eyes; and if they thus become an aid to vanity, I am clearly of the opinion that they are much less to be blamed than those who stand before them, and so evidently pervert them from their proper and legitimate use.

I have thought, however, of a new way to use looking-glasses, with which, I am sure, no one can find the least fault. Instead of tending to make us proud and vain, it may produce some amendment in our disposition and manners.

To explain myself, I must tell you, in the first place, that we have two little folks in our family; and, in the second place, that they are very much like other little folks in general. It therefore happens that when anything displeases them, they sometimes frown, look fierce, and act as if they would like to take vengeance on somebody. One day, when one of them had fallen into such a mood; when a cloud was on her brow, and her lips had formed a pretty extensive pout, I took up a little pocket mirror which happened to lie near me, and thrust it suddenly before her face. The effect was wonderful. The figure which she presented to herself in such a mood was so odd and ludicrous, that she at once smoothed down her face to its natural shape, and burst out into a loud laugh.

That little experiment was so successful, that I tried it several times afterward, and never once did it fail of a like happy result. The instant I held the little glass before the faces of the youngsters, so that they could see just how they looked when in a fit of the sulks, a change would pass over their countenances, and smiles would appear like the emergence of the sun from a thunder-cloud. The result of the matter is, that I value looking-glasses much more highly than I ever did before. There is a certain mysterious power about them which may be turned to very good account, certainly. In some cases they may prove as efficacious as even the rod which Solomon recommends. At any rate, the application of them can not fail to be a great deal more pleasant. I therefore recommend that my plan be tried with boys and girls everywhere.

If they never get angry, never snarl, never pout, never look cross, so much the better. My plan, in that case, can have no reference to them. If, however, from some mischance or other, they ever get into an angry or sulky mood, nothing more would be necessary to bring them out of it than for some friend to thrust a looking-glass before their faces. If they could only get a glimpse of themselves; if they could only see how unlovely they appear when under a cloud or in the midst of a storm, I am sure they would be ashamed of themselves, if they did not feel disposed to laugh at their own folly. THE OLD MAJOR.

HE who knows his ignorance, is the possessor of the rarest kind of valuable knowledge.

THE LAME SHEEP.



LITTLE Agnes and Elsie were wandering over the moors one day, and passed a flock of sheep and lambs running along, and stopping to nibble at the grass and heather. They watched them, and saw the shepherd following them with his crook in his hand. Every now and then he called out to one who lagged behind.

After awhile the little girls went on, and by-and-by came to a tall old post, by the side of which stood, pitifully bleating, an old sheep. Aggie went toward her, and the animal looked up, imploring with her meek eyes, as if to ask her help.

The children talked to her, and patted her woolly back, but she would not stir. Soon they heard a voice behind them; and turning round, saw the shepherd himself. The sheep ba-a-d, and lifted up one foot, and Elsie and Aggie then saw a large thorn in it. Tenderly and skillfully it was removed, and the poor wounded foot bathed with water, and then, crook in hand, the shepherd walked away, calling, in a gentle voice, the sheep's name. And it slowly, but steadily,

limped along, and followed him, until both were out of sight.

"Elsie, wasn't that a good, kind shepherd, to come clear away back for the sheep?"

"Yes," said Elsie.

"And, Elsie," pursued Aggie, "didn't it remind you of the verse mamma taught us about Jesus, the Good Shepherd?"

"What verse, Aggie? I don't remember."

"Oh, you must," said Aggie. "'I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.' Jesus is our shepherd, Elsie, and we are His little lambs."

MADGE.

WOULD'ST thou live long? The only means are these,

'Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates';
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,

And rather count thy actions than thy days;

Then thou hast lived enough among us here:

For every day well spent I count a year.

Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,

Thou art of age to claim eternity.
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears

To have passed the date of gray Metherusalem's years,

If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,

I say he only *was*—he did not *live*.

SEAFARING CATS.

"SUCH a plague as the rats were to us the last voyage," said a captain to his friend just before setting out from Boston harbor. "If I knew of some good reliable cat who could bring the proper credentials, I would take her along; I want one whose reputation is well established."

"Well, I think I can accommodate you, captain, if we can compromise with the children. I have an old Tabby which is all you require. I can give her the best of testimonials as a good rat exterminator."

Arrangements were quickly made, and Tabby set out on a voyage to the East Indies. After leaving port she was allowed the range of the ship. No one was a bit afraid of her running away. Such an attempt would be suicidal, she quickly foresaw, and cats are not at all inclined to suicide. Indeed, it would be a difficult matter, considering the "nine lives" they are said to have.

Bessy reached Calcutta at last, and had an opportunity of taking an observation on men and manners in that far-off country. She snuffed about with much contempt of the outlandish manners of natives, and preferred her snug quarters on ship-board to any allurements of the port. Her next voyage was to Liverpool, where matters assumed something more of a homelook. Then to Bombay, and after that to Charleston, S. C., before that State moved off. Two years and a half had passed, and Tabby came on shore at Boston once more—a traveled cat; but it is doubtful whether she had brought home any more information than many other travelers in foreign lands. But if she had not gained, she certainly had not lost any of her lim-

ited stock of knowledge. The family of which she was once an important member were just seated at breakfast one morning, when in walked Tabby, and without the least ceremony, or even so much as saying, "How do you do?" to any one, commenced taking a general survey of the premises. Having satisfied herself, she walked up and took her accustomed seat on her master's knee, just as though she had never been away.

A cousin of hers met with more serious vicissitudes on her sea-voyage. A look-out man once espied something in the distance floating on the water, and the humane captain sent a boat to investigate the matter. On nearing the dark object, it proved to be a bale of goods with a live cat on it. As soon as the boat was near enough, the shipwrecked pussy sprang on board, and was cordially welcomed by the jolly sailors. It took quite an amount of salt junk to appease her hunger, but no one grudged it. She was taken home to the captain's children, and all were delighted to have a "cat with a history."

A great many cats make short water voyages, especially young kittens in the vicinity of lakes and rivers, but they seldom come back to report their experiences. It is one of the most unhappy necessities connected with cats, that they must be sent a voyaging, or else a housekeeper must consent to have her house overrun with whiskered mousers who are by no means content with their lawful prey and provender.

J. E.

THINK that is just; 'tis not enough to
do, [too.
Unless thy very thoughts are upright

CARELESS WORDS.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Nellie Martin, as she came in from school and threw her books down on the table, "I do think a boarding-school is the worst place in the world."

"Why," replied Mabel Lee, her roommate, "I thought you liked it ever so much; you said you did, yesterday."

"Well, I thought so then, but I don't now, for the girls are all the time making unkind remarks about me, and I mean to sit down now and write to mother, and ask her if I may come home."

A slight smile overspread Mabel's countenance as she rejoined:

"I suppose *you* never say anything against the other girls, do you?"

"No, indeed, not as they do, I am sure. Why, if I said one half as many things about Gertrude Leland as she does about me, I should be ashamed to show my face anywhere."

"Well, Nellie, suppose you and I each take a piece of paper and write down every slanderous expression that we hear each other use this evening, and at nine o'clock compare our papers."

"Well, I am willing, but I don't believe we shall have anything to write; at any rate, I guess *your* paper will be blank. If you would only try it with the girls in the next room, there would be some fun in it."

"Take care, Nellie, or I shall have to commence immediately."

The evening wore away, and nine o'clock arrived. As soon as the first stroke of the bell was heard, Nellie pushed aside her books, saying, "Now, Mabel, let me hear what *you* have to say; you must read first, because you have the longest list. I rather think you have not studied much to-night;

it seems to me your pencil has done nothing but write, write, all the evening."

"And it strikes me that your tongue has done nothing but run, run, all the evening. But I must begin, or we shall not be in bed in season. I have —let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten breaches of the ninth commandment against you on my paper."

"Not so many, I know; let me hear."

"In the first place, when you opened your books to commence studying, you said you thought Miss Lane was the crossest teacher that ever lived; she gave such long and hard lessons."

"Oh, yes, I remember that, but that is the strongest expression I have used, is it not?"

"We will see. Then, you asked me if I intended to keep my two silent hours this evening; I told you no, not until to-morrow morning; upon that you called Mrs. Jones an unfeeling creature, for requiring us to keep them at all."

"Soon after that the fire needed some attention. You went to the wood-box for some wood, and accidentally tore your dress on a nail which was sticking in the inside of it. You declared that the next time you had a box sent you from home, you hoped your brother John would have nothing to do with nailing it up; the 'little scamp,' I think was the epithet you used. You sat down to mend your dress, but could not find your thimble; I reminded you that you lent it to Fanny yesterday, and you replied that you wished she had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before she came in here borrowing your things."

I could not help smiling, then; for I remembered that you borrowed hers a week ago, and lost it; and she was obliged to use yours instead.

"About eight o'clock, Sarah came in to ask you where the history lesson commenced; you told her; but no sooner had she left the room than you exclaimed, 'I hope I shall never be accused of following her example: she had better keep her ears open when the lesson is given out. I believe she always hears with her elbows.'

"Our lamp went out a few minutes ago. You called the lady with whom we board a 'stingy old woman' that could not afford to supply us with decent lamp-oil."

"Oh, Mabel, did I really say that? I don't remember it; why, how wicked it was! It was entirely my fault that the lamp did not burn well; for when I had sealed my letter, I played with my sealing-wax until I had nearly covered the wick with it. Well, please don't read any more to me, for I am heartily ashamed of myself. In future I will try to keep a strict watch over my tongue; and over my thoughts, too, for I suppose I should never *say* such things if I did not *think* them first."

As Mabel lay in bed that night, thinking over the events of the day, this verse came into her mind: "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

A JEWISH EEL.

YOU would not consider eels to be much inclined to deal in old clothes, but it is said that one was hauled on board a fishing-boat once with an old white hat on. It had worked itself part way through a hole in the crown, but found it, like all bad habits, easier to put on than off. A few little crabs

had sheltered themselves on the inside and clung fast to the poor fellow's neck, making a most uncomfortable necklace. He was a powerful large eel, and might have passed for the famous "sea-serpent" with an appreciative ship's crew. It took all hands to pull him in, hat and all. But he must have been an inveterate Jew, as the sequel proves. For one of the men had left a shooting-coat carelessly thrown over the gunwale of the ship, and after the fellow had been relieved of his troublesome property, what should he do but pop his head into that coat-sleeve, and before any arrest could be made, the slippery fellow was gone, coat and all.

The vexation of the coat owner was as great as that of the eel owner. He did not mind the loss of the silk handkerchief and little flask in the pocket so much as of the promissory note just due, and a package of precious love-letters. Who knows what fun the mermaids would make over them! He was on the point of diving after his goods, but was prudently held back by his fellows. It was hardly worth while angling for a fellow so muzzled as his eelship must have been. So they only reported the case, and offered appropriate rewards for the apprehension of the thief.

No doubt these finny travelers meet with a great many curious haps and mishaps in the course of their lives, which would amuse and instruct us, if we would only get authentic biographies of them. Whenever we know of a good fish story, let us make a note of it, and write it out in a little blank book kept for the purpose. We can extend it, of course, with much pleasure and profit to stories of all sorts of animals. Now who will commence such a book to-day?

J. E.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



THE mild, genial influences of spring come with the music of the waters and the sighing of the breeze, bringing with them the end of the long "winter of discontent," in which so many of our young Southern friends have been buried.

This month our old friend Tennessean comes out of his "burrow" to take his accustomed place among the Merry band. What say you, boys and girls, shall he bring with him the cousins who have so long absented themselves from our circle? You see the promise of hands off and good behavior; now let us hear what you have to say—but first hear him.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., March 4, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—I have not the vanity to suppose that any of my whilom friends and adversaries remember me. Five years have passed since I retired in confusion from the terrific onslaught of Sigma, *alias* Fleta Forrester; but having been under fire more dangerous many times since then, and hoping that all old scores have been erased by time, I venture to make my appearance again. Moreover, I intend to be so excruciatingly meek and humble, that no girl, however belligerent, will have the heart to attack me; and I am not afraid of the boys.

I received the photographs of all the "family" of Merry Uncles, and regard them a great treasure. Aunt Sue looks, if anything, younger than she did ten or twelve years ago; but I don't be-

lieve your photograph does you justice. You look so *solemn*, as if "picture-taking" was anything but an agreeable duty. I don't suppose a "grin" would look dignified on paper, but it would conform much better with our idea of your "smiling" face.

I want Willie Coleman's photograph; how can I get it? What will he take in exchange for it? A relic from the battle-field of Stone's River? or a flower from the grave where his foes buried the gallant General Sill with all the honors of war? As a general thing, I regard photos as a great humbug, and I have but one that I admire more and more, and that is of my favorite General. Who he is I will leave to conjecture; and all of the cousins who "guess right" shall receive, per express, a bombshell fired at the Confederates during the great battle, a walking-cane of the beautiful red cedar from the field, and a photograph of said General.

There was quite a large circle of cousins in our county when the war began, and they would gladly subscribe again if they knew how they would be received. They love the Uncles, as every one does who has ever known them. But they are *rebels*. They asked me to write to you if that would exclude them? "Variety is the spice of life," and from the letters in the Chat, it would seem that all the cousins thought alike. Can you make room for a band of "rebs," if they will get into a quiet corner and behave themselves, and "not touch nothing?"

I am woefully behind the times in Merry affairs, and I hope you will be kind enough to enlighten me. I know *you*, and I have known Uncle Robert since 1849, and Aunt Sue almost as long. I have her portrait in a bound volume of the CABINET, and with it her true name. But who is Uncle William, and when did he make his advent? He is a handsome man, I see. Was he adopted into the family by a universal shout of welcome as you were? or did he marry Aunt Sue, and so become our Uncle?

What is this I hear about "*queens?*" Has Uncle Robert removed to Montreal? or has New York been annexed to the British dominions? I'm completely mystified after my Rip Van Winkle nap.

Ask Jean du Casse if there is any truth

in the report that his gun-boat general, on the memorable occasion he speaks of in his letter, made a speech to his men, the substance of which is as follows:

" Fighting with the rebels
Is anything but fun !
Down to the gun-boats,
Run, boys, RUN !"

I had always supposed it a "rebel" slander, till I saw Jean's letter.

Please introduce me to all new-comers, and don't tell them that you hope my manners have improved during my absence, as that would be insinuating that they were not "as good as they might be" formerly. Yours, TENNESSEAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 3, 1864.

To MY "MERRY" NORTHERN COUSINS :—I come from far down South, in "Dixie" (but if I do, you need not think I am a *rebel*), to ask admission to the Chat. I hope you have a nice snug corner for me, where I can see all, and not be seen for a while, because I am a stranger, having just commenced taking the MUSEUM.

According to Uncle Robert's promise, I have sent my *c. de v.*, and expect his in return. I should be happy to X with any of the cousins. Uncle Robert has my address.

SCHOOLBOY.

In all my castle building, I have never yet measured the exact height of my worldly ambition, but think I am pretty near the top of the pole when I am able to write—

FORT SUMTER, S. C., }
Washington's Birthday, 1865. }

Really, dear Merrys, it is with great pleasure that I write to you from this place. One week ago I should never have dreamed of such a thing, unless it were that I had been permitted, through the courtesy of our Southern brethren, to visit the fort—in double irons!

As I walked around the battered walls, and through the caverns called "passages" (constructed on a peculiar plan by one Gillmore!), I wished that Major Anderson might have been present to see how the mighty had fallen. Perhaps, Uncle Merry, I was the first Anderson to visit the fort since he left. Who knows? The Major's a sensible man, I know. Likes children too, (such as I!), and consequently ought to read MERRY's MUSEUM. If such be the case, he will see

that he was remembered by at least one loyal heart, after the fort's re-capture!

Brother Stearns, I was thinking of establishing a temperance society down here on my own hook, and let those old topers who "can't do without it" put some of Sumter's bricks in their hats.

Our Southern cousins will soon have a chance to re-enlist under the Merry banner, for there's a gentleman down here named Sherman who is re-establishing all the post-office arrangements.

Busy Bee, if you ever are able to write to us, by all means do so. Remember what you told me in your last—June, 1861—"Nothing would ever sever your ties with Uncle Merry and Aunt Sue!"

JASPER.

TROY UPON HUDSON, }
March 17, before noon. }

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the fate of W. A. R. To-day he puts forth

A gaseous proclamation; mounts the "Merry" throne,
And bares his blushing (?) cheek thick upon him :

The third day comes a gall, an incorrigible one ;

And when he thinks his easy blowing will surely

Bring him royalty—calls him "mushroom"—and then he subsides as I do.

I have ventured, like a certain "damsiel" whose heart is turned to Stone, One fine summer's day in search of glory; But failing for want of wind and sails, My horse-boat "can't come to time," And now has left me in mid stream, neither "king" nor "high private,"

To the mercy of a "gentle Zephyr" that faintly calls me "Rooster." Pet names and soaring appellations, I hate ye!

Had I but been born a hen, my sun had never set. How daring is the "Merry" one who would rule the fickle "Chat l'" There is betwixt that throne we would aspire to,

That consoling aspect of "root hog or die," Such blowing and scratching as wars and "Merrys" have ; And when he goes down, he goes like a rocket,

"Poor stick"—down forever. WILL SHAKEINHISBOOTS, 20,000 subscribers wanted for the

Rousseau Gas Company. Editors *taken in free*. How do you like it? Pity to waste so much good paper in *war times*, isn't it?

W. A. R.

MIDNIGHT, March 8.

Jolly Jingle, you put me in mind of the jolly jingle of the sleigh-bells this winter, and of a sleigh-ride through snow-banks unfathomable in depth—ten knots an hour, or thereabouts, lots of buffalo robes, and old Boreas puffing away from the nor'east. It is easier to get into a formidable snow-bank than it is to get out; at least, so my experience taught me on that eventful eve. Thanks, Jolly Jingle, for the idea conveyed, by your name; ah! "but what's in a name?"

Uncle Merry, may we have a merry May? You'll give us room to trip about, won't you? We'll nominate a queen by ballot! Who'll propose her?

Girls, pray do not form any corner committees, unless you give me a *carte blanche* for all. I am passionately fond of Longfellow (that long fellow in Washington, too), Whittier, and Lowell; Miss Mulock, Miss Proctor, and Miss Browning.

Vesta, where do you belong?

With regards to all, I remain,

Sin.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I have been a Merryite for the last three years, but I have not visited the Chat but once, when the latter was carried away to—no one knows where. The first time I read the Chat I was delighted—the other parts, ditto.

Cousin I, I think your suggestion a good one; I hope it will be followed.

Seems to me the parlor is *all* corners; will some one please to enumerate them?

Sigma, Franc, Juno, and all the other cousins, please shake hands. Love to all. Yours, Merryly, Hero.

You must be "Hero" enough, that if you do not succeed in obtaining admission to the Chat in once trying, to "try, try again." *True HEROES* learn to meet "steel" without shrinking; and when you have met the hatchet and manipulator a few times, you will be able to withstand their blows. Recollect, the gardener trims the trees the most he wishes to do the best.

Cousin Forestina thinks that I had better come out into the center of the room, so the cousins can get a look at me. I thought the Merry Album was open to all.

I am not going to leave the corner, for if I should, I would not be in the "select." If Iva MacG. is going to form a circle "in the corner," I shall be in it, for I have been in "that" same place for over five years; and, what's more, I am going to sit right down by Jolly Jingle, for I like fun and singing.

If cousin Forestina wants to look at me, Uncle Bob has my address; and I will not only X letters, but also c's de v.

I am all alone now, unless coz F., or some good Merryite, comes to the rescue. I had a friend, once—Hattie by name; but she's "done gone and got spliced," and I am left friendless. Won't somebody pity me?

But it's time for me to walk, and, as J. J. says, "I'll walk" right

IN THE CORNER.

February, 1864.

A. N., Minerva, and Sans Souci, mayn't we say, truly, that we are triumphant? That the numerous aspirants for honor are all in the dust? What could have gained us the victory save justice and our republican spirit?

Zephyr, the "old stump," by that lonely old fish house, was slightly bedewed with salt water when we arose—wasn't it?

What a gay letter that was of Per-tine's! Wonder if she's ever seen it since then? I haven't much faith in her "nimble pen;" she's forgotten "auld lang syne."

Albert Wolf, if no one else took a warlike stand, we shouldn't have to be neutral, and "peace parties" have to fight hard, sometimes, to maintain themselves. For further reasons, please write me, won't you?

Welcome to all our new cousins, but I heartily wish some of the old ones would peep in occasionally. Some of course can not, for they are no more of us, but for their sake—for *they* loved us all—come.

FLIB.

SOURIS MAISON, March 4.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Another venturer approaches with palpitating heart, who wants to be a Merry, and chatter a very little. Are not the clippers too much worn by long use to attempt the destruction of this tough little missive?

though I opine you have a grindstone—two, perhaps (?). If this browny is "let in" she will claim double cousinship to Flib. Of all your other fair nieces I am woefully ignorant, and ignorance is not bliss; so won't some coz be compassionate and notice my humble self? And, oh, please put me by somebody who will protect me from the gleaming teeth of Kitty and Puss. I know they'd long to get me in their jaws; it makes me shudder to think how I should be shaken and bitten between them. Why, Uncle Merry, I had almost forgotten yours was a "happy family," where the feline tribe leave a poor

MOUSE MERRY.

We will place you under the especial charge of Flib till you can "run alone," and then let you choose your own corner. You will find all hands happy and chatty.

TROY, January 10, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—

I'm but a little girl,
Only ten years old—
Please let me in,
And don't deem me bold.
I've read the MUSEUM
"Ever so long a time;"
Also the social "Chat,"
Which I call sublime.
Reading, and keeping out,
Like an unworthy sinner,
Is much like a hungry one
Looking at a dinner.
So let me in, I pray;
I'll sit in a corner,
And will enjoy the treat
Like "little Jacky Horner."
I'll tell you who I am,
Lest manipulator's crank
Turn me in the basket—
So call me Allie Frank.
War is a terrible thing,
Produces many scars;
Every man who has one,
Is called a son of *Mars*.
I'm not a son at all,
Neither*cause I slaughter,
But people all, here at home,
Call me my *Mars*'s daughter.

ALLIE FRANK.

March 6, 1865.

COUSINS ALL, BOTH GREAT AND SMALL:—List to the call of a Violet from the Forest, seeking admission into your Merry circle. Five times has that manipulator so thoroughly performed its work, that

not even an "extracted essence" was left from my letters. But I have come again, hoping to succeed better this time.

Hattie, please accept my congratulations. Eugene, ditto. Don't leave us, Hattie.

Addie W., I think I can guess better than either Franc or Nameless. Come and see me some time. Uncle Merry has my address.

Has Aunt Sue left us entirely? I hope not?

Why can we not have Definitions again (as a cousin suggested)? I should like it very much if we could.

There comes Uncle Hi with his hatchet—I mean Uncle Will with the manipulator! I must go now (but I'll come again). Daisy W., Mignonette W., and all the rest of the flower-tribe, please admit to your number

VIOLET FOREST.

PITTSFIELD, March 13.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I am a little girl, to be sure, but perfectly delighted with editor, correspondents, and all that belongs to the MUSEUM. I want to chat with some of your little jewels; will you find me a corner somewhere to chat with Lillie Linden?

MERRY MATTIE GREENWOOD.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 10, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—May I come in? I've been standing here shivering a long time, only getting a peep now and then. Cousins, may I talk as though I knew you all? Say yes, *please do*.

Iva MacGregor. Will you let me enter that snug corner with you and Jolly Jingle? I'll be ever so good.

Carrie of the Mountain, I'm perfectly charmed with you, will you write to me? Ask Uncle Merry my address.

Mamie, I visit Saratoga every summer. May I hope to see you next time?

BELLE.

SPARTA.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Excuse me for coming where my place might be filled much better if I were away, but I could not resist the temptation.

Kitty Clover, you have a very cosy corner. Mayn't I sit by you a little while?

Daisy W., let's have a shake and a chat.

Hattie Lee, don't let Pontiac get all the sly glances—do look this way just once.

Juno, Sigma, and all the other cousins, let's be friends.

CLARENCE.

DEAR MERRY COUSINS :—Once more I speak. Listen ! oh, ye Merrys, and hear the voice of an Admiral who has been admitted into the parlor.

W. A. R., I should think that you at least would speak to an old veteran—in the school-room.

Golden Arrow, I think I know you.
Rodney Mercur, I know your father very well.

I have now broken the ice—who will speak first? Sigma, now your brain will not be troubled solving enigmas, etc., I suppose.

Uno, what do you know?—a great deal, I think, for taking such a novel name.

Well, I suppose I must stop. The hatchet descends—it falls between us. Good-bye.

ADMIRAL.

We know of no better juvenile temperance paper than the "Youth's Temperance Visitor," by Z. Pope Vose, of Rockland, Maine, and hope it may have a large circulation among the Merry family. Terms, 50 cents per year.

Extracted Essences.

SILVER RING comes from "Somewhere, Sometime," to join our circle. You are admitted to the "ring" around Uncle Robert's chair, so take a seat, and when you wish anything, please *ring*.

IDA A. F. is introduced by California Tommy, and is welcome to a seat at the side of Winnie, and we hope you will tell her not to forsake us entirely now she has left us for the land of gold.

S. C. SATTERTHWAIT.—In the article of which you speak, Charlie's "sum" might have been in *addition*, which would have been correctly expressed; but Eddie should have been working hard on an "example." Your letter was properly directed.

ORLANDO will send photos to any one who desires, and will send theirs to him. We will forward any letter if desired.

ANNA CHAPIN, you are adopted into the family, and shall have a corner in the Chat.

PRINCE, we have one "Birdie" already in the Chat, so you must take another name.

LILLY VIOLET makes her appearance in the early spring, bringing kind wishes and sweet perfume for the Chatterers, and shall be ever welcome.

To ALL who write, we would say that we prefer real names to letters in the Chat, though fictitious names may be used when the *real* names are sent to us; but letters with long names to them generally go in the basket—so with many long letters. Writers must bear in mind, that *brevity* is one essential requisite to a welcome letter.

WE extend the hand of welcome to Jersey Blue, Silver Bugle, and Estelle Clayton, and hope to see them often; and trust all will remember to write plainly with ink, and send answers to puzzles on a separate leaf. All new writers must send real name and address to Uncle Robert.

THE BRADBURY PIANO.—Prominent among all the candidates for public favor stands the Wm. B. BRADBURY Piano, an instrument in whose commendation too much can not be said. It is scarcely two years since their manufacture was commenced, and in that short time they have become world renowned, and have by sheer force of superior merit taken the lead as the acknowledged favorites in many portions of the United States. To say that they are in every respect splendid instruments, is a very mild statement of their value. The new scale adopted by Mr. Bradbury is the *ne plus ultra* of equalization, giving a perfect equality of tone ranging through the whole extent of the instrument. They are peculiarly distinguished for their breadth, purity, sweetness, and bird-like quality of tone, and for their remarkable sustaining power. In elasticity of action they are unsurpassed, and testimonials from many eminent musicians accord to them all that is claimed by their maker—superiority over all others. Those who want a really first-class instrument should call on or send to Wm. B. Bradbury.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

VIOLET FOREST wins the prize for February.. Please send your address, Violet.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

86. Grandpapa sat in his easy chair,
In front of the cheerful fire;
But his spirits were low, and his
temper not fair,
For something was raising his ire.

My *first* was that something, and
painful it was,
As his groans and contortions
well showed;
And he plainly declared he believed
that it was
To my *whole* that the trouble he
owed.

He looked for my *whole*, but it could
not be found,
Too deep in my *first* it had gone;
And in twisting and turning my
second fell off;
How much better he looked with
it on!

My *second* replaced, got over my *first*,
Then my *whole* got into my *second*;
My *first* was much better without my
whole,
But I doubt if my *whole* so reckoned.

At last all was right—my *whole* dis-
appeared;
My *first* was at once relieved;
My *second* was straightened and put
in its place,
And grandpapa comfort received!
“Double you see.”

87. I am composed of 15 letters :
My 8, 7, 13, 4 is to control.
My 9, 10, 6, 1 is a Southern grain.
My 15, 10, 18, 1 is a distance.
My 11, 12, 8, 13 is a way of arrang-
ing the hair.
My 4, 5, 2, 3, 10, 8, 1 is the title to
a man's name.
My 15, 14, 8, 15, 3, 8 is to complain.
My *whole* is the name of a show.
Eloise Boughton.

88. I am a word of two syllables, and
am cordially hated by the rebels ;
take away my first two letters,
transpose and leave a part of the
body; transpose again and leave
something sharp. *A. S. W.*

89. I am a word of five letters, contain-
ing, (1) a ringing, (2) an excuse,
(3) a piece of ground, (4) to jump,
(5) what no pupil should be, (6) a
story, (7) a darling, (8) a vegeta-
ble, (9) a beverage, (10) and (11)
to strike gently, (12) fit, (13) to
permit, (14) an animal, (15) a
preposition. *Forrest.*

90. I am composed of 42 letters :
My 1, 13, 28, 39, 6, 15 is a girl's
nickname. [United States.
My 26, 2, 11, 34, 35 is one of the
My 5, 22, 41 is an affirmative.
My 9, 29, 33 is a woman's name.
My 7, 30, 32, 27 is a river in Egypt.
My 40, 13, 21 is a boy's nickname.
My 25, 7 is a preposition. [a girl.
My 37, 2, 34, 27 is a name given to
My 36, 17, 15, 34 is an adverb.
My 21, 19, 3, 8 is also an adverb.
My 42, 35, 36 is a tree.
My 15, 13, 16 we all do.
My 20, 16, 16, 4 is a boy's name.
My 31, 38, 29, 6 is a boy's name.
My 10, 12, 18 are consonants.
My 14, 8, 23, 24 is a girl's name.
My *whole* is the name and residence
of the writer.

91. My *first* is destructive ; my *second*
the Merrys all have ; my *whole*
are weapons. *Mercury.*

92. Behead an animal, transpose, and
make a flower. *Cousin May*

93. Why is a defender of the Stars and
Stripes like a disturbance carried
on by Irishmen ? *Hero.*

94. Behead what a person might do to
another, and leave what he took
to do it. *Dick Lazybones.*

ANAGRAMS.

95. Sh! C. R. B. gone? Otact. *Coy.*

96. So I can not tell. *Nellie.*

97. O, flag stripe. *Tommy.*

98. O, bite! it pours. *Aubrey Benson.*

99. I am composed of 19 letters :
My 17, 18, 7, 3 is wrong for school-
boys to be.

My 11, 19, 18, 8 is a silly person.
My 4, 5, 6 is an article used in a
boy's game.

My 12, 13, 7, 15, 16 is a compound
of two gases.

My 14, 2, 16, 10, 12 is what boys
often do with stones.

My 9, 5, 14 is what everybody does.

My *whole* is a celebrated event in

history. *Harry Dodge.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

100. Marry — are cowardly —.

Sigma.

101. He — up —.

Franc.

102. — walked — — along the —.

Down-East Girl.

103. He stretched a — across the —.

Elizabeth.

104. At what — do flowers — the greatest fragrance?

Aunt Martha.

105. Georgina's lint coat warmed a —.

Grasshopper.

106. Trim neat to please a —.

W. A. R.

107. My first is a tin cup; my second is a verb; my whole is frank.

Flower of Dunblane.

108. Change a letter in the name of a flower, and make what soldiers often grumble about.

Fred. W. C. C.

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 8th of next month.

Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

32. Battle of Bannockburn.

33. Whisper, perish, shire, hire, ire, re.

34. Baboon, a boon.

35. Dahlia, hail.

36. Candy, Andy, and, an.

37. Washington.

38. Trochleary.

39. Misrepresentation.

40. Isinglass.

41. Martin.

42. Loop, pool.

43. Tinker, reknit.

44. Ink, kin.

45. Care, race, acre.

46. Cheap, heap, ape.

47. Clound.

48. Norman, manor.

49. Stool, tool.

50. Goat.

51. Smelt, melt.

52. Uncle Robert Merry.

Sigma answers all but 38.

Franc answers all but 38.

Texas answers all but 51.

Schuylkill Nell answers all but 49.

Birdie answers all but 48, 49.

Aubrey answers all but 38, 51.

Forestina answers all but 38, 49.

Merrimac answers all but 43, 49.

C. W. J. answers all but 34, 38.

W. C. C. answers all but 38, 40, 48.

In the Corner answers all but 35, 38, 40, 49.

Onie answers all but 34, 38, 45, 46.

Anna J. B. answers all but 34, 35, 38, 49.

Dempsey answers all but 34, 38, 43, 47, 49, 51.

May of Salem answers all but 34, 38, 39, 48, 49, 50..

"*Double you see*" answers all but 38, 42, 43, 44, 45, 49.

Ma Hittub answers all but 34, 38, 40, 44, 45, 50, 51.

Hero answers all but 33, 35, 37, 38, 40, 43, 45, 48.

Tiny Wild Rose answers all but 33, 38, 40, 42, 43, 44, 49, 50.

B. answers 32, 33, 36, 37, 41, 42, 46, 47, 49.

Titania answers 32, 33, 34, 36, 41, 43, 44, 46, 47, 50, 52.

R. M. Bernhard answers 32, 33, 35, 36, 41, 46, 47, 50, 51, 52.

Carlos H. answers 32, 33, 36, 37, 46, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52.

Tennessean answers 32, 33, 35, 36, 41, 42, 47, 50, 51, 52.

Silver Bugle 33, 34, 35, 36, 46, 47, 49, 52.

Julian A. P. answers 32, 33, 36, 42, 46, 49, 50, 51.

Ironsides answers 32, 34, 36, 37, 46, 49, 50, 52.

Bessie B. A. answers 32, 33, 35, 36, 37, 46, 49, 52.

Union answers 34, 36, 41, 42, 47, 49.

Estelle Clayton answers 33, 36, 42, 47, 49, 52.

Ella answers 32, 36, 46, 47, 50, 52.

Clair M. Colegrove answers 32, 36, 46, 51, 52.

S. C. Satterthwait answers 36, 46, 49, 50, 52.

Mollie answers 32, 36, 49, 52.

Remus answers 32, 36, 50, 52.

Cousin May answers 36, 46, 49, 52.

Silver Ring answers 36, 39, 49.

Ed. F. P. answers 32, 36, 52.

Better Cousin answers 36, 49.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Violet Forest, May of Salem, Birdie, Onie, Bessie B. A.; Silver Bugle, S. C. Satterthwait, Joe Lee, Sigma, Franc, Harlan, "Double you see," Sid, Tennessean, Hero, Ironsides, and W. M. C.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR ?

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Moderato.

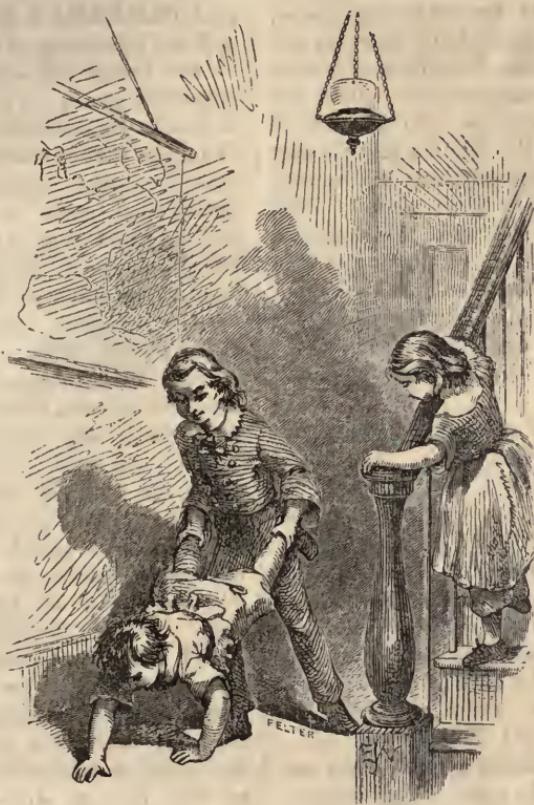
Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

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The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and a tempo marking of *Moderato*. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff begins with the first line of the song. The second staff begins with 'For my Bi - ble commands me to love him'. The third staff begins with 'Is it he who sits down at my ta - ble;'. The fourth staff begins with 'Or my friend who hath done me a fa - vor,'. The fifth staff begins with 'be ? Where may he be ? where may he be ?'. The sixth staff begins with 'The world is thy neighbor, poor pilgrim ;'. The seventh staff begins with 'Go ye out in the highways and hedges,'. The eighth staff begins with 'The want of a neighbor to greet !'. The ninth staff begins with '2.'. The tenth staff begins with '3.'

The world is thy neighbor, poor pilgrim ;
From the beggar so wretched to see ;
To the rich man that rides in his carriage,
All alike have a claim upon thee !
Go ye out in the highways and hedges,
The alleys, the lanes, and the street,
For ye never have need to stand idle
The want of a neighbor to greet !

Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain ;
Little failings in kindness o'erlook ;
For dear Jesus had pity for others,
And he never his neighbor forsook !
He hath said that a cup of cold water,
If given in the name of the Lord,
In that day when he makes up his jewels,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward !



WILLIE AND THE CIRCUS.

"MA, may I go to the circus?"
"I guess not."

"Oh, yes, do let me go. I've never been, and Sam Tilton and Ed Jones are going, and almost all the boys in school."

"I don't think it's a nice place for boys."

"Why, what's the harm?"

"You can't learn anything there."

"What's the use of learning all the time? I want a little fun once in a while. I have to go to school every day, and I never see anything;" and Willie Marsh pouted and fretted as usual when he was denied anything,

until, as he expected, his indulgent, weak-minded mother yielded, and he received permission to go.

The circus tent was pitched in a large field near the center of the village, and, as Willie had said, nearly all the boys and girls flocked there on the Wednesday afternoon when the performance came off. Willie stopped for his cousin James on his way, as he was older, and could have some care of him in the crowd.

They were in high glee at the performances. Men on horseback, dressed in gay clothes, went galloping around the ring, standing upright,

jumping over bars and through hoops; the clown made funny speeches and grimaces; there were boys who stood on their heads, on their hands, and twisted themselves into all sorts of shapes, and the children thought they had never seen anything half so wonderful. Their heads were so filled with what they saw, that hardly a boy but went away thinking that to be a circus rider would be the greatest and happiest lot in the world.

The next day James came to visit Willie, and of course both were full of circuses.

"I wish I could do what the boys there did," said Willie. "Just help me, and see if I can't stand on my hands." So James took hold of his feet and lifted him up, and tried to make him balance on his hands. But he could only succeed in making a wheelbarrow of him, as Willie said. This, however, was new sport, and both enjoyed it for a little while.

"Now give me a real good lift, 'way up," said Willie; and James raised him almost upright, when suddenly down he came, falling over sideways, and immediately began screaming with pain. He had broken his arm in the fall!

Poor Willie! As he suffered from the pain of having the bone set, and the weariness of staying indoors for weeks, he often thought that "mother knew best" after all; and although the other children who attended the circus met with no such accidents, I am quite sure not one of them learned anything that was of any use; and I know that the improper language that some of them heard, and afterwards used, did them more harm than even a broken arm, for that would heal quickly; but a hurt to the character is hard to cure.

THE OLD DAME'S BROWN COW.

A N old Siberian goody lost her cow, and though she sought her in all supposable places, she was nowhere to be found. Up and down hill she looked in vain for the truant, and many a scratch she got among the tangled bushes, and many a twitch some naughty thorn gave to her old gown. But she could not lose such a valuable piece of property, so day after day she left her cabin and spent the best of her time in search.

From one little opening to another she made her way, peering into all the leafy nooks and corners, until one morning she spied, just across a little glade, the very old brown hide she was after. The sudden joy of the discovery was quickly followed by resentment toward the old runaway who had given her such a weary hunt.

"I'll teach you to stray again," she thought, "and send me tramping all over the world to find you." With that she seized her trusty birchen staff, quite as formidable to offenders as "the grievous crab-tree cudgel" which so afflicted poor Pilgrim, and creeping slyly up to the clump of bushes, laid down the law on the devoted back of the animal with all the good-will her arm could put into it.

Up rose the sleeper and turned short around, when the old lady saw to her horror that she had roused up an old brown bear. The two stood gazing at each other a moment with mutual respect, if not admiration, when the bear suddenly wheeled about and trotted off as fast as four legs could take him. Dame searched no more for her cow that day, but made the best of her way homeward on the double-quick.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER V.—WENDELINE'S PARTY.



wonder in the least."

"*Irish!*" exclaimed Wendeline, with energy. "Never do you allow any one to hint such an awful thing, Elva! There's no more Irish in you than there is in my little finger! You were a *stolen child!*"

"How can you think that, Wendeline? My dear mother Newell?"—

"Don't be absurd! Of course you weren't stolen by your 'dear mother Newell,' as you call her, but by some witch of a woman—nobody knows who. Why, there was a girl at our boarding-school had the most romantic history, if I had ever heard the particulars."

"Do try to remember a little of it," cried Elva, in a fever of eagerness.

Wendeline, who had no scruples against drawing upon her imagination, proceeded to relate a thrilling story of a nobleman's daughter, who having the misfortune to possess a sparkling

HERE is some romance about your history, depend upon it," continued Wendeline.

"Wendeline! Romance! Oh no; I was only a little abused baby; maybe Irish—I shouldn't

gold necklace, was feloniously seized by a ferocious gipsy, carried off in a sack, and precipitated into fiery trials.

Elva listened enchanted. Nothing was too strange to believe. The hours flew. All too soon it was time for the visit to end. She started homeward, accompanied by her new friend, both of them loaded with books. But to Elva's secret relief Wendeline did not enter the farm-house.

"Why, mother, how tired you look!" said Elva, as the family were about assembling for evening prayers.

"Baby has been cross. I've needed you, Elva, and thought to myself I was almost sorry I let you go. I was afraid, too, you wouldn't have as good a time as you expected. Did you feel much *put by*?"

Elva knew that her mother meant to say *diffident*; but how inelegant was her language compared with that of even Mr. Gilman's housekeeper!

"Did you have silver forks to eat custards with, Elf?" cried Perley.

"Perley!" said his sister, severely, "don't make believe that you're a Hot-tentot."

"He grows so countrified!" she thought. "One could see at a glance that we are not *own* brother and sister."

Elva might have listened with profit to the wise words her father humbly read this evening:

"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not

corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

But far from listening, bewildered Elva was dreaming of worldly glories, of honeyed flattery, of a so-called "bosom-friend," who was teaching her to despise her true, tried benefactors.

From this time a change was begun in Elva, too slight to be noticed at first, for "the mother of mischief is no larger than a midge's wing." She was only a little more than ever inclined to be absent-minded, a little less willing to perform her household duties.

Seth, always observing and disagreeable, cried out when she roused herself to answer a question, "Why, good-morning, Elvy," pretending she had just arrived from some far-away region.

Nothing wounds us like a home-thrust. "What if she did build air-castles? What if her thoughts did go wool-gathering? Was it any of Seth's concerns?"

"Elva," said her mother, "you are always read, read, reading—what is it now?"

"Oh, nothing but the 'Arabian Nights' Wendeline lent me, mother. I'll hem my handkerchief just as soon as I finish about this rock's egg."

"Rock's egg!" echoed her mother, laughing. "First time I ever heard of a rock's laying eggs! Do they hatch into door-stones, Elva?"

"Well, well," continued Mrs. Newell, to herself, "I don't know but I ought to bear with the child. I never liked reading as she does; but there's a difference in children. I hope the time may come when she'll settle down and like her needle better."

She always asked from whose libraries the child borrowed such quantities

of books, looked at the covers and saw that they were not *yellow*, and then she thought her duty was done. She never dreamed of the slow, sweet poison Elva was imbibing. She did not know that the excessive reading of fairy stories and second-class juveniles was fostering a listless, dreamy state of mind. No judicious little bird whispered in her ear that her daughter's new friendship was a very pernicious thing.

"Oh," mused Elva at school, "if I only had Aladdin's lamp, I'd rub it, and the genius would *pour* my geography lesson into my head, map questions and all."

But as the lamp and its genius happened to be out of reach, Elva's lessons went into her head and out again, "threading my grandmother's needle." When Miss Colburn objected to such poor recitations, Elva thought, in a hazy way, "I wonder if she knows who it is she's scolding at? It may be the daughter of a prince! Perhaps they will come for me one of these days in a coach with four white horses. I should hate to leave my dear father and mother Newell! I don't know as I would go. I would take my money out of the bank and build a stone house like Mr. Gilman's, only a great deal handsomer; and my father and mother Newell should live with me, and I'd have a room for Lousia Flint—oh, and Perley, and the baby, to be sure! And Wendeline would be proud to eat at my table! Then how all the people in town would bow and smile when they saw me and say: 'This is the young heiress that was stolen away—Miss—Miss'!"

Miss Colburn, who had taught the summer school in District Number Three for five seasons, was sorry to see Elva sit with her book before her,

gazing into the land of dreams. She loved the amiable little girl, and one night walked home with her on purpose to say privately to Mrs. Newell:

"I feel disappointed in Elva. She is gentle and obedient, but I can't arouse her ambition."

The conscientious mother took the alarm. "I am afraid she has too much to do this summer," said she.

And after this, Elva was told that her morning-tasks would be lightened; she need only milk the brindle cow and wash the breakfast-dishes.

"It would be a shame," thought the good mother, "if I should put too much care upon a young and growing girl."

But the more leisure Elva had, the more she dreamed. She dreamed while she rocked the baby, while she watered her flower-bdg, while she walked to school. Her beautiful blue eyes were half the time as useless as two turquoise gems, for they were looking far away into the land of May-be, a land that never was, and never will be.

A great event was about to occur—a juvenile party at Mr. Gilman's. Now in this quiet little country town of Woodford, children sometimes had parties, but always of an afternoon; this was to be in the evening. Elva was taken into Wendeline's confidence. The party, she said, was not so much for the entertainment of the school-girls, as to celebrate the arrival of her cousin, Edwin Preston. Her papa had said she might have music and dancing.

"But only two or three of us know how to dance!" said Elva.

"Oh, what little prigs! I never saw people so lacking in style as the Woodford girls," exclaimed Miss Wendeline with a toss of the head.

So it seemed it would be folly to hire music. What little was needed, Wendeline could supply with her skillful fingers from her grand piano. As for refreshments and servants, those would be provided from Boston, regardless of expense. The wealthy Mr. Gilman, who was really depressed by the "mysterious trouble" before mentioned, seemed to have but one pleasure in life, and that was to gratify his fastidious young daughter.

Rearranging and adorning the parlors was a pleasant diversion for Wendeline and Elva. Already the school-girls envied Elva. Samantha Piper began to say ill-natured things: "Elfie Newell appears amazingly artless and modest, but she must have put herself forward, or else those rich Gilmans wouldn't make of her so much."

Louisa Flint looked rather down-hearted, but said nothing, when Maggie Hilton remarked: "Seems to me, some people are getting to feel pretty big!"

Thursday evening arrived, also cousin Edwin Preston, and the servants and refreshments from Boston. At seven, guests began to arrive at Tanglewood: honest, awkward Perley Newell, attired in his very best, looking as if he would consider it the greatest blessing in life to know what to do with his hands; small Benny Piper, his hair lustrous with sweet oil; overgrown Charlie Foster; and half a dozen aristocratic "Academy boys" from the upper end of the town. Of girls, twice as many as boys; Elva Newell, very tidy in her freshly starched organdie muslin, which, I grieve to say, she had sprinkled with tears; warm-hearted, but sarcastic Maggie Hilton; gentle Louisa Flint; and foremost of all, Samantha Piper, with flaming red bows in her hair, who

would not have greeted Elva with such an ill-natured smile if she had known that to her amiable pleadings she owed her invitation.

This party furnished an admirable opportunity for the city cousin to astonish people by his graceful bows and fine speeches; and no young miss of fourteen ever better enjoyed playing hostess than did queenly, smiling Wendeline. How gracious and patronizing she was! How she sang as if she were drawing her last breath, her jeweled fingers all the while flying like mad! How the elegant supper, with its saccharine temples and frosted palaces, its colored bubbles and sparkles, dazzled everybody!

Happy Elva forgot her old dress, and considered herself a sharer in all the glories of the occasion. But if she had been a little intoxicated by the attentions of Wendeline and Edwin Preston, there was a severe mortification awaiting her.

Resting after a game, she and Louisa Flint chanced to be standing in the shade of a curtain.

"It seems like old times for us two to be together again," said the affectionate Louisa, pressing her hand.

"Oh, Lousia," said Elva, with a sudden pang, "aren't we good friends? I'm sure I love you as well as ever I did."

"Do you, Elfie? I've thought sometimes—that is to say, you know, since—since Wendeline came"—

Just then the girls could not help hearing the voice of Edwin Preston near them, inquiring of some one, "What is the name of that beautiful girl with the curls? I forget what to call her, but she's the star of the evening, upon my word."

"You mean Elva Newell, I presume," replied the up-town "Academy

boy," indifferently; "she lives at Farmer Newell's—their *bound girl*, I believe."

Elva felt as if the earth were spinning around. Far into the night those cruel words rang in her ears. The puttied cracks in the window, named "Red Riding Hood" and the "Wolf," peeped out at her in the moonlight in a right impudent way, as if to say:

"You see what they think of you up town! Just what you might expect, miss! Farmer Newell's *little bound girl!* Capital joke!"

"Isn't it cruel?" sobbed Elva, "I can't bear it! I'll tell Wendeline as sure as ever it comes morning!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY SISTER LIZZIE.

LITTLE pattering feet,
Busy all the day—
Little voice so sweet,
List, what does she say?
Little eyes so bright,
Little hands so busy—
Ev'rywhere (not quite)—
Ah, it is our Lizzie.
Little hair so soft,
Darling little baby—
Let us comb it oft,
Then you'll be a lady.
Ev'ry day she gets
Little Dolly out;
She must then undress
And carry it about.
Precious little one!
May her life be long!
At each setting sun,
Joyous be her song.

TINY WILD ROSE.

It is no more possible to bring men's minds to think alike, than to make their faces look alike.



THE STAG DRINKING—A FABLE.

A STAG quenching his thirst in a clear lake, was struck with the beauty of his horns, which he saw reflected in the water. At the same time, observing the extreme slenderness of his legs, "What a pity it is," said he, "that so fine a creature should be furnished with so despicable a set of spindle shanks! What a truly noble animal I should be were my legs in any degree answerable to my horns!" In the midst of this soliloquy he was alarmed with the cry of a pack of hounds. He immediately flies through the forest and leaves his pur-

suers so far behind, that he might probably have escaped; but taking into a thick wood, his horns were entangled in the branches, where he was held till the hounds came up and tore him in pieces. In his last moments he thus exclaimed: "How ill do we judge of our true advantages! The legs which I despised would have borne me away in safety, had not my favorite antlers betrayed me to ruin."

MORAL.

We often make a false estimate in preferring our ornamental talents to our useful ones.

WEARY AND HUNGRY.



LL the hours of the day he had wandered through the village, from house to house, from street to street, until his ears were aching with the sound, and his arms were weary with turning the wheel of his hurdy-gurdy, and no one had given him money, save a boy as poor as himself.

Night was coming nearer and nearer, and the solitary penny had not given him food enough to prevent that terrible hunger-bitten feeling from coming again and again.

It was spring time. No berries on the roadside, no nuts in the thickets that bordered the fields, nothing but blossoms on all the trees, and the wandering musician could not wait for their promises to fulfill themselves.

On he wandered, glad to get away from the crowd of children who held their pennies fast the while they listened. This boy's heart was aching with a thought of home—his sunny, ripe, and glowing home, where, if man frowned and forgot to be merciful, Nature never withheld her stores from the outstretched hand, and, dreaming of Italy, as children dream, he involuntarily put out his hand to receive *something*. A few leaves were the stone that came. He bound them in his old, wide-brimmed hat, and went on his way. All the music that his hurdy-gurdy had dispensed that day seemed to come back and make

it heavy, so heavy that he could scarcely carry it.

In the distance, high on a hill, was a house, one house more, to which he would go, and beyond that house the boy could not see. If there denied, he knew that he must lie down on the ground and rest till morning.

His weary feet went up the hill, to find a high stone wall all about what seemed a garden, and it stretched far around it. Over the wall he could see trees, great forest trees, just coming into foliage, but near or far no human being on the farther side of the wall. Around an angle in the wall the boy espied stone steps. Then, at the least, he would rest, and the stone would not be so damp to lie upon, he thought, as was the cold ground. At last the steps were gained, and he sat down, resting his instrument, so heavy, and yet so light, upon the ground.

"Ah, me!" he said in his soft home language, "if only clusters of grapes would come down this wall, how happy I should feel! But there are none in this cold land. Why do people come and live here?"

The sensation of rest began to steal over his tired body, and into his heart as well, I think, for sitting there, he began to sing a little song that he had learned by a still river far away, and, singing it, his head fell lower and lower; his hat dropped to the stones at his feet; the notes fell out softly and more softly until they ceased to come, for the boy was asleep.

Not the sweet accents of a child within the wall aroused him.

"'Tis over here, mamma," said the child; "I guess 'tis a bird."

"We will look over and see, my darling. Be careful with your flowers,



or you will lose them all." And lifting the child and its flowers in her arms, the lady went up the steps and looked down. There lay the sleeping boy.

"You go and touch him," said the lady to her child. But he was afraid; and taking a flower from the store within his dress, he dropped it upon the face of the hurdy-gurdy boy.

Up sprang his head in an instant from the hard rock. The flower lay on the stone, and the young wanderer gazed about him in astonishment. A moment before he had sat down to rest, alone, and weary; he awoke to see the lady and the child standing on the steps above and looking down upon him.

"I heard you singing a sweet song I knew long ago," said the lady in his own language. "You must come round to the house and sing it for me again. You are hungry—I see the famished look in your eyes! Come!"

Not one word could the child understand; but he thought the boy wanted money, so he begged—"Some penny, mamma, some penny to give the boy—he no shoes to his feet."

Bright was the silver that the lady gave, but not so bright as the smile of mercy with which food was given.

No songs were sung that night, for, weary with the day's marching, and satisfied with food, the boy from the viny shores of the vine land was fast asleep, with his hurdy-gurdy clasped in his arms, dreaming that his days of wandering were over, that his home had been reached at last, when the lady went to listen to his song, and she heard only the soft murmurs of

happiness that issued from the half-open doorway of sleep. A little silver, a little food, had made of the weary wanderer a prince in the realm of dreams.

If giving doth make so rich, who will not give a little food, a little money, to the wanderers who go up and down the rough ways of our earth?



THE FARMER'S SONG.

His wants are few, and well supplied

By his productive fields;
He craves no luxuries beside,
Save what contentment yields.

More pure enjoyment labor gives,
Than fame or wealth can bring;
And he is happier who lives
A farmer, than a king.

HOT COALS;
OR,
HOW FRITZ WAS CONQUERED.
BY REV. DR. NEWTON.

JOE BENTON lived in the country. Not far from his father's home was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a beautiful boat, elegantly rigged, with masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of this day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon.

"Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now, I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon, for the *captain must be up to time.*"

Away he went, scampering toward the cave where the boat had been left, ready for the launch. As he drew near, he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked within, he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise: then with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed: "I know who did it—the mean scamp!

It was Fritz Brown; and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch; but I'll pay him for *this* caper, see if I don't!"

Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cove, and hurrying on, some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches toward the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but instead of that it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string, and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin; but, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! burn him?" asked Joe,

doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile, Joe clapped his hands. "Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burnt much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I'd just like to see him jump once. Now, tell me how to do it—quick!"

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." There," said Herbert, "that's God's way of doing it, and I think that's the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now, I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that's a real take in. Why, it's just no punishment at all."

"Just try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly, "But you've told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would *burn*, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I've known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very

fond of reading, but *you* have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand, and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a *grand* smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe; but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I have driven the cows home, and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe; "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And, Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who *do* you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast, but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said:

"Oh, Joe, *I* did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You

didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—" Fritz could get no farther. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal *does* burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But *I* feel fine."

Joe took two or three somersets, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed time, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries; and so soon as he saw Joe, he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and all turned out as cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he was never more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterward, that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, cousin Herbert," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I think *I shall have to set up a coal-yard.*"

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness when he put that coal on

Fritz's head, and he had "*a sure reward*" in the pleasure which it yielded him. *Pleasure* is one part to the reward of sowing righteousness. This is sure.

OUR MOTHERS.

THE respect shown by every man to an aged mother is the perfect measure of his kindness of heart and purity of thought. Men who are successful in life, and form associations superior to those enjoyed by their parents, often find their aged mothers so far their inferiors in education and general powers of observation, as to cause them to forget that the mother is their equal in natural ability, and only deficient in that over which she has had no control; that while he by her care had been rendered capable of improved condition, she had been excluded from the chance of improvement, and therefore she should be respected for his advancement. A pure heart would feel these facts intuitively, and require no reminder. To an elderly parent, a good man will always be more courteous than to a recent friend, and will ever, by his example, cause his household to so conduct themselves toward his mother as to make her feel that her son has not forgotten her tender care.

What can be more pitiful than to find the younger branches of a household predisposed to notice the shortcomings of the grandmother, rather than to feel her entitlement to their highest respect! Graceful old age is always the consequence of full respect from grateful children; and the best interests of society demand an observance of the command to "honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which thy God has given thee." M. J.

AN HOUR A DAY.

WHAT boy and girl will begin with the resolution to read some useful book one hour every day? No matter what the employment, or how busily you may be obliged to keep at it, you can hardly be in a situation where you can not get one reading hour out of the twenty-four. Let it be something solid, substantial, instructive, and you will be sure to have gained a great store of information by the time the year closes.

A poor lad, apprenticed to a soap-boiler in England, formed this resolution, and used to time his reading by an old silver watch his uncle had left him. His master said, when his seven years' apprenticeship was ended, he knew as much as the young squire, who had enjoyed all the advantages which an abundance of money and the best of instructors could give him. It was a great thing for a poor lad to thus educate himself in circumstances which all set the other way. You may be sure he would be fitted for something higher than a soap-maker all his days. Knowledge is the great working power of the world, and you might as well be one of its workers as one of its drones. You will be one or the other.

Do not begin by laying out a vast, unwieldy plan for your own self-improvement which you will never carry out if you live to be a hundred years old. But begin very modestly and humbly. Take some interesting work of travel or history if you can, but by no means a novel, or your improvement will come to a dead stand-still. Once acquire a taste for novel-reading, and you have shut the door in the face of all substantial reading. When you begin to read a book, try to get

all the good out of it that there is to be got. Don't skim over the pages like a swallow over a lake, and call that reading—it is far from it. Your whole hour spent over a few pages will be far better than to have read five times as many carelessly. It is not the amount of reading, but the manner that makes us truly wise.

"Beware of the man of one book," was the motto of one who knew well how to measure men's minds. The man who devoted himself bravely to one thing, was sure to be master of it, and to be able to hold his way in face of all opposition.

J. E. L.

HOW TO SAVE TIME AND TROUBLE.

Be not slothful in business.—ROM. xii. 11.

A STITCH in time, they say, saves nine;
It does, and sometimes more,
For I have found, with grief profound,
Twould oft have saved a score.

That little rent, perhaps you meant
To mend another day;
But see, a nail, or broken rail,
Has torn the piece away.

And now no more, neat as before,
That pretty dress will be;
For though you've tried the place to
The patch we all can see. [hide,

That stocking, too, which now you
view
With such a lengthened face,
Last week I saw without a flaw,
Except one small thin place.

A stitch in time indeed saves nine,
As you will always find;
And if you care your work to spare,
You'll bear this truth in mind.

DOLLY WREN'S PET CHICKEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GO-AHEAD, AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."



APRIL was only a few days old, and crying, as "young things" are wont to do; but the tears that fell seemed to make the young grass as brilliant as the gems that laugh and sparkle so to be liberated from their long imprisonment in the house of the earth.

Long ages before that April morning, a little valley had been built just large enough for a farm-house and its acres to rest securely in, and into this farm-house only the night before a little girl had come. It was to be her home for the summer, and with the early dawn "Dolly Wren" was surveying the country with as much accuracy of vision as is given to five years.

The breakfast-bell rang, and Dolly

did not appear. A messenger was sent to search for her, but returned, not having found her.

In at the door a moment later came Dolly, with a face that looked as if she had seen wonderful things, and an apron that was gathered closely in her hands.

"Oh, mamma! oh, papa! oh, grandpapa!" she exclaimed, "I got 'em every one, but just two."

"What is it? what have you in your apron?" asked grandmother.

"Peep! peep! peep!" cried the prisoners.

"There's a great big black hen, and ever so many little things running all around her and crying so, all out in the rain; and I went to pick 'em up, and they all ran, and I went into the grass to get 'em, and here they are! Please give me some breakfast for them."

Dolly thought it very unkind and cruel that the chickens should be put out of doors, and she lifted into a high chair, and told to eat her own breakfast.

She tried to do as she was bidden, but, in some mysterious manner, her throat refused to do its duty, and at last she cried out, with tears falling down her cheeks, "Oh, mamma! them little hungry chickens is choking me; I don't want any breakfast."

"Poor child! With so many feathers in its throat, it is too bad!" said Dolly's grandfather; and in an instant the child was liberated from her prison.

"It isn't feathers—it's hungry chickens," said Dolly, as she felt her hand fast in that of her grandfather, who hurried away to the granary.

"There, child! there is breakfast for your chickies—you may feed them. Call, now, 'Chick, chick!'"

"Chick, chick! come get something to eat," called Dolly; but mother hen talked so fast and made so much noise, that I do not think the little feathered things heard one word that Dolly said, as, urged on by their commander, they fled for refuge to the covert of a hedge near by.

"You see, Dolly, that the hen is afraid of you because you stole her birdies awhile ago. Throw some meal out, and see if she will come back."

Dolly obeyed; and surveying the promising land very carefully, mother hen at last gave the word of command, and her forces came forth. How pretty they were! Dolly could scarcely stand still, she was so delighted to see them eat. There were ten chickens—five were white and five were dark, and they ate until Dolly had no more to give them.

"Dolly Wren" was not this little girl's own name, but one that some one had given her because she was very small, and she seemed to fit the name so well that it clung to her.

April had left off her "crying fits," having grown older and wiser, when, one day, Dolly's grandfather came suddenly in sight of the little maiden just in time to hear a remark that she was making to herself. It was—"Oh, dear me! how I do wish them five white chicks were mine to do just as I want to with; how wise I'd make 'em!"

Dolly's grandfather stole away without one word, and Dolly never dreamed that he had heard her talking to herself.

Only the night before, when Dolly had said her prayer, she had asked—"Mamma, if I want anything ever so much, may I ask God for it?"

"Certainly, Dolly; and if we are very much in earnest, He will surely grant our request." Dolly felt very much in earnest about the five white chickens, but she was not quite certain whether God heard prayers in the afternoon, for she had always been taught to say hers in the morning, and before she fell asleep at night, but she thought she would venture, and so she prayed—

"Oh, good God, won't you please to stop a minute now, and hear me? and won't you tell my grandfather how much I wish he'd give me them five little white chicks with black top-knots."

Dolly shut up her eyes to pray, and when she opened them she looked all about her, but no one was in sight; and then she ran to take a look at her coveted treasures that were running to and fro about the coop, and climbing in and out through the slats that formed the prison-house of the mother hen. As she was standing washing them, her grandfather came suddenly behind and caught her in his arms.

"There, now, Dolly, suppose I should divide the chicks and give you half of them—should you like it? you may have the white ones for your own, only you must take great care of them, and keep them away from my garden all summer."

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa!" was all that Dolly could say; but the little face was a volume of thanksgiving.

Dolly was certain then that God heard prayers in the afternoon just as well as at any other time, and not only heard but answered them, for she had asked, and were not the chickens given to her?

I can not tell you how Dolly Wren took care of her chickens all the summer days, nor how one died, and how

Dolly buried it with many tears, for I have only time to tell you the fate of one of the five.

In the autumn time Dolly left the red house in the valley to go on a long voyage at sea with her father and mother. With many tears she kissed and left three chickens; but one *she must* take with her—her little loving heart refused to be bereft of all, and a little box was prepared to convey Pet Whitie, and handfuls of corn were stealthily dropped in to fill up crevices among dry goods in packing, until Dolly felt that Pet would not starve.

Out on the wide ocean steamed the ship carrying many passengers to a far-away land, when, one day, a tiny boat was spied, all alone, on the sea. It was picked up, and contained ten shipwrecked and almost perished human beings. They were taken on board and fed, but still they were in great need, and very anxious to go to their own country. The days went by, and at last a sailing vessel was spoken that was bound to their own land.

"We must do something for these men before they go," said Dolly's father; and others said the same words. The money was collected, and the vessel that was to take the men on board had come very near, awaiting the transfer. On the decks of both steamship and vessel the passengers were collected, when Dolly Wren appeared with Pet Whitie in her arms.

"Papa," she said, "give the men my chicken."

Now every soul on board knew how Dolly loved her chicken, and tears filled many eyes at the sight and the words.

"Very well, Dolly. We will sell the chicken, and give them the money. Who will be auctioneer?"

"I," said the captain of the steamship. "Who bids for this chicken?—worth its weight in gold;" and he lifted Dolly and the chicken in his arms.

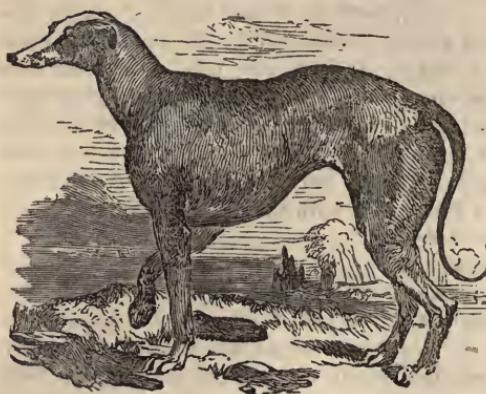
O how the bids flew about the ship! how fast they came, flying higher and higher, until one went up to "fifty dollars!" and Pet Whitie was sold, and the gold went over the ship's side with the shipwrecked men.

THE VO.'S AND THE MO.'S.

EVERY reader of a newspaper in which books are noticed, frequently meets with the terms *quarto*, *octavo*, *duodecimo*, etc., or their abbreviations, 4to., 8vo., 12mo., etc. This is the mode by which the size of a book is designated in print. These *mo.'*s and *vo.'*s indicate the number of leaves in a sheet, and correspond to the leaves (not the pages) which a sheet contains. Take a sheet of a given size, say a *medium*, and give it one fold, like a common newspaper, and you have a *folio*, with two leaves; give it another, and you have a *quarto* (4to.), with four leaves; give it another fold, and you have an *octavo* (8vo.), or eight leaves, and so on. By another mode of folding you obtain a 12mo., 24mo., 48mo., etc.; and by another again, an 18mo., 36mo., etc. These figures and letters, though abbreviations of Latin words, are ordinarily, in these days, turned into rather barbarous English by printers, publishers, and booksellers, for the sake of brevity. Thus they say a twelve-mo., a twenty-four-mo., a forty-eight-mo., instead of a duodecimo, etc.

WRITE your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

THE GREYHOUND.



THIS breed of dogs is of very ancient origin. The Greeks of olden time used them in hunting, and their portraits are found on Egyptian monuments erected hundreds of years before the Greek nation flourished. No one can say with certainty what has caused such great differences of appearance and character as are seen in different species of the dog family. Thus the Newfoundland dog and the black-and-tan terrier are almost as widely separated as the horse and cow. Some writers suppose that but one breed of dogs was originally created, and that change of climate, food, habits, etc., have gradually changed the forms and character of these animals. Others are of opinion that several distinct families of dogs were called into existence at the beginning. There are strong reasons for supposing this to be true, and if so, the greyhound was probably among the first families. Its origin can be traced to the western part of Asia, where, undoubtedly, the first parents of animals and men had their early home. These dogs accompanied their masters as settlements extended westward, through Tartary to

Europe, in every country of which they are found.

Change of climate has had a marked effect upon this animal. Those living in northern Russia are covered with long shaggy hair, of a black, white, or slaty color. They are also much fiercer and less docile than their southern brethren. The Turkish greyhound is covered with short soft hair, and his disposition is gentle. The Italian species is much small-

er than either of the others named above. Their forms are singularly graceful, and their motions light and elastic. Their hair is usually of a slaty color, and very short and soft. They are highly prized as pets for ladies. The British greyhound is unrivaled for beauty, spirit, speed, and docility. The engraving above represents one of this species.

Greyhounds have not the keen sense of smell possessed by many other breeds of dogs. They depend solely on their quick sight and wonderful speed for capturing game. These qualities make them of great value to the hunter, and a full-bred dog of this species commands a very high price, more than five hundred dollars having been paid for a single animal.

FROM using glasses on the nose, you see an object single; from using them under the nose, you see it double.

TAKE well whate'er shall chance,
though bad it be;
Take it for good, and t'will be good
for thee.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

THE SPLENDOR OF DAMASCUS.—Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Balbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was, before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"a predestined capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did 3,000 years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchant of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitudes of their waters." The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter (because it was given to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world), is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, or damascene, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous, the world over, for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when

Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic—engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening, with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns, are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian Gardone."

AN architect proposes to build a "Bachelor Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no *Eves*.

"MRS. SMITH, did you say in the hearing of my little girl, that I was a *great rusty cat?*" "No, Mrs. Jones; I said you were a great aristocrat."

WHOEVER makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

A MAN in the Detroit jail wishes he had the small-pox, so that he could break out.

A DRUMMER is the fastest man in the world, because time beats all men, but the drummer beats time.

A POOR Irishman applied for a license to sell ardent spirits. Being questioned as to his moral fitness, he replied, "An' sure its not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum."

WORKMEN engaged in excavating a cistern in Marietta, Ohio, after passing down through six feet of sandy loam and through three feet of conglomerate rock, so hard as to require blasting, found under the rock a cavity about a foot in depth, and in the earth below this cavity a human skeleton and the bones of animals. The bones were very old and crumbling. A part of the upper jaw of the skele-

ton contained the teeth, which were very much worn, belonging evidently to a person well advanced in years. The bones had probably been conveyed there by water, which at some time may have flowed through the cavity beneath the rock. The opening is about 600 feet from the present bank of the Muskingum River, and about fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the plain.

PUZZLING QUESTION.—A little friend of ours, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

"MEN who see *into* their neighbors, are apt to be contemptuous; but men who see *through* them, find something lying behind every human soul which it is not for them to sit in judgment on, or to attempt to sneer out of the order of God's manifold universe."

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

THE WATER ORDEAL.—A strange kind of water ordeal is said to be practiced by the natives of the coast of Malabar, where a person accused of any heinous crime is obliged to swim over a large river abounding with crocodiles: if he escapes unhurt, he is pronounced innocent. This will remind our readers of the ancient mode in England of testing a witch, only that in the latter case the escape of the accused from drowning is regarded as proof of the witchcraft, and she then suffered death, thus being barbarously compelled to pay the same penalty in either event.

THE following line from Gray has been found to admit of eighteen transpositions, without destroying the rhyme or sense:

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.

The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.

The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.

The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.

Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way.

Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way.

Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.

Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.

Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.

The homeward ploughman weary plods his way.

The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

THE use of the term "brick," as applied to good fellows, probably originated from a classic story related in Plutarch, where Agesilaus says, "There are the walls of Sparta, and every single man is a brick."

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—In a time of much religious excitement, and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis road ish the best, and some say dat; but it don't make much difference which road we take, for ven we git dere, dey never ask us vish vay we come—and it's none of their bnsiness —if our wheat is good."



AT EVENING PRAYER.

"Now I lay me," soft and low,
Comes like angel whispers;
By the bedside, in a row,
Kneel three infant lispers.

Carrie, with her eyes of blue,
Yet undimmed by sorrow;
Little Fred, and baby Lu,
Two years old to-morrow.

Hands are clasped in reverent love,
Heads all bowed so lowly,
Hearts upraised to things above,
Thoughts subdued and holy.

"Keep us all the long night through,"
Now plead Fred and Carrie;
And "Pease, Dod, bess baby Lu,"
Lisps the wee-bit fairy.

"Now, my darlings, kiss good-
night,
Lulu's eyes are closing"—
Smiles mamma with fond delight
O'er her pets reposing.

Twilight deepens; soon appear
Stars in countless numbers;
Little sleepers know no fear—
Angels guard their slumbers.

—Dewdrop.

A RIDDLE.

RESTLESS by name, I never roam,
But choose to settle down at home;
The fireside so well I grace,
Home is not home without my
face—

So, many say who take my meat,
Yet feed me what they can not
eat.

I'm dull in feeling, and am blind,
Yet glows my heart for human
kind.

The *great* by me must be controlled,
Though, like a slave, I'm bought
and sold.

Blackened am I with earthly taint,
Yet *holy*, too, as any saint.

Now, let my *first* my *ending* be;
Ah! what a dreadful change you'll
see!

Though deaf and dumb before, I'd now,
With furious speech and frenzied
brow,

Proclaim, as with a thunder-peal,
The sorest passion man can feel!

Oh, shun me, then; one hour with me
Were worse than years of toil to
thee.

Better were hunger, pain, and thirst,
Than to be linked with aught accurst!

While thus I rage, cut off my feet,
And to my length a short *ell* mète.
Where now the fiend that roused
alarm?

Can heavenly seraph bring thee harm?
Fear not to entertain this guest,
For he will bring thee joy and rest.
Watch for his visits few and rare,
Lest thou should slight him unaware.
When Peter's prison opened wide,
And Abram's knife was turned aside,
His race walked earth, nor yet have
fled,

Though many count them with the
dead.

S. E. D.

THE TWILIGHT VISION.

BY AUNT LOVICY.



T was near sunset, a boy stood on the banks of a noble river, and its ripples reflected gold and crimson from the bright clouds. With bent head, downcast eyes, and clouded countenance, he seemed all unmindful of the flood of beauty rolling around him —even to his feet. On an eminence, in the distance, stood the proud mansion of one whom the world called rich, with its handsome grounds. Nearer was his father's cottage, wreathed with vines, and surrounded by many evidences of taste. On its door-stone sat a curly-headed little one, calling to "Buder Will, to come to mamie."

But the sweet request fell on unheeding ears, and the discontented face drooped still lower. At last the boy threw himself prone on the ground, exclaiming, "I would rather die than continue this life of ceaseless toil, of which others reap the reward!" He had lain long thus, indulging in gloomy reflections, when he heard the tinkling of silvery bells, and beheld a sight which filled him with surprise.

From a tiny boat, moored near him, was just stepping one of the most beautiful beings eye ever beheld. A flame-colored garment encircled her small form, and on her head was a wreath of flowers, among which were the diminutive bells which with every

gliding motion made sweet music. Her countenance was radiant with love as she came toward him and bent on him eyes which seemed to read with their earnest light the secrets of his heart. She said:

"William, why is your mind filled with rebellious feelings, and your thoughts darkened with discontent? Why so envious of the son of your wealthy neighbor? and why do you repine at the space in life that you have been called upon to fill? Has not our great Master given you many glorious gifts, and willing servants to do your bidding, whatever it may be?"

William looked his surprise at the last question, but spoke not.

"It is true; two are always in readiness to raise richly fringed curtains and show you pictures far more perfect and full of beauty than any to be found in the costly frames of your rich neighbor. At the rising of the sun; at its going down; in the starry night; in the wild, stormy winter day, and in the calm June season they are employed in presenting to your view scenes than which kings see none more filled with grandeur and beauty.

"Two others are ever ready to gratify your senses with the sweetest melodies—that made by the bees and the birds, the organ pines on the hills, the murmur of the broad river, and the sweet sounds made by loved voices filled with affection for you! Another is ever ready to convey to you nourishment for the support of your body; and still another brings to you, from a thousand flowers and many sources, agreeable perfumes. Ten are always ready to do your slightest bidding, in the most dextrous manner, while two

others bear your safely where you may wish to go.

"All of these, your exclusive servants, are so well trained, that they do not require an audible expression of your will, but at your least desire are ready to serve you. Through their ministrations, rightly directed, health, happiness, and a worldly competence are insured to you.

"My dear young friend, let me close by urging you to put aside those unworthy feelings; take the glorious gifts which the Master bestowed, acknowledging that He knoweth best what is required by each of his creatures; and use them in *doing good to others*, and happiness, and contentment, good measure, pressed down, and running over, will be returned to your own bosom."

The bright form glided from his side to the pretty boat; and both faded into the mist on the river as he felt a hand on his head, and his mother's voice exclaimed, "Willie, my son, dreaming here in the moonlight!"

Did *he* think it a dream? Let us hope the vision was not profitless to him.

THE JEALOUS GOOSE.

IN olden time, a valuable goose, imported from Europe, was presented by Governor Gill to a friend he thought very highly of. She was a very fine goose to look at, but that was pretty much all she was good for. Perhaps in the course of time she could spare feathers enough to make the baby a pillow, but she never hatched out a brood of goslings in her life. The old lady seemed jealous enough when common geese marched off to the mill-pond with their green, fuzzy darlings. She was "set" on a dozen ducks' eggs once, and to her great joy out hopped

a brood of plump little ducks! They took to the water as naturally as young geese, and the pride of their foreign mother was so great as to almost turn her silly head. With what a lofty air did she march by the low-barn geese on the farm and step off into the water as stately as Juno, her little quacking dears following hard after her! If any incautious dog or honest cow approached too near her treasures, instantly, with a scream that might have saved Rome, she would fly in the face of the intruder, and put them to flight on the double-quick.

John averred that she "made a perfect fool of herself over them ducks." Surely nothing more could be expected.

But alas for the security of any enjoyment! One fatal morning she stood viewing her flock, and then the goslings of her neighbor as they were innocently picking crumbs about the farm-yard. She was evidently instituting a comparison, and it was plain that it was to the disparagement of her own brood. Instantly she seemed to comprehend the deception that had been practiced upon her, and seizing each little duckling by the neck, quickly brought to an end its brief career.

But when the work of destruction was ended, do not suppose she settled down contented in her former solitary grandeur. She flew at the goose mother who had excited her envy, and drove her from the yard, with a spirit that left no mistake as to its import. It said as plain as words, "You are not wanted here again; come at your peril." Then she adopted the real goslings, and guarded them as jealously as she had done her own ducks before.

Who will say that geese haven't feelings of envy, and all that, quite like folks?

J. E.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 8 letters. My first memories are those of green woods, sunshine and shadow, white clouds flecking the blue sky so far above me, and the gentle breezes whispering songs of rejoicing among the half-unfolded leaves. A pair of robins were building on a branch near by, and I used to watch them, hour after hour, as they brought bits of grass and straw, and wove their little round dumpling of a nest with such wondrous skill.

Then when the little round eggs came one by one, and Madame Robin sat brooding upon them, her mate would make every leaf in the forest thrill with wild gushes of melody, and she would look up so lovingly and gratefully, I used to wish I, too, was a bird, that I might fly in the air, and make such beautiful music. When the robins and their little ones had flown away, I was lonely for a time; but new scenes of beauty came to gladden my heart, and sometimes I would hear the robins away off in the woods singing again that wild, sweet love-song that had made vocal the early spring-time.

And so days came and went, and the smiling fields that had looked so fair in spring, gradually put on the many colored hues of autumn, and the birds sang songs mournfully sweet as they gathered on the trees to prepare for their departure. One night it was cold, oh, so cold, and I shivered in every nerve, and tried to draw my covering more closely around me, but it was of no use. The aspen tree near by trembled all night in every tiny leaf, although there was not a breath of air stirring. Next morning, how changed the scene! My eyes were

almost dazzled by the brilliant colors which met my view, and the gentle zephyrs came along whispering to me and my companions, "Come! we are waiting for you—you must come with us."

Disobedience to that gentle mandate was out of the question, and suddenly I felt myself falling. One glance at the beautiful panorama spread out around me, the last I should ever give, and down I went upon a soft bed of moss far below my airy home. The little brook rippled musically over its mossy stones, and the leaves fell silently over and around me.

Was this to be the end? It seemed so, for I lay buried under the leaves—weeks, I thought, so slowly dragged the hours. Presently came a great rustling over my head, and then the leaves were pulled away, and the sun shone brightly on my long-buried form. "Here's another," shouted a little bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lad as he snatched me up and placed me in his basket, where were a number of my companions. I had but just time to see that the trees were all bare and leafless, and then we were carried a long distance and immersed in a big dark box, where we could neither see nor hear anything. Presently we were taken out by a merry group of children, who gathered around the Christmas fireside, cracking nuts and puzzles, and reading the dear old MUSEUM. It was a happy evening for them, and enlivened by their glee, I did not bemoan my fate.

BLUE-EYED LORA.

THE busybody labors without thanks,
talks without credit, lives without love,
and dies without tears.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



EARFUL eyes, sad faces, and sorrowing hearts tell of deepest sorrow. The President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is dead. Our parlor is shrouded in gloom. Grief and indignation strive for mastery in millions of hearts.

So great of heart, so noble in purpose, so true to freedom and the right, so glorious, yet so discreet, in public life, so tender in kindly sympathies, he had won the love of his countrymen and the respect of the world; in death he wears the martyr's crown. His life was as much given for the salvation of his country as though he had died on the field of battle. The blood of the martyred dead shall consecrate the land anew to freedom and to justice. Our beloved country is redeemed, our glorious Union restored, and our tricolor flag triumphant, but the country has lost its honored and beloved President, our Union its skillful and able pilot, our flag its faithful and persevering defender.

But though Abraham Lincoln dies, God reigns, and the nation lives. Will our young friends take the lessons of the hour to heart? and while they cherish the memory of the honored dead, they should imitate his illustrious virtues. His love of country and of humanity, his purity of heart and life, his deep devotion to truth, candor, and righteousness, "WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, AND CHARITY FOR ALL—WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT, SO FAR AS GOD GIVES TO SEE THE RIGHT"—all shine forth with

increasing brightness, pointing to a blessed immortality. His mission on earth is fulfilled. Let us all with singleness of right purpose so perform our daily duties, that with our mission fulfilled, we too shall triumph over death, and rise to immortality.

April 5, 1865.

UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Haven't we glorious news?—Petersburg and Richmond both occupied by our forces. That event, so long expected, has now been accomplished, and at length the "starry banner" waves over the rebel capital. And soon, very soon, I trust, our brave soldier boys may return "crowned with glory," to their Northern homes. Tennessean, I hope those whom you speak of will soon be friends of the Union, then I am sure they will find a welcome in the Chat.

Jasper, I pity you—don't you know whether you are acquainted with Geraldine? I think you do. Do you remember that *long letter*?

Jolly Jingle, will you let me join your circle once in a while? I know how to sing, or do you think me intrusive?

Lewelen Lee, why do we need an introduction? are we not cousins? If you want my "phiz," send me yours, and you shall have it soon after. Better Cousin, have you received my carte?

In the Corner, you want somebody to pity you. Well, I do; how sad to be left friendless! yet I can not see how you can call yourself *friendless*, when you belong to our Merry band. I do want to look at you, so please send me your carte *via* Uncle, and I will reciprocate. Cousins, don't you pity W. A. R.? There is an old saying which I think suits his case exactly: "Pride must have a fall." I am, Merryly yours,

"COUSIN FORESTINA."

ST. LOUIS, April 3, 1865.

UNCLE ROBERT:—A new subscriber, in the fullest sense of the word, would like to become a member of the Chat. I say "new subscriber in the fullest sense of the word," for I never even heard of the MUSEUM until about six weeks ago, when on a visit to my uncle, aunt, and

cousins, in the beautiful town of Jacksonville, I made the acquaintance of Sigma, and he showed me his MUSEUM.

In one of the numbers which Sigma showed me, I noticed a remark, in one of the letters written by him to the Chat, to the effect that during his visit to this city last summer, he was not recognized although he wore his badge. Why that was I can not tell, unless it was because there were no Merrys in this place at that time, or perhaps if there were, he did not happen to meet them; but if he should make this place another visit, which I hope he will soon, he will not only be welcomed by a friend, but also by a "Merry Cousin," for so I have the audacity to style myself.

Sigma, I will send you my photograph soon.

But the manipulator is ready to clip this long letter, so I will close by saying to all who will write to me, that my direction is Cis, Box 3878, St. Louis, Mo., and I will sign myself,

Your Merry cousin, "Cis."

CHERRY FARM, ILLINOIS.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Has any one a welcome for me to the Chat? Although I have been a subscriber to your very interesting and instructive magazine for nearly twelve years, I have never mustered courage to write to you; but as I was looking over some of my back numbers, and perusing the Chat, a longing desire arose in my mind to enter the charmed circle.

Perhaps some of you, if not all, will not care whether such a dull and uninteresting cousin ever attends your monthly gatherings or not; but, dear cousins, have pity on a poor unsophisticated child of nature, and let me join the Merry circle once in a great while, if not oftener.

Although I feel almost acquainted with many of the Merry cousins, by reading their pleasant letters in the Chat, I have never, to my knowledge, personally met with but one of them.

Sigma, perhaps you are not aware that I have seen you many times, in days gone by, and that I used to listen spell-bound to your wonderful display of knowledge, when "we girls" of the lower rooms were honored with an invitation to attend the exhibitions of the Masonic Hall of the Old Red Brick; but those days are past. In fact, not two months have elapsed since I was in close

proximity to yourself, but, happily, you were entirely oblivious of my presence. Guess who I am, if you can!

But I am afraid if I stay too long the first time, Uncles Robert and Hi will not let me come again. Give my love to all the cousins and dear Aunt Sue.

Yours Merryly, MERRY MAY.

MAQUOKETA, March 31, '64.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I fell into the basket, but am going to try it again. Now do let me have a say, for I want to get acquainted with all the Merry cousins.

Juno, won't you shake hands with a would-be cousin and introduce me, for I am a little bashful?

Union Boy, I take a fancy to your name, for I am one. I should like to correspond with you. Uncle Merry has my address.

IOWA BOY.

The Puzzle Book was sent by mail postpaid on the receipt of the money.

L. I., 1865.

UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I do not expect to be heard for my much speaking, but contrariwise.

Truly, a gladsome circle are we, but just now our mirth is hushed, and we pause to "weep with those who weep." Homeward-bound ones have left us one by one, and it becomes us to prepare to meet them. Fireside circles are *one*, *yea two, less*, but there are *more* above to sing the praises of redeeming love.

Jasper, nay, for I have not been there very often, lately. How could you survive the absence of the MUSEUM so long? It's more than this child could do.

Hattie, I believe you are a wandering star, for I never find you at the office.

Sans Souci, your scathing epistle is received—shall I reply? *O-tis* fun to read your wicked letters!

Flib, I guess the sun never shines in your region, or else, you are unstable and sinful.

Jolly, *jingle* your bell at Box —, and I'll give you a welcome.

W. A. R., glad you acted wisely and staid home. S. A. forests are as precarious as petroleum wells, so never venture there. Have just answered your letter.

Uncle, I gave the extra MUSEUM to a little girl whose brother just died in the army. Her parents wept over the letter concerning Adelbert.

Coy.

SEA SHORE, March, 1865.

More than three years ago, on a bright autumn day, I wandered into the Chat, and then—why, I wandered out again, and never was heard of afterward. And no one ever thought of me again, I suppose. Only Aunt Sue, she spoke kindly to me, tempting me to disclose to her some of the wonders of my home. But, Auntie, there my lips were sealed—for was not my sovereign's last injunction, "Reveal nought of what thou hast seen?" Never, since that one time when I so suddenly came and went, have I ventured to enter thy doors, oh, Chat! But I will try once more, may I, Uncles?

Where are all the faces I left here? Wilforley, Henry Danker, Adelbert Olden—where are they? *Gone!*—to that bourne from whence none return. They will long be remembered by those who knew them through the Chat. Bright be their memory—honored be the names of those who have fallen in their country's cause, fighting under our starry flag.

Flib, dear, much love; don't forget the photo. Shan't we meet again this summer? Didn't we four cousins have rare times? A young gent who lives near you, and whom you met here last year, was here a few days ago. I wonder if he ever satisfied himself that Zephyr was not all air, as he expected her to be. Do you remember?

Oliver Onley and Leslie, you missed a great deal, *that next week*. Why weren't you here?

The evening shades are falling, and I must bid you farewell. Cousins all, don't forget

MERMAID.

You were not forgotten, Mermaid, even though you absented yourself so long without leave. We thought you would come to the shore some time to breathe again the fresh air and catch some of the breezes of the Chat. Do not stay away so long again.

GALESBURG, Feb. 28, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although I have been a reader of the MUSEUM ever since I can remember, I have never ventured to address you before. Pa commenced taking the MUSEUM in 1843, and has taken it ever since, and I think there is not more than two or three numbers missing. I don't know how we could get along without it.

Are the letters to the Chat addressed

to the publisher? and is there room in the Merry parlor for one more? I am quite small (so every one says, but I don't think so), and I will keep very quiet, and not say much.

Your loving niece,

SHADA.

FALLS OF THE OHIO, '65.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND MERRYS ALL:—Allow me to look in and say a few words. Have not had a hearing since 'way last year.

Eula Lee and Lewelen, are you any relation to me that you know of?

May Clayton, why don't you show yourself once and a while? If your name was only Clara, perhaps I should know you.

Jasper, how do you like "the nest of the Rebellion?"

Has Queen Fleta gone to California too? Aunt Sue, how can I procure your c. d. v.?

But that hatchet. Adieu.

ARTHUR LEE.

WARREN, R. I.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you please allow me to become a member of the Chat? I believe, from what you have stated, that the Chat is like an omnibus—there is always room for one more in it. I hope all the Merry cousins will give me a kindly greeting, and thus encourage me to enter.

I heartily concur with Cousin I., and therefore I offer my little "mite," as Sigma calls it.

Some time ago, my youngest sister, three years old, was observed by mother very attentively at work writing, or rather marking on a piece of paper. Pretty soon she got up and walked to the fire-place—we have an old-fashioned wood fire in this room, and comfortable enough it is, I tell you—and threw it into the blaze and watched the smoke ascend into the chimney. As soon as it was reduced to ashes, she went to the window and looked up to the sky. When mother asked her what she had been doing, she said that she had written a letter to God, and had put it into the fire so it would get to heaven quicker.

Inclosed you will find my tin type, which, as you wish to get the likenesses of all the Merry cousins, I send instead of my *visite*, as I have none of the latter kind.

So good-bye, Merrys all. With much love, I remain yours truly,

GELECO.

WASHINGTON, April 8, '65.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—Here I come again, bringing with me my contribution.

A cousin of mine, while teaching school in Vermont, was thus addressed by one of her scholars: "I say, teacher, I've been reading in the Bible about Noah's ark; now do you suppose he had any carpenters to help him build his ark?"

"Well," replied my cousin, "I don't know—I should think so."

"Well," said the boy, "if he did, I think it was *plaugy mean* that they couldn't be saved too!"

But, as I see Uncle Robert so strongly recommends brevity in the April number, I suppose I must stop with love to all the cousins and the hope that *some* one will remember

ELIZABETH.

Of course, all the Uncles and Aunts "illuminated" on the reception of the glorious news. It was worth illuminating, to see our glorious flag, the emblem of peace, liberty, and good-will to men, float over Sumter and Richmond once more. May it never again have occasion to call to battle and war and strife.

CONCORD, N. H.

Oh, Uncle Merry! please can I speak one *wee mile* more? I won't be lengthy.

Sid, you dear thing! come right into our "reading club," will you? You shall be "Our Mutual Friend," shan't he, Juno? And about the "May Queen," I "second the motion," with "loud and continnered applause." Let's run Daisy Wildwood for a candidate—if she *will* be run. W. A. R. shall be the rollicking toast-master; and I'll volunteer to bring forth a beautiful and inde-scribable poem on the occasion. There will be profound speeches from Oliver Onley, Jasper, and the other Merry sages; languishing songs from Bob O'Link, Grasshopper, and others, besides fifty other wondrous things, which would kill me to enumerate.

Oh, Uncle Merry, won't we "all go gay" when we have our grand May party? Only, hadn't it better be a *June* party, to avoid miserable colds, undesirable sore throats, etc.

Who'll third Jolly's latest Jingle? (I take it for granted that Sid *seconds* all I have said. Does he?)

JOLLY JINGLE.

WESTERN CITY OF ELMS, }
April 10, 1865. }

Roaring! Banging! "The Star-Span-gled Banner!" Popping! Fizzing! "Glo-ry, Glory, Hallelujah!" Shouting! Cheering! "The Red, White, and Blue!" Shaking! and every other (th)ing! "Battle Cry of Freedom," etc., etc.

"Tennessean," your letter gave me the first intimation of the fact that I was writing over a "*nom de guerre*," which had been used before. Back numbers of the "MUSEUM" show that you are right; but no letters from "Sigma" have been published since I took the Magazine. (March, 1857.)

"Admiral," I can not give up the pleasure of puzzling, because I am "out."

"Pontiac," had Uncle Robert noticed any *greenness* in us which caused him to put us in *verdant* company? But, Cousin V., what's in a name? Here's my hand for better acquaintance. Now "Wood-man (mit a hatchet), spare this tree(e)"—spassing on your space.

SIGMA.

TREE TOP, Sometime 2, 1865.

DEARS:—In looking over a few of the cherished volumes of the MUSEUM, I was sorrowfully reminded that many who were our brightest and dearest Chatterers had left us; some—noble souls—to fight for right and progress; others, though, among whom are Winifred, Pertine, Fleta, Saucy Nell, Black-Eyes, and O. O., have deserted. What shall be their doom?

What a "*congenial*" confabulation and confraternity that jovial, joyous, jocund Jolly Jingle is *germinating*—but it is yet "*i' the bud!*"

Leslie, did you notice that ambiguous hint for "something new"—what shall it be, A. N.?"

Don't ANNIHILATE me for that A. N. Elfelda, I have been through the dear E. F. C.

BOB O'LINK.

FALL RIVER, March 21, 1865

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although somewhat disappointed at the fate which my first letter received at the hands of the manipulator, I am happy to think I am admitted to the Merry circle of cousins.

Sigma, Nameless, and Leslie, will you exchange cartes with me?

I should like very much to receive letters from some of the Merrys. Uncle Merry has my real name and address.

VINCENT.

CHICAGO, April 8, 1865.

Tennessean! is it possible? I'm delighted to see you, and here's my warmest welcome. You may lay the flattering unction to your soul that this Merry has not forgotten you—*never!*

Our Chat has changed wonderfully in five years. Black-Eyes, Alice B. C., Sybil Grey, R. W. R., Nip, Fleta, W. H. C., and Laura are names that have passed away. What an ardent admirer I was of them all, and didn't we have "good times?" I seem to be the sole survivor, and your letter has given me a thorough waking up.

Bring back all the "rebs"—we can maintain our ground, come weal, come woe. *Knowing* we're right, dare we not "maintain?" When will you Southern cousins come back in spirit and in truth—*ever?* I hope so—heartily.

Now, cousins present, are you forgetting me totally and entirely? To be sure, I've not spoken for a year, but I don't know as that's a sign I'm drowned in Lethe, as you all seem to think me.

Tennessean, a word in your ear. During your absence I rose and flourished; don't suggest, "and have fallen;" 'twas only a year. Well, since my departure, no one has raised a voice—a voice of lamentation nor of woe—not even a voice of inquiry. Do I feel flattered? I do not. Alas for the test of absence!

Jasper, shake hands, and C. M. E., Jolly J., Flib—every one. There, there, no matter! I see your conscience-stricken faces at such evidence of my forgiving spirit.

A. N., I indorse your protest against Fleta's retirement; don't you leave us. Iva, is our quondam queen (don't be alarmed, Tennessean), of wit and beauty, married? Well, don't give her my congratulations if she takes such French leave.

Dan H. B., Daisy W., Saucy Nell—gone.

Ah! Wilforley, Henry A. D., and Adelbert—I know you are gone, never to return.

Now, cousins, good-bye, and don't forget ANNIE E. D.

You were never forgotten, Annie, by the Merry band of Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, for if your letters have been few and far between, we have the album always before us, and there our loved and absent appear to us almost as real as life. Fleta has not left us as you

will soon see, for she will reign supreme in her own chosen department.

Extracted Essences.

BESSIE, your "clatter" is music to Uncle William, so let your seat be always filled, and your music "swell the breeze."

EDDIE says: "Sigma, write; I have something to tell you. Uncle Merry has my address."

ETTA would like to "x" with Snell. She will please walk in and take a seat by side of Down-East Girl.

ROGUISH KATE desires W. A. R. to write to her—Box 1, Golden's Bridge, N. Y. She brings "Oddity" along with her—with the request that "Odd" may always come along with her to make things even. All right—come in, we have not forgotten the pleasant call of last year.

GRAMPUS boldly enters and makes directly for the "basket," but will receive photos via "Uncle Merry."

SILVER RING. That's so. If they do not all turn "Union" pretty soon, they will do well to prepare to emigrate.

We are glad to extend the hand of welcome to Willie H. Hamling, Eulalia, Georgius, Ida May Stnart, and hope they will not be discouraged in well-doing.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following new songs from Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston: "My Heart is with the North;" "God grant our Soldiers Safe Return;" "The Fall of Sumter;" "The Name of Him I Love;" also, "Children's March;" "Penitence," etc.

NEW YORK TO ALBANY.—Travelers between these two cities will find the People's Line of Steamers so inviting and pleasant, that they will hardly try any other route after once trying them. The St. John is one of the finest boats afloat, splendidly fitted up for comfort and convenience, and we recommend it to those who travel up and down the Hudson River.

Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

LOYALTY and In the Corner win a prize, each having correctly answered thirty of the puzzles in March number.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

109. A castle reared its ancient walls
 Within a dark green wood ;
 Full many and many a hundred
 years
 That noble pile had stood.
 Around its walls trim gardens
 gave
 Their perfumes rich and rare.
 And here would come on summer's
 eve
 The knights and ladies fair.
 But see now in the lordly hall
 The banquet table spread ;
 Along its sides the warriors stand,
 Their chieftain at its head.
 And with each knight, close by his
 side,
 His ladye fair is seen ;
 And in their hands my *whole* they
 grasp,
 A dainty sight, I ween—
 And soon the jest and boisterous
 laugh
 Their happiness reveals,
 For each one in that banquet
 hall
 My *second* fully feels.
 But, hark ! a sound is heard without,
 A clashing as of swords ;
 A rapid running to and fro,
 And high, and hot tongued
 words ;
 And soon a menial rushes in,
 With garments torn and rent,
 And from my *first* the blood flows
 down—
 My *first* so gashed and bent.
 “What means the noise ?” the
 chieftain cried ;
 “ A servant’s brawl,” they
 say.
 “ Remove the man—no more of
 this,
 To-night we must be gay.”
 Again the ladies seek my *whole*,
 Which in the fray was lost ;
 And at my *first*, on one poor
 knight,
 My *whole* was deftly toss.

And thus with gay and boisterous
 mirth
 The feast goes bravely on.
 Who knows my *first*, will know my
 second,
 And thus the *whole* is won.
 “ Double you see.”

110. I am found in the earth ;
 I am found in the air ;
 I am found in deep water ;
 In fire ! oh, I’m there ;
 I’m always in wrong,
 Though once was in the right ;
 I’m seen in the morning,
 But never at night ;
 From a sad complaint
 I keep the rich ;
 I’ve been with Jefferson Davis,
 Though not in the last ditch ;
 I am the dessert
 At a poor man’s dinner.
 I hate a saint,
 And end every sinner. • *Sid.*
 111. Behead an animal, transpose, and
 leave a flower. *Reuben.*
 112. Behead a fish, transpose, and leave
 a girl’s name. *Onie.*
 113. What one Scripture name will ex-
 press the caution of a dairyman
 to his son Richard ? *Sigma.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

114. Shake away. *Violet Forest.*
 115. A recent knot. *A. Van A.*
 116. Over the harbor. *Grasshopper.*

Fill the following blanks with the
 same word transposed :

117. His — was an — long. *Horace.*
 118. It is not — to find — in a
 mine. *Vincent.*
 119. General — ought to use a —.
 Roguish Kate and Oddity.
 120. —, or you’ll get a — from the
 — of those — on that —.
 May of Salem.
 121. E10100e5050 en100e. *Bessie B. A.*
 122. ¹⁰⁰ —. *Loyalty.*
 123. Ino, grin at me. *Silver Bugle.*
 124. Let Elfa go. *In the Corner.*
 125. I am set red. *Fred.*
 126. To tin men. *Olo J.*

127. Let me pour. *Allie Frank.*
 128. Transpose a coin into part of a hardness. *Peter.*
 129. Behead what every one uses, and transpose into something composed of the whole. *Franc.*
130. Behead a quick sharp sound, transpose and leave a cooking utensil. *Mollie.*
 131. What verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet, except one? *Clara A. Hubbard.*

132. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.



Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 8th of next month.

Answers to Questions in March No.

53. Heron, Rhone.
 54. Knot-hole.
 55. Innocent.
 56. Sling, ling.
 57. The.
 58. Masculine.
 59. Giant Despair.
 60. Liar, rail.
 61. The Chat-hatchet.
 62. Easy, yeas.
 63. Cows, scow.
 64. Edgar, raged.
 65. Shovel.
 66. King-fisher.
 67. Undertaker.
 68. Shenandoah.
 69. Curiosity.
 70. Misanthrope.
 71. Elongated.
 72. Statistical.
 73. Semiphlogisticated.
 74. Oleanders.
75. Mexico.
 76. Little boats must keep near the shore.
 77. She, he.
 78. II. Kings 19th and Isaiah 37th.
 79. Hearts-ease.
 80. Artichoke.
 81. Canterbury-bell.
 82. Larkspur.
 83. Buttercup.
 84. A. Van A.—Havana.
 85. Zebra, bear.
- Loyalty* answers all but 61, 68, 73.
In the Corner answers all but 61, 68, 73.
Franc answers all but 54, 64, 67, 68, 83.
Addie W. answers all but 54, 58, 69, 70, 73, 74, 79.
Coy answers all but 54, 66, 67, 68, 78, 82, 84.
C. W. J. answers all but 54, 58, 64, 73, 74, 77, 82.
Allie Frank answers all but 64, 70, 71, 73, 74, 78, 84

- Fred* answers all but 54, 58, 64, 67, 68, 69, 84.
- Tommy* answers all but 60, 64, 67, 68, 73, 78.
- Aubrey* answers all but 64, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, 73, 84.
- Merry May* answers all but 53, 54, 61, 62, 64, 67, 69, 84, 85.
- Georgius* answers all but 53, 61, 68, 70, 73, 74, 78, 79, 82, 84.
- "*Double you see*" answers all but 53, 54, 60, 61, 62, 64, 67, 68, 69, 73.
- Anna J. B.* answers all but 53, 54, 61, 62, 64, 67, 68, 69, 71, 73.
- Nedloch* answers all but 54, 61, 62, 64, 67, 70, 73, 74, 79, 84, 85.
- Forestina* answers all but 53, 61, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 73, 78, 79, 84.
- Ella* answers all but 53, 54, 64, 67, 69, 70, 73, 78, 79, 84, 85.
- "*Cis*" answers all but 53, 54, 58, 61, 62, 64, 67, 68, 72, 74, 79, 84.
- Roguish Kate and Oddity* answer all but 53, 58, 61, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 73, 79, 84, 85.
- Bessie B. A.* answers all but 53, 54, 58, 60, 61, 64, 67, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 78.
- Lillian Beamer* answers all but 53, 54, 56, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 73, 78, 82, 84.
- Reuben* answers all but 53, 54, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 73, 77, 78, 84.
- Howard H. Jackman* answers all but 58, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 84.
- Etta* answers all but 53, 54, 61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 73, 77, 78, 79.
- Anna H. C.* answers all but 53, 62, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 79, 82, 83, 84, 85.
- Forrest* answers all but 54, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 78, 79, 84.
- Austin Leonard* answers all but 61, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 79, 82, 84, 85.
- Grampus* answers all but 53, 54, 58, 61, 64, 65, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 83, 84, 85.
- Horace* answers 55, 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 66, 69, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82.
- Vincent* answers 53, 55, 56, 57, 59, 65, 66, 69, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83.
- Hero* answers 55, 57, 59, 60, 63, 65, 66, 69, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83.
- Nettie* answers 55, 56, 57, 59, 65, 66, 69, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85.
- Green Mountain Boy* answers 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 63, 65, 69, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83, 85.
- Rena* answers 53, 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 63, 65, 69, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 85.
- Remus* answers 55, 57, 59, 65, 66, 67, 75, 76, 77, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83.
- Olo J.* answers 55, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 66, 75, 76, 77, 80, 81, 82, 83.
- M. C.* answers 53, 55, 57, 59, 65, 66, 75, 76, 77, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83.
- Black Hawk* answers 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 62, 63, 65, 75, 76, 77, 80, 82.
- Edward L.* answers 55, 56, 57, 59, 66, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 85.
- Corwin* answers 55, 56, 57, 59, 65, 66, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82.
- Florence* answers 53, 55, 56, 57, 59, 65, 66, 75, 77, 79, 80, 81, 82.
- Mollie* answers 55, 56, 57, 59, 65, 66, 75, 77, 80, 82, 83, 85.
- Admiral* answers 55, 57, 65, 66, 67, 76, 77, 79, 80, 82, 83.
- Clare M. Colgrove* answers 55, 57, 59, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83.
- Clara A. Hubbard* answers 55, 57, 59, 68, 76, 77, 78, 80, 82, 83.
- Hoosier Boy* answers 57, 60, 75, 77, 78, 80, 81, 83, 84, 85.
- Vivus* answers 55, 56, 57, 59, 63, 76, 77, 79, 80, 83.
- Cousin May* answers 55, 57, 59, 66, 76, 77, 80, 83.
- Bessie* answers 55, 57, 59, 77, 79, 80, 82, 83.
- Elizabeth* answers 59, 60, 66, 77, 79, 81, 83.
- Schoolboy* answers 55, 57, 66, 76, 77, 80, 82.
- Iowa Boy* answers 53, 57, 59, 61, 75, 80, 84.
- Prairie Rose* answers 55, 59, 70, 76, 80, 81.
- Eddie* answers 55, 57, 59, 76, 78.
- F. A. Greene* answers 59, 76, 78.
- Better Cousin* answers 55, 70.
- Ida May Stuart* answers 78.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Bessie B. A., Coy, Forestina, Etta, Allie Frank, Clara A. Hubbard, Mollie, Ida May Stuart, Roguish Kate, Oddity, In the Corner, "Cis," Black Hawk, Fred, Hero, L. P. Coon, Franc, "Double you see," Remus, Reuben, Olo J., Howard H. Jackman, Horace, Austin Leonard, Forrest, Eddie, Vincent, and Corwin.



KITTY'S WALK FOR FLOWERS.

IT had been a long winter to little Kitty Keene—the longest, she was sure, she ever knew. For not only had the biting cold come to lock up all the flowers in their winter prison, and the deep snows to hide every vestige of summer green, but sickness had come to Kitty, and the peculiar pleasures which winter affords had also been denied her.

Many a weary day she had watched from her little bedroom window the happy boys and girls who cared not for old Winter so long as they might coast merrily over the glare ice steeps, or, muffled in warm furs and mittens, enjoy pleasant sleigh-rides in spite of frost and wind.

Only a few days had passed since
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her father had put up her last summer's swing again on the elm and maple trees, and persuaded Kitty's mother that the air was at last warm and dry enough to do her good instead of harm. So it is no wonder if Kitty's face grew bright when with the sun of spring new life and strength came to her little frame. And never did a child's heart beat with gladder throbs than Kitty's when one bright soft morning in April she set out with her mother for her first spring walk.

Nothing looked dull or worthless to Kitty. The plainest little green leaf was a beauty; the pale, half-open violets were exquisite; and when at last, near the roots of an old tree, she found a few blossoms of the sweet

blushing arbutus, her joy was unbounded.

"Oh, mother, how very sweet! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

"They are very beautiful, my dear: but they come just so every year, with their bright open faces welcoming us to their forest homes."

"Not 'just so,' said Kitty, "or else it's because I've been shut up so long that everything looks brighter than it ever did before."

"Just as everything looked darker while you were shut up, Kitty."

"Well," said Kitty, "isn't it good, mother, that sickness and winter don't last always?"

"It is indeed good, my child; and it is because we have a loving Father above, who does not forget us, and who has said that seed-time and harvest shall never fail.' When the flowers are all buried beneath deep snows, we feel as if they would never return; and when we are weak and full of pain, we can not realize that we may again feel buoyant with health; but God knows all about the life in the little bulb under the snow; and he knows how to put new life into our bodies, and fill us with hope and joy. But what is the matter, Kitty?" asked her mother, as she saw tears rolling down Kitty's cheeks.

"I was thinking of the day I lay so sick and was startled when the bell tolled, and you told me it was for dear little Josie. God did not let her get well again, mother."

"No. He took your sweet playmate to himself. Her spirit is now, no doubt, happy with him, for she loved the Saviour; and it will be just as easy for God to bring her body up again, as it is for him to bring this delicate arbutus up from the hard frozen clods under which it has slept so long."

It was a pleasant thought to Kitty, and she loved the arbutus more than ever after that. "It whispers 'God will take care of my dear Josie,'" she said; "and I shall ask him to take care of me, and keep my body safely when it has been laid away in the ground, until his great spring shall come, and everybody be raised never to die any more. I will ask him to give me a home, then, in that beautiful city where those who once enter shall be well and happy forever."

KRUNA.

AT THE DOOR.

I HAVE knocked at the door of Luxury;

They reached from the window a penny to me.

I've sought Love's house, and knocked
at the door,
But fifteen others had stood there before.

I knocked at Honor's castle gate;
"We open only to knightly state."

I visited Labor's dwelling low,
But I heard there only wailing and woe.

I asked where Contentment's house
was found,
But no one knew, the country round.

But I know a house both lonely and still;
I'll knock there at last by the Father's will.

There dwells, indeed, full many a guest,
But yet there is room for many to rest.

—From the German of Rueckert.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER VI.—TAKING A JOURNEY.

ELVA awoke next morning sore-hearted and sullen. Until this summer, she had been always buoyant, looking at the world through rose-hued spectacles. Now she was often low-spirited—this morning more so than usual.

Three months ago, to hear herself spoken of as “Farmer Newell’s bound girl” would have been severe enough, but at this time it was peculiarly cutting, just as she had begun to rise in social importance, just as she was learning to look upon herself as a fore-ordained and natural lady.

No; the truth is, if Elva had heard this careless speech of the Academy boys before she had ever known Wendeline, she might have dropped a sudden tear of vexation, but would probably have smiled next minute, and gone with the story to her mother, and the whole family would have laughed together. But lately she was not inclined to make a confidante of her mother. And why not? Oh, because she had a bosom-friend!

Dear, bewildered little Elva, have you then a bosom-friend who is truer than your mother?

Everything jarred on Elva’s feelings this morning. It was Perley’s week to milk the brindled cow, called in the family the “children’s cow;” but the boy had contrived, the evening before, to break an ice-cream saucer at the party, and cut his hand with the fragments of porcelain. After Elva’s restless night she had risen late, and it seemed to her that she was overwhelmed with work and in danger of being tardy at school. Usually she

had a long time to play with the baby and read in the morning; but now she could not steal so much as a peep at “The Romance of the Forest,” an old-fashioned novel which was just then turning her brain.

As she was putting on her “log-cabin” sun-bonnet and starting for school, her mother, who was churning, called out—

“Elva, child, you’ve forgotten to sift me some salt.”

The little girl flung down her bonnet with an ill grace.

“I’ll sift the salt, mother, of course I will; but it’s always the way! work! work! work! And I just believe nobody cares whether I get a tardy mark or not. They think I’m a bound girl, and who wonders!”

Mrs. Newell’s face expressed the utmost astonishment.

“Is it my little daughter who speaks in such a way to me?”

Elva hid her glowing face and was about to beg forgiveness for her hasty words, when unfortunately her mother added, in a brisk tone, “Put on your bonnet, Elva, and start for school. I did wrong to let you go to that new-fangled party last night. I might have known such late hours would make you cross.”

“Cross!” muttered poor Elva, as she hurried to school, looking at the wayside grass through her tears; “it’s just as Wendeline says; mother doesn’t understand me—I have such a sensitive disposition!”

That was it! Not *cross*, by any means, but *sensitive*!

“I sometimes think Wendeline is

right, and I ought to run away and seek my fortune!" continued Elva, spitefully, though by no means in earnest, "guess mother would be sorry then! guess she'd wish she'd let me go to the Academy and take drawing-lessons! guess Perley would have a long face for once in his life! And my dear father, it would just break his heart!"

By the time Elva reached the white school-house, she had the exquisite satisfaction of seeing the whole Newell family stricken with grief—in imagination. Quite consoled by the vivid picture she had drawn of her own importance, she entered the school-house and took her seat five minutes before the time.

Wendeline was not there, but had sent Elva a note, whose fine lady penmanship and subtle perfume were most charming. Louisa Flint, who shared Elva's desk, turned her head to one side, with true delicacy, lest Elva should fancy she was peeping over her shoulder.

Here follows the note; but the reader must first understand that in their correspondence, which was almost daily, Elva and Wendeline did not use their own names, but fictitious, high-sounding titles.

"Adored Leonora, Countess of Fotheringay:

We can not to-day have the pleasure of beholding each other's countenances, for I am *undisposed*; but we may console ourselves by means of the magic pen. I have an *ocean* of things to say. It is such an *age* since I have seen you! Didn't the party go off *gloriously*? Oh, you have no idea of what a *splendid* compliment I have for you!

"Have you finished that wonderful book, the 'Romance of the Forest'?

and is it not a work of *genius*, and did it not thrill you to the heart? Oh, my dearest lady of Fotheringay, I hasten to tell thee some joyful news! Edwin Preston leaves to-morrow, but that is not the joyful part; he leaves behind him a black carpet-bag full of new romances, *marvelous, wonderful, enchanting, soul-enthralling!* Keep *shady*, Leonora, for you know your mother, though a *good* woman, has no literary taste!

"But this is not all I have to say, dearest. I have obtained my papa's consent to tell you a *great secret*. Come to-morrow night, *beloved Leonora*, come without fail. I am going to make you *perfectly happy, transcendently delighted!* I dreamed last night you were on a journey, *seeking your fortune!* And now adieu!

"And like some low and mournful spell,
To whisper but one word — farewell!

"Ever thine, tenderly, constantly,
 CORNELIA, Princess of Tuscany."

Few girls of fourteen could have put words together so well; but Wendeline had done nothing but read and write from babyhood.

This silly note threw Elva into a fever of excitement. She could hardly wait two days to learn the great secret which was to make her "*transcendently happy*." The only reason why Wendeline wished her to wait so long, was because she was an absurd and whimsical girl, and liked to excite Elva's curiosity to the utmost.

"I don't see what your mother is thinking of," said Seth Furbish to Perley, as Elva started Saturday evening for Tanglewood. "She hadn't ought to have let Elva go with that flaunting Tanglebush girl! I never

saw the beat of her furbelows and riggings. She's got a crazy eye, you may see that plain enough. She'll spile your little sister, or there's no snakes in Georgia!"

Some danger of it, Seth, as the reader and myself see plainly; but let us be patient. Elva may learn a wholesome lesson which will do her good her life long.

She arrived at Tanglewood out of breath, but no longer overawed by the magnificence of the house and grounds, for by this time she had learned to consider herself an honored guest within those once awful walls. Wendeline received her with open arms. After the due amount of dilly-dally-

ing, and charges of everlasting secrecy, the whole story was told in a few sentences.

Wendeline's mother was insane! This was the shadow which hung over the Gilman family, and it was terrible indeed, as Elva declared with a face full of sympathy.

"I don't remember when she was like other people," said Wendeline, calmly; "but I suppose papa does. It was ever so long ago, when we lived in Maine. One day she took off her head-dress and threw it in the fire, and jumped up and danced right before the minister when he was praying. Then they sent her to the hospital at Augusta, and she's there now. Two



or three times a year papa goes to see her. Sometimes he takes me. He is going now in a week or two, and I've teased him till he says you may go too. Only think!"

"Me! me! Why, my mother?"—

"Oh, there's no trouble about that, my dear Countess of Fotheringay; my father will pay your expenses!"

Elva's eyes kindled. "There, now," she thought, "if I only had something to wear—just the *least* thing in this world fit to wear!"

It would take too long to tell how it all came about; how at first Mrs. Newell shook her head (with its fair locks rolled on each side like the letter O), but afterward, finding that Elva's heart was set upon the journey, relented with a sigh; how Mr. Newell mildly remarked that "if Betsy was willing, *he* had no objections;" how Perley whistled provokingly, calling Elva "Miss Dandeline Tangle's waiting-maid," and making himself otherwise disagreeable.

The important part of the matter was, that, after the sale of the June butter, Elva was provided with a pretty traveling-dress and hat, much more tasteful than Wendeline's, only Elva did not know it; and the trio started from Woodford for Maine one August morning. School was closed for the summer. Who should be at the dépôt but Louisa Flint, holding her baby sister in her arms, and resolved to kiss Elva good-bye.

"Only a week, Lousia," whispered Elva, "and then I'll be home."

"I don't know why," murmured Lousia, "but it makes me feel dreadfully to see you go off with that Gilman girl!"

Elva had scarcely before this been farther from home than Boston. As she leaned back in her cushioned seat,

she thought of what a shame it was that she had never seen more of the world. "Almost in my teens, too! How nice it is to ride in the cars! Who knows but I may meet somebody who knew my father and mother in a foreign country! Oh, I feel somehow as if I had started out to seek my fortune."

Mr. Gilman purchased for the two girls every variety of eatables and drinkables which could be obtained; and between the intervals of chatting with the gentleman passengers, he often patted Elva's shoulder and called her a "nice little girl," a "pleasant traveling companion," etc. The truth was, Mr. Gilman was really pleased to see Wendeline made happy by the presence of a gentle little friend. He knew that his daughter was alone too much, and did not seem like other girls of her age. For this reason he had sent her to the district school, hoping she might form some acquaintances which would be pleasant and profitable for her. Her sudden fancy for Elva had always pleased him. He little suspected that this intimacy, though an advantage to Wendeline, was a serious misfortune to Elva.

Somewhat to our heroine's surprise, no remarkable event occurred during the journey. She saw a sweet baby, whose cooing ways reminded her of her own wee sister, and gave her a longing to take a peep at her pleasant home. A well-dressed gentlemen entered the cars at Haverhill, and after looking at Elva for some time, said, "My dear, are you traveling far?" This was when Mr. Gilman was at some distance, and Wendeline was abstractedly looking out of the window. For a moment Elva's heart beat fast. Who knew but this stranger was in search of a *stolen child*? However,

upon her replying modestly that she was going to Augusta, the gentleman merely bowed with a smile, and gave her a handful of peanuts. And this was Elva's nearest approach to an adventure! that is, if we except the spilling of some melon-juice and lemonade on her gloves. Arrived late in the evening at their journey's end, both the girls were tired; and it must be confessed that Elva, as she slowly pursued her way up stairs at the "Stanley House," was not a little homesick. What happened at Augusta will be recorded in another chapter. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Be not always speaking of yourself. Be not forward. Boast not. Angle not for praise. Do not equivocate. Confess your faults. Tell no lies—not even those called innocent. Listen when spoken to. Be polite at table. Attend to the ladies. Be remarkable for cleanliness of person. Attend to your address. Command your temper and countenance. Never acknowledge an enemy, or see affront if you can help it. Avoid wrangling, meddling, and tittle-tattle. Trust not implicitly to any. Beware of proffered friendship. Doubt him who swears to the truth of a thing. Be choice in your company. Avoid noisy laughter. Refuse invitations politely. Dare to be singular in a right cause; and be not ashamed to refuse. Strive to write well, and grammatically. Be choice in your amusements. Never appear to be in a hurry. Neglect not an old acquaintance. Make no one in company feel his inferiority. Be not witty at another's expense. Be sparing of raillery. Never whisper in company. Look not over one when writ-

ing or reading. Hum no tunes in company, nor be in any way noisy. Eat not too fast nor too slow. Spit not on the floor or carpet. Hold no indelicate discourse. Avoid odd habits. Lose no time in transacting business. Study dignified as well as pleasing manners. Show no hastiness of temper. Talk not long at a time. Adapt your conversation to the company. Give not your advice unasked. Renew no disagreeable matters. Avoid rude expressions. Look people in the face when speaking. Swear not. Talk not scandal. Few jokes will bear repeating. Take the peacemaker's part in debating. Be not clamorous in dispute, but exercise good-humor. Learn the character of the company before you say much. Suppose not yourself laughed at. Interrupt no man's story. Ask no abrupt questions. Display not your learning on all occasions. Avoid debt.

APRIL SHOWERS.

PATTER, patter on the shingles—

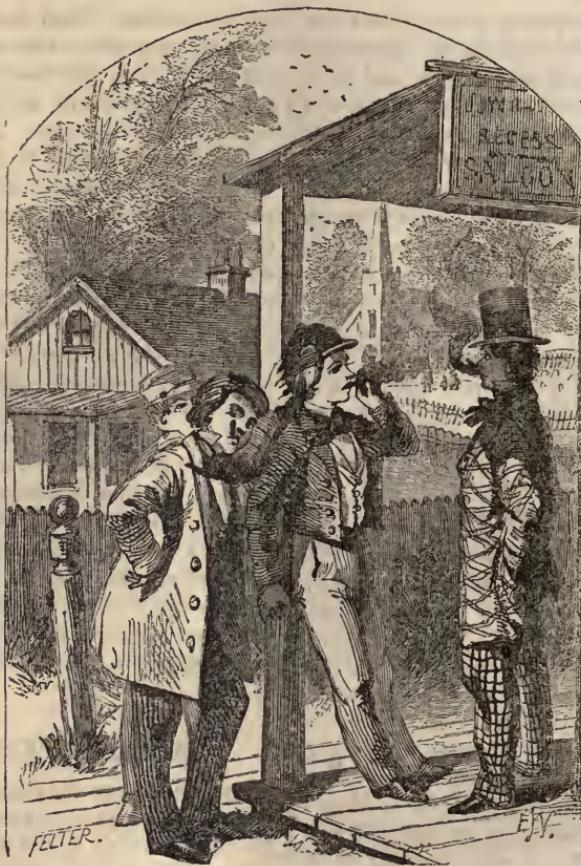
Patter, patter on the pane,
Down the hillside, in the meadow,
Comes the welcome cooling rain.

Adding beauty to each blossom,
Bringing joy to every flower,
Ever welcome, ever useful,
Comes the pleasant April shower.

Nature, all her joys renewed
By the rain's delightful power,
Praise returns to our Creator,
For the welcome April shower.

Thus for all the gifts of God
Ever grateful we should be,
And thanks return for every boon
Which He bestows on you and me.

SILVER BUGLE.

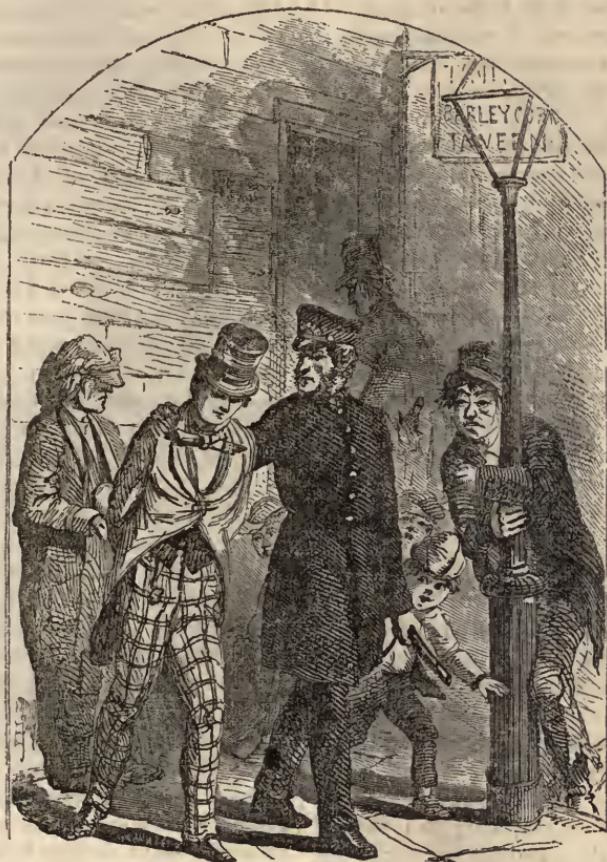


A WARNING TO BOYS.

THE habit of smoking and drinking has become so common among the young men, and even boys, of our land, that it is time the warning voice was raised against it. Such scenes as are represented in the accompanying pictures are no uncommon ones. In our large cities and villages many a corner and street is disgraced by them. We hope such groups are not composed of "Merry" boys; but we wish them not only to abstain themselves, but that their influence and example may be given against these pernicious practices.

Smoking and drinking usually go hand in hand, smoking being the first step, and one that leads to drinking as the next natural indulgence of the appetite. It is a useless, dangerous, and expensive habit, and one that has no redeeming quality, and for which no good apology can be offered. We can see nothing in it either manly or becoming, but, on the contrary, look upon it as a disgusting, filthy habit, which should by all means be avoided.

It leads the boy away from home into bad or doubtful company, and tends to idleness and discontent. Very



soon you are tempted to take a social glass, and of course you will not be expected to refuse to drink with those with whom you smoke. But that first glass is the dangerous one—it is fatal! Once taken, the second comes easier, and the rest perfectly natural. Then come late hours—the saloon, the theater, or the tavern ; and by-and-by, with passions inflamed and the finer feelings benumbed, drunkenness comes on before you or your friends are aware, and you find yourself in the hands of the police. But you say you are not going as far as that—that you are not in any danger ; just so

thousands have said before who now fill drunkards' graves.

We have lately been on a visit to our native village, and find those who were inveterate smokers and drinkers but a few years ago have prematurely passed away and are forgotten, except by a few immediate friends; and though no metropolitan police officer took them and locked them up for disturbing the peace and breaking the laws, yet they are in a stronger lock-up, from which there is no release till the last trumpet bids them come forth to judgment ; while those who practised total abstinence were still among the

living, and their locks of gray told of old age; yet it was an honorable one, and the fulfillment of the promise of long life to those who walk uprightly.

Take our advice, boys: leave both tobacco and strong drink alone; you will be better off without them; able to do more work; have better health and strength; live longer, other things being equal; endure more hardship; be better fitted for business; and after the work of the day is over, the loved ones will be much more likely to welcome you home because you do not bring the unpleasant perfume and fetid breath of the smoker and the inebriate. Try it, all ye Merry boys, and see if we are not right in our advice.

NAPOLEON'S COAT OF MAIL.

JUST before Napoleon set out for Belgium (before the battle of Waterloo), he sent for the cleverest artisan of his class in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely bullet-proof; and that, if so, he might name his own price for such a work. The man engaged to make the desired object, if allowed proper time, and he named eighteen thousand francs (seven hundred and twenty pounds sterling) as the price of it. The bargain was concluded, and in due time the work was produced, and the artisan was honored with a second audience of the Emperor, "Now," said his imperial majesty. "put it on." The man did so. "As I am to stake my life on its efficacy, you will, I suppose, have no objection to do the same?" and he took a brace of pistols, and prepared to discharge one at the breast of the astonished art-

ist. There was no retreating, however, and, half dead with fear, he stood the fire, and, to the infinite credit of his work, with perfect impunity. But the Emperor was not content with one trial. He fired the second pistol at the back of the artist, and afterward discharged a fowling-piece at another part of him, with similar effect. "Well," said the Emperor, "you have produced a capital work, undoubtedly. What is to be the price of it?" Eighteen thousand francs was named as the agreed sum. "There is an order for them," said the Emperor; "and there is another for an equal sum, for the fright I have given yon."

THE NEEDFUL COURAGE.—Whatever you be in rank, fortune, or abilities, be not a coward. Courage is the armor of the heart, and the safeguard of all that is good in this world. Not the valor that faces the cannon, or braves the perils of the wilderness and wave. That is a useful quality, and much to be respected, yet only after its kind, as a thing which a man may share with his dog. But courage to speak the truth, though it be out of favor and fashion; to stand by the right when it is not the winning side; to give the wrong its true name, no matter what other people think or say—that is the bravery most wanted in these days of much profession and little practice.—*Oxford Democrat.*

IT is more respectable to black boots than to black characters—to sew shirts than to sow strifes.

HE who speaks kindly, and with affability, will have many friends; but he whose words are bitter, will have few or none.



UNELLA.

FAR in the depths of the grandest of American forests lived a tribe of Indians, fierce and warlike in temper. The greensward where their wigwams were pitched was smooth and soft as velvet, and the sun shone down in flickering gentle rays through the tall trees. But they did not stay much in this lovely spot, but all the men of the tribe were off daily on long excursions, leaving the women and children—or, as they call them, squaws and papoosees—to take care of the wigwams and cook their suppers; for they came home hungry enough from all their hunting and fighting,

you may be sure, and sometimes not in the best of humors.

Among the “pappooses” that spent their time in playing through the woods, after they were old enough to be released from their birch-bark cradles, was a little girl very different from the others in appearance. Her complexion was not brown and dark like theirs, but fair and rosy, though somewhat tanned by exposure to the sun, and her eyes were blue and soft instead of black and glittering, and her hair hung in long brown ringlets, unlike the straight Indian elf-locks. You will conjecture at once she was

an English child. She had been found by one of the prominent chiefs in a raid on a hostile tribe, and carried off with other booty. Charmed by her cunning and winsome ways, she had found her path into the hearts of all this fierce and silent race, and was adopted as a little pet and princess by universal consent. They knew nothing of her name or history further than has been related, and she herself knew as little. She was called Unella, a pretty and musical name which well became her. Mercilessly she tyrannized in her childish days over the old squaw, Menonnu, who had the care of her. And capriciously she received the gifts which the stern-browed warriors brought, many of them, at the close of each day. She ruled the little throng of children entirely at her pleasure. To be selected as playmate by Unella was a much-coveted honor, and many frowns followed the unlucky wight who displeased her. This was never Ondino, the tallest and strongest and bravest of the boys, and a chief's son. He was the most quiet and reserved of all Unella's playmates, never engaging in a noisy conflict of words and blows. But he followed Unella like her shadow; and if she found a basket of large fresh berries at the door of her wigwam in the early morning, or a bunch of bright and rare forest flowers, she well knew who had placed them there.

So the years rolled on, and Unella grew into a sunny maiden of sixteen, and her old playmates into tall boys and girls older and younger than herself. But Ondino was still the tallest and bravest and proudest, and still as devoted to Unella. She had a beautiful little bow and quiver full of arrows that one of the old men had

made for her, and it was Ondino who taught her to shoot. And one day, rambling off alone, she sat down on a rock by the side of the river, and leaned over to look at the great waterfall too far, for her foot slipped; it was no one but Ondino who caught and saved her. She clung to him trembling, when she realized what she had escaped, and as she looked up in his face, saw tears for the first time in his dark eyes. But his voice was calm when he told Unella to avoid that place, as the rock was not firm.

There was an end coming to this wild woodland life. A council of the great men of the tribe met to prepare for the reception of some distinguished strangers. A body of white men, powerful and wealthy, were traveling through the country from the far East, and wished to visit the spot, with only friendly intentions. So the calumet of peace was made ready for their welcome.

The rest is soon told. How one of the noblest, most distinguished among them saw Unella in her robe of soft furs, with bracelets on her beautiful arms, standing like a lily amid dark shadows. How in her lovely features he saw the face of a dead wife, and of a daughter long supposed dead, but whom he now knew to be alive and before him. There needed no proof, but enough was given by the chief who had taken Unella from the hostile tribe by whom she was stolen.

All that long night, in front of Helen Langley's—or let us still say Unella's—wigwam, paced a dark figure, with regular, noiseless steps. The arms were folded, the lips set, in the dim starlight. As the morning dawned he turned to go, but stopped, hesitated, and finally waited and watched. At last, as he expected, Unella appear-

ed, her face pale and her eyes heavy with tears, for it was hard to break up the ties of her life, even to go with one whom she already loved, as her father.

"Take this, Unella," said Ondino, finally, "my last gift. Farewell, my star! The glory of Ondino's life sets with your going. Farewell!"

And he was out of sight in an instant. He had given her a little box made of beautifully-veined wood exquisitely polished, and in it a small but heavy gold cross, made with little skill, but simple and beautiful.

It was a sad parting with the friends and protectors of her childhood, and eyes unused to tears, moistened as she rode away. And in her lovely home, though she never saw Ondino's face again, she kept him always in faithful and kind remembrance. MADGE.

THE COLT IN THE WELL.

FRANK and Charlie were left at home alone one day to take care of the house. In the back yard a well was dug about twelve feet deep, but not yet finished; and the workmen were all away that day. It happened in the course of the morning that a favorite colt, prancing about the yard, fell into the well, like a heedless little fellow as he was. There was room for him to stand, after a fashion, and he did not seem to be hurt. Still, he was far from satisfied with his condition, and the two boys were still less so.

"Now, could we get him out with a rope, Frank, in any way?" asked Charlie. The two boys discussed the subject in all possible lights, but could see no way out of the trouble. They were about to give up the matter as

hopeless, and wait until help came, but that seemed too heartless.

"We ought to keep trying and planning, and not leave the poor little colt there to die," said Frank. "Oh, I have thought of something. Come on to this stack of straw. Now you take a big bundle, and I will too."

So the boys brought each a bundle of straw to the mouth of the well, and threw down an armful at a time, giving the colt time to step up on it, as he naturally would. So, little by little, they saw to their great joy that the colt was gaining ground literally and figuratively. There was straw enough at hand to fill a dozen wells; and before noon, to their great delight, the poor prisoner came within helping distance, and walked out free once more, a wiser, it is to be hoped, if not a better horse.

Always, boys, if you are in any straits, get your wits to work to better your condition. Do not sit down stolidly in the face of difficulties and sigh because you are so hemmed in. Attack the fortifications which rise up to oppose you right and left, and search keenly after the weak side of the opposition. It is the boys of active, busy minds that can accomplish anything stirring or useful in the world. J. E.

THE best way to prevent blistering one's hands with the saw or ax handle is to use those articles vigorously for half an hour every morning.

A LAZY fellow begged alms, saying he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

THE CHILD MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

IT was at Antioch, the city where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon of the church of Cæsarea was called to endure the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith to force him to deny his Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amid his agonies, declared his belief that there is but "one God, one Mediator between God and men, the man Jesus Christ." His body was almost torn to pieces, the Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunts that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen, he told his tormentors to refer the question to a little child, whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many or lords many whom the Romans served.

Now it was so that a Roman mother had come to the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of nine years old.

The question was asked the child; and, to the surprise of those who heard it, he replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The prosecutor heard, but far from being either softened or convinced, was filled with fresh rage. "It is a snare," he cried: "oh, base and wicked Christian! thou hast instructed that child to answer thus." Then, turning to the boy, he said, more mildly. "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's face and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear

mother; and she taught me that Jesus Christ loved little children, and I learned to love him for his great love to us."

"Let us see now what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the lictors, or officers, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from the tender flesh of the boy.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him, and for us all," was the reply.

And again they smote the child to torture the mother.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eyes, and he thought of the sufferings of his Lord and Saviour; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still answered, "No! there is no other God but one: Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love him for his love."

The poor child now fainted between the repeated strokes, and they cast the mangled body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now."

As the mother pressed him gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The little martyr spoke no more; and then the mother said, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for

thee. Young, happy martyr for his sake, may he grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path."

The boy faintly raised his eyes, looked to where the elder martyr was, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent;" and so saying, he died.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE following lines were received last December, just after the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, but were too late for the December number, and also being such long lines as to take so much space in our columns, that they did not appear. We publish them now because, though written by an unpretending little Merry girl, they touch a chord in every heart, and all will unite in the song of "Glory to the Lord of Glory," who has foiled the assassin's plot as well as the traitor's plan, for though Abraham Lincoln's body rests from its labors, his soul is marching on to glory, and his noble record of purity of life and devotion to truth and duty will be held in everlasting remembrance.

HURRAH FOR LINCOLN!

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, who by his power has foiled
The dark plots at which traitors for so many months have toiled.
Glory to the Lord of Glory, for by his strength and might
A loyal people now have won a battle for the right.
Glory to the God of Glory, from whom all glories come,
And glory for Abe Lincoln sound from every heart and home.

Glory now for Freedom's triumphs in the annals of the world—

Ne'er was such a spotless banner to the glad minds unfurled.
Glory still for this pure banner! over land and over sea
The oppressed shall know its stars as the beacons of the free.
Our God-given noble banner! may it soon in triumph wave
O'er a land with peace-flowers blooming, and not a single slave.

Glory for our noble soldiers! Oh, how their true hearts will thrill
When they know the friends they toil for to the flag/are loyal still,
When they know that all their sacrifice, their patient toil and pain,
Are freely given for Freedom's cause, not madly nor in vain.
Glory for their noble deeds! Let every loyal heart
Thank God for our brave soldiers who so well have borne their part.

Then glory to the Lord of Power! In an instant he has foiled
The plans of Freedom's enemies at which they for months have toiled.
Glory to the God of Glory! for by his might alone
The people of the North have this great victory won.
Glory to the God of Glory! and let every heart and voice
Hurrah for Abram Lincoln, a free people's willing choice. N. L.
November, 1864.



THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS HUNTING IN PARTNERSHIP.

THE bull, and several other beasts, were ambitious of the honor of hunting with the lion. His savage majesty graciously condescended to their desire; and it was agreed that they should all have an equal share in whatever might be taken. They scour the forest, are unanimous in the pursuit; and after a very fine chase, pull down a noble stag. It was divided with great dexterity by the bull into four equal parts; but just as he was going to secure his share, "Hold," says the lion, "let no one presume to serve himself till he hath heard our

just and reasonable claims. I seize upon the first quarter by virtue of my prerogative; the second, I think is due to my superior conduct and courage; I can not forego the third on account of the necessities of my den; and if any one is inclined to dispute my right to the fourth, let him speak." Awed by the majesty of his frown and the terror of his paws, they silently withdrew, resolving never to hunt again but with their equals.

MORAL

An association with too powerful allies is always imprudent.

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

REMARKABLE LAKES IN PORTUGAL.—On the top of a ridge of mountains in Portugal, called Estrella, are two lakes of great extent and depth, especially one of them, which is said to be unfathomable. What is chiefly remarkable in them is, that they are calm when the sea is so, and rough when it is stormy. It is therefore probable that they have a subterranean communication with the ocean; and this seems to be confirmed by the pieces of ships they throw up, though almost forty miles from sea. There is also another extraordinary lake in that country, which, before a storm, is said to make a frightful, rumbling noise, that may be heard a distance of several miles. And we are also told of a pool or fountain, called Fervencias, about twenty-four miles from Coimbra, that absorbs not only wood, but the lightest bodies thrown into it, such as cork, straw, feathers, etc., which sink to the bottom and are never seen more. To these we may add a remarkable spring near Estremes, which petrifies wood, or rather incrusts it with a case of stone; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that in summer it throws up water enough to turn several mills, and in winter is perfectly dry.

IT is estimated that the telegraph cuts off a million per year of postage receipts.

LAZY folks are always going to do something.

SPARE moments are like the gold dust of time. Of all portions of life spare moments are the most fruitful of good or evil.

MR. WM. HOOD was robbed near Corinth, Alabama, on the 13th ult.

The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt he was Robbin' Hood.

THE spoilt children of the present age rarely turn out the great men of the next.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.—“Fare, sir!”

“Who are you, sir?”

“Name's Wood, I'm the conductor.”

“Can't be; *wood's* a non-conductor.”

KNOWING THE RIGHT TIME OF LIFE.

—He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, nor wise.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, EVERYWHERE, AND ALL DAY LONG.—“Lift up; you're on my dress.”

WHY is anything reconsidered accounted “profitable?” Because it is considered a-gain.

EVERY excuse a man makes for himself is something taken from his manhood, and every excuse he makes for his fellow-men is something added to his manhood.

A DOCTOR's wife attempted to move him by her tears. “Ah!” said he, “tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water.”

WHY is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean? Because it's the E G & C (*Aegean Sea*).

SENSIBLE.—It is recorded of Dr. Griffin, that when President of the Andover Theological Seminary, he convened the students at his room, one evening, and told them he had observed that they were all growing thin and dyspeptical from a neglect of the ex-

ercise of Christian laughter, and he insisted upon it that they should go through a company drill in it then and there. Said he to the first, "You must practice; now hear me!" and bursting out into a sonorous laugh, he fairly obliged his pupils, one by one, to join, till the whole were almost convulsed.

AN advocate of a French provincial town was waited on by a sausage-dealer, who said, "Sir, I want to consult you. If a dog devours sausages placed in my window, can I make his owner pay the damage?" "Certainly." "In that case, please to pay me twelve francs, for your dog has just eaten sausages of mine to that extent." The advocate paid the money. An hour after, the advocate's clerk called on the sausage-dealer, and claimed twenty francs for "a consultation about sausages;" and the tradesman, to his intense mortification, had to hand over the sum claimed.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

FOUR things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

There are minds which adorn and enrich all they touch, which can learn wisdom from a flower, piety from a blade of grass, can find "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

NIGHT brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth; we can never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

A SINGLE drop of ink has moved millions of men.

THE writer who uses weak arguments and strong epithets, is like a lady who gives weak tea and strong butter.

If the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why should there be such difficulty in passing them?

NEW PROVERB—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

ARE all forgers blacksmiths?

BE whatever you will, but, first of all, be yourself.

THE best preachers are those that preach by example.

MORTIFIED pride often takes the name and guise of a broken heart.

A FOP just returned from a Continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

IT is said to be misprision of treason to ask a soldier to take dinner and desert.

THE paper containing many fine points is—a paper of pins.

THERE are two kinds of family jars: into one you put your sweetmeats, and into the other you put—your foot.

WHAT lady of historic renown married a gardener and made him lose his situation? Eve.

A GOOD lady who had two children sick with the measles wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy of the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read with horror the following: "Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cured."



ESCAPE ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

THE YOUNG CAPTAIN.

THIS is the title of one of the many books which have been written as a memorial of our brave "boys in blue," who loved their country well enough to die for it, and whose heroic life and patriotic death should stimulate the youth of our land to imitate their love of country and firm devotion to the right.

Their noble deeds will live in history and be rehearsed in song, and educate the coming generations in pa-

tient endurance and patriotic duty. The work before us is a memorial of Captain Richard C. Derby, of the historic Fifteenth Regiment Mass. Volunteers, and published by Degen, Estes & Co., Boston. It consists of a sketch of his early life, his enlistment and adventures in the army, and numerous extracts from interesting letters which he wrote home from time to time from the camp or the field.

We take an illustration and some

extracts from the book, and commend it to all our readers. It will well repay perusal.

ANTITETAM

"There is no death: what seems so is translation.

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death."

LONGFELLOW.

"Sadly and wearily *we* wait
A gleam of peace first dawning;
To *him*, from midnight clouds, burst forth
The calm, eternal morning."

MRS. ARTHUR B. FULLER.

"The early service of the young volunteer was now almost ended. He could have said with Paul, in more than one sense, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; * * henceforth there is laid up for me a crown.' Not as an Alexander, nor as a Napoleon, had he fought—with the lust of conquest in his soul; but as a William Tell or a Henry Havelock—with his young, ardent, hopeful spirit stirred with the dear love of liberty, and cheered by the pure faith of the Christian. Constitutionally reticent in the expression of religious emotion or patriotic fervor, he was yet ever actuated by holy principle and an unfaltering love for the 'dear old flag.' He was soon to seal his attachment to the Union cause with his blood."

The patriotic mother of the young hero, herself, wrote, after the battle of Gettysburg—which occurred nearly a year after her son's death—words which prove her to have been worthy to be the mother of such a son. These are some of them:

"Our Massachusetts boys were not mere machines, coarse and brutal stuff, 'food for powder'; but the best blood, the brightest hopes, the noblest,

fairest young men, the flower and pride of our best homes. New England sent her best when the call, 'To arms!' sounded among her hills. Our brave ones have indeed 'covered themselves with honor.' Heavy losses come with our victories; and we could scarcely bear to rejoice, did we not know that those who have fallen now, and *earlier* in the struggle, would ardently join us, could they speak. We have poured out, at Gettysburg, another costly libation of blood, drawn from the veins of the youth and manhood of our land; but they felt that their country called; and they have laid down their lives in the holy cause, and ascended on high to join the immortal Washington and his compatriots. As we, bereaved mothers and sisters and friends, sit weeping at home, counting among the killed *our dear sons and brothers*, what an unutterable pang shoots through the heart! Nature must, for the hour, have her dues in sighs and tears and choking agony. But soon the thought comes, that they fell for their country, and her great cause; and that their sacrifices will bring joy and peace and freedom to generations yet unborn. Therefore *we* must be comforted; for our dear Richard still lives, and is glorified. His life was not wasted in the great struggle for his country and its institutions. He and they have paid a costly price for a magnificent good. They have won the meed of eternal honor and remembrance. We shall never be obliged to write of our dear ones, *craven* or *coward* or *traitor*; for they have sealed their testimony with their blood; and we can forever unite, and sing, 'Honor to the brave! Blessings on the loyal! Praise from heaven and earth to the noble soldier who was not

afraid to die, so his country should live!"

The author of that popular song, "Do they miss me at Home?" with many other rhythmical expressions of true and noble sentiment, thus responded to a request for a tribute to the young patriot's memory:

CAPTAIN RICHARD C. DERBY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

"So young to die! but there are lives whose sun [done;
Goes down in glory ere the day is And such was his. O rare and royal soul!

In Life's young morning reaching Life's great goal,
And laying down his armor, with the prize

Waiting the gaze of his expiring eyes!
Say no dark requiem o'er his early grave:

Weep human tears! ye *must!* the life he gave

For hearth, and home, and native land was dear,

And Love will have its way above his bier— [grief:

But let no murmur mingle with your His life, so brave, so beautiful, so brief,

Has borne its blossoms—lay it calm away:

Its fruit shall ripen in eternal day!
Oh! if there be one grave above the rest [blest,

Revered and honored, beautified and 'Tis where a CHRISTIAN PATRIOT makes his rest!

There shall the bright sun shed its earliest gleams, [beams:
There linger longest in his parting There troops of happy birds, on sportive wing,

'Trill their sweet descants' in the early spring;

There wintry snows fall purest; Summer there

Wave her first blossoms and her balmiest air;

And Autumn bring its wealth of golden bloom

And crimson leaves to decorate the tomb;

And grateful, loving hearts o'erplant the spot

With shining laurel and forget-me-not.

There Love resort, to smile as well as weep;

Saying, 'Tis well! his memory we will keep;

'Tis well! He giveth His beloved sleep!"

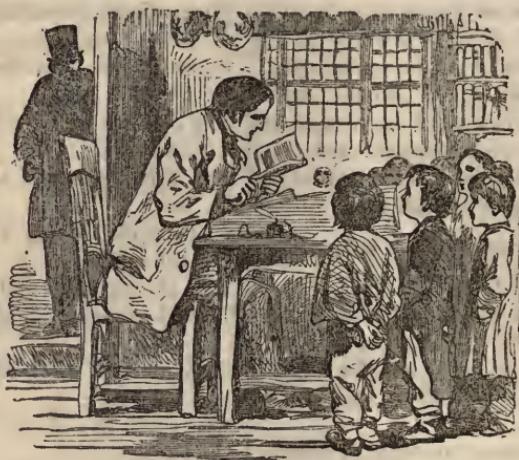
AN ANSWER.

[See Riddle in May number.]

THE reason I don't roam
From the fireside at home,
Where my face so many greet,
Though they gladly take my meat,
And give me coal to eat;
And the reason I've no feeling,
Though heart of fire revealing;
While all that's *grate* I hold,
Though like a slave I'm sold;
And the reason I'm begrimed,
And full of *holes*, you'll find,
Though at first it may seem strange,
Is because I am a RANGE.

Now into ANGER throw me,
Indeed you'll scarcely know me!
For the passion I'll reveal
Is the sorest man can feel.

Then my feet you may as well
(E and R) change into *ER*,
Which will suit me to the letter,
And give you something better
Than Range or furious passion,
Though not so much in fashion.
With such dark things beginning,
Sure an ANGEL is worth winning! D.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

"L-A-M." That's the way Freddie Wallace spelled lamb, and all the class laughed at his mistake, while the teacher looked grieved, for Freddie was a sweet docile boy, but, oh, so dull! He almost always stood at the foot of his class, although he seemed to try to get his lessons. He could not add a sum without making mistakes; but he made beautiful figures, and when he had finished an example, he would draw all kinds of ornaments around it. Sometimes he would make a border around the sum, and draw birds and butterflies around it; or he would set a company of soldiers to guard the answer, or make a dog barking at the figures which the teacher said were wrong. Freddie's parents were dead, and he lived with his aunt. Her husband, Freddie's uncle, was in Europe, and so the boy was entirely under her care. She tried hard to teach him from his books; but though she went over his lessons with him every night, and sent him to school regularly, he made but little progress. Only in writing and drawing did he

excel, and in these there were none of his schoolmates of his age who could do as well.

One day, while Freddie was at school, a gentleman came to the door, which happened to be open. The teacher's back was turned that way, and Freddie was so busy spelling and trying to get his word right, that he did not see the stranger. It was just when he made the mistake, and spelled l-a-m, for lamb. The gentlemen looked rather surprised, for Freddie was ten years old. He walked in and called for Freddie. It was his uncle, just returned from Europe, and come to take him home.

The next day his uncle called him into his study, and talked very kindly with him about trying to improve more in his lessons. "I'm afraid you will never come to anything unless get along faster," said he.

"I can do one thing good," said Freddie.

"And what is that?" asked his uncle.

"I can make pictures."

GENIUS AND LABOR.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON once said to an intimate friend, "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies in just this: when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."



"Well, let us see one of your pictures."

Freddie took his pencil, which he always carried, and went to work, while his uncle looked over the morning paper. Presently he exclaimed, "There!" and held up a flower which he had drawn. His uncle looked at it with surprise. It was beautifully done —better, he said, than many artists would have made it.

"How would you like to have a box of pencils and paints, and study making pictures?" asked his uncle.

"Oh! may I? may I?" cried Freddie, with great delight.

"Yes," said his uncle; "and you may use them every night when you have learned your lessons well through the day."

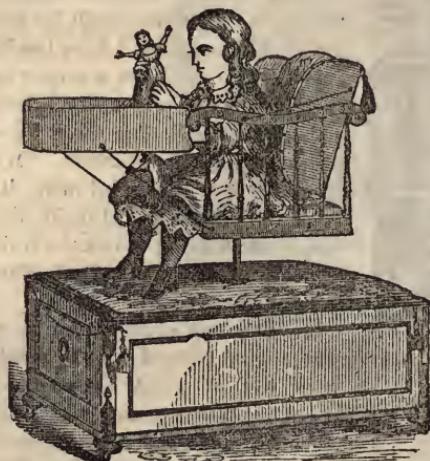
How hard Freddie tried now! He had something to work for, and he succeeded as he had never done before, for his heart was in it. Before long he could spell and cipher with the best of them; but his great delight was always to use his pencils and paints. He afterward became an accomplished artist, and was always thankful that he had a friend who found out what he was good for, and knew how to encourage him.

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of the session (which was three days distant). I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice." "But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it." Mr. Webster said, "If there be so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused. The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

WE must labor while 'tis day;
Soon the light will fade away.
Whatsoe'er we find to do,
Let us with our might pursue,
Keeping still one thought in view.
Precious is the time.

AN EXCELLENT INVENTION.



THERE is no prettier plaything than a nice baby, and who ever saw one that was not the dearest, sweetest little creature on earth? Surely no mother ever had one of any other description. But for all this, every mother also knows that there is no harder work than to "to tend the baby," especially if the child be an active one. There is just such a delightful little tyrant at our house, and it was once a pleasant task, but a real labor, to keep her amused and satisfied. That *used* to be the case; now, the labor is almost done away with, for much of the work is done by Dr. Brown's Baby-Tender, a picture of which is given above. It is a most complete invention. When the child needs exercise, it can help itself to a trot up and down, easily and safely. If it be sleepy, the Baby-Tender is quickly arranged as a cradle, and the mother can lull it to rest while sewing by a gentle motion of the foot. There is no rocking; the inventor, who is a physician, believes, as

most sensible persons do, that swinging to-and-fro, or rocking in the old-fashioned way, is an unnatural and hurtful motion. It deranges the circulation, and produces giddiness and stupor, not healthful sleep. The Baby-Tender gives a pleasant up-and-down motion, which soothes and does not injure the child. Then the apparatus can be readily converted into a playing-chair, a nursery-chair, "baby-walker," a high chair, and a spring hobby-horse. Indeed, it seems to meet almost all the requirements of an infant except feeding, which of course the mother can do best. A child will love to spend a large part of his waking hours in the Baby-Tender in some of its many forms, which gives very great relief to the mother. When not wanted to hold the child, this apparatus may quickly be changed to a neat divan or small lounge, both useful and ornamental.

We have not space to give a complete description, but any one wishing to know more about it, should send to Mr. J. T. Ellis, No. 939 Broadway, for a descriptive circular, showing all the uses and forms. We can heartily recommend it from long trial, and if any of our young friends, or their parents, find "tending the baby" laborious, they will do well to try this most excellent invention. The different parts are strongly made, and will not easily get out of order. One, properly used, will answer to tend a large family of children, and then be "handy to have in the house" for the grandchildren. They are made in different styles of finish at different prices.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



THE month of June, with all its beautiful flowers and its fragrant roses, brings to our parlor a brilliant troop of Merry faces, both new and old. We are glad to see you all, and give place first of all to our long absent

but ever dear and ever welcome friend of all the numerous Merry family. We listened while Aunt Sue speaks.

BROOKLYN, May, 1865.

Nearly a whole year since I spoke directly to any of the dear Merrys, yet am I not forgotten. I would fain mention by name all that I remember with affection, but the page is not broad enough. I long to have our Southern cousins wake out of their unpleasant nightmare and come back to our sheltering arms. I wonder if Busy Bee loves us yet; no, I don't, either—I know she does. Bless her little heart! She never could make a personal matter out of a nation's dispute; and I feel certain that a letter from Jasper or Tommy would be as welcome to her as ever.

It is refreshing to find now and then a letter from one of the old boys (!) or old girls (!!). I don't believe any of them have deserted us, but they want stirring up a little.

Teaser, what are you about? If you don't wake up and say something, I'll just tell all about you, see if I don't!

Glad to see you again, A. E. D.

A. N., please to scintillate a little.

Minx, dear, where are you?

Merrimac, won't you walk into the Chat?

Ella, what has become of you?

Clara, you are not forgotten. Black-Eyes, are you still to the fore? Saucy Nell, you haven't "gone off mad," have you?

Homely Face, Nellie Van, Daisy Wildwood, Alice Clayton, Jessie Linwood, Birdie, Nell of B., and Sans Souci, you haven't left us, either, have you?

Blue-Eyes, I shan't say anything to you, because, though often promised, you never sent me your photograph. I don't want it now.

Arthur Lee, the way to procure my photo is to send yours to Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y., directed to Aunt Sue: she exchanges promptly. The same remark applies to Mermaid, Merry May, and to any one who would like to exchange.

Boys (attention, Sharpshooter!), I haven't forgotten one of you.

Girls, accept a kiss apiece from your faithful and affectionate AUNT SUE.

Stand up every one of you now, and answer the roll-call of Aunt Sue; especially let us see the old familiar faces, and hear the old familiar voices of days gone by.

May 7.

DEAR MERRYS:—"I'm with you once again, my friends." Uncle, smooth your brow and greet me with a smile, for I have not been in the Chat since last June. I am determined to come in now, so give me room, for I want a good talk.

Evening Star, here's a kind greeting and shake of the hand.

Lizzie E. N., welcome.

Iva McGregor, I like you; may I number you among my friends?

Juno, and all ye lovers of Longfellow, I claim a place in your circle, for I am an admirer all of things requisite to enter therein.

Hattie, dear, "may every blessing long be thine."

Coy, there is a young lady who is indebted to me a letter. If I do not receive one soon, I shall think her love for me has vanished.

Jolly Jingle, may I join your June party? I will not perhaps prove a great addition, but I can be an observer.

"Stranger, "here's a health to thee." We must have no strangers here.

Arthur Lee, you say if "my name is Clara, you know me." If yours is Harry T., I know you.

In the year that I have been away from you, there have been changes both of sadness and joy. The brave ones that have gone to their "mansion in the skies." Eugene has returned safe to his loved ones. Victories have been won by our gallant army. Oh, the sad, sad loss of our noble, true-hearted President. "Rest, martyr, rest."

What has become of Saucy Nell?—will nothing call an epistle from her?

Brown-Eyes, too—has that pony carried her off? or perhaps some one of the "boys in blue."

All our olden celebrities must not leave us lesser lights undisputed occupants of the field.

If Miss Louise Leslie should see this, I hope it will remind her that she has never sent her photo in exchange for mine.

Uncle Hi glances with a frown at the "machine," as if to say, "Misguided girl, you are in danger." But if you mutilate this after my long silence, I will write still more next time.

May of Irvington and Merry May, our names are the same—we should be friends.

Love to all—Cousins, Auntie, and Uncles three. I am going, so save the pieces any way, Uncle.

MAY CLAYTON.

"A lasting habitation and a name!"

So the great poet sang in beautiful and soul-stirring strains to the enchanted ear of thousands of admirers. And where, where would he point as the place to fix this "lasting habitation and this name" of honor? In what part of the world, in "places ethereal" or practical, would he locate "an eternal resting-place and name?" In Eastern lands, gorgeous with Oriental beauty, whose fascinations might allure and entrance one to spend a life-time? On the shores of the Old World, historic in their associations with classic and poetic influences, over all which Art and Science have thrown their mantle of glory, elevating the entire continent from ocean to sea? Or in Elysium itself, fadeless and perfect, the Arcadia of the poets, who revel as amid well-known scenes in this their favorite resort? Never! No such

position of mediocrity—no such *half-perfected* state of existence would we choose. Far be it from his discerning mind to pass by in disregard or blindness the very *acme* of the position he desired—the transcendent beauties, the brilliancy, and inspiration of which call him in sweet and decisive tones, assuring him of the final rest and realization of all his most brilliant imaginations—in MERRY'S MUSEUM! THERE he would place his "lasting habitation and his name." And thus, in response to anxious inquiries by her, he directed and advised Iva MacGregor to take possession of a certain seat, in a certain corner (the one designated before), and *there*, in that corner, amid all the throng who surround her, to place her "lasting habitation and her name!"

How dare you then, any or all of you—Forestina, or whoever you be—to call Iva MacGregor to account before a subject like yourselves? to have the presumption to question the authority of her mission, directed as it is by a master-hand—the poet divine? Never would it become me to vacate her designated seat, and tamely give up the vocation at the nod of a self-constituted authority like the present!

Therefore, in this self-same corner, mentioned heretofore, is the "lasting habitation," and above it, on the wall, glistening and sparkling in its *recent* and unsullied erection, is "the name" that the poet has fastened there, of

IVA MACGREGOR.

ALBANY, April 29, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I want to join the "Merrys" very much, and have written to you for that purpose three times; but the manipulator has each time seized me, and so not even an "Essence" has been left. Now please don't consign this letter to the basket, but allow me to take my seat in some cosy corner near some of the Chatterers.

Violet Forest, Silver Ring, Flib, Nameless, and other compassionate Cousins, please write to me. Your expectant Cousin,

MAPLE SHADE.

CHERRY GROVE, April 24.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—A short time ago, while we were all happy and, I trust, thankful in the fond expectancy of the long-desired peace and rest which our country so much needs, I wrote a letter to Uncle Merry, asking a place

among the Cousins. But ere it was sent, there came a sad message bringing tears to our eyes and sorrow to our hearts—our honored, our noble-hearted President, who had so truly won our hearts by his zealous and unwearied efforts for our country's good—he, our second Washington, was cruelly murdered! How painfully throbbed our hearts, how freely flowed our tears, I need not tell you, dear Uncle Merry. You felt it all. And now the first tearful sadness is over, I have thought to write to you again, and, if you will permit, join the Cousins in the sweet tie of cousinship. Perhaps your parlor is already filled, if so, I will try to be content with listening to the chatter away here in my quiet country home without sharing it. Ever your loving

CADDIE EVERETTE.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 17, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Now that I am admitted into the charmed circle, I shall call—by letter—very often at “111,” though, as Iva says, I think a despairing expression *must* cross your “Merry” countenance at the receipt of so many cousinly missives.

I love the MUSEUM very much, and I think we ought all to be very grateful to Uncle Merry and the other Uncles, as well as kind Aunt Sue, for the interest they all take in their young readers, ever trying to encourage the good and excellent qualities that will make us true Christian boys and girls.

With others, friends “tried and true,” I also rejoice that our noble soldier Eugene has returned in safety from imprisonment, and though late in the day, I venture to wish him and Hattie much happiness, now and ever.

A pall of sadness is thrown over our land by the terrible news of the assassination of our good President, and it is in vain that I try to throw off the feeling of gloom and discouragement that comes over me when I think of it.

Your loving niece, LIZZIE E. N.

RICHMOND, VA., May 6, 1865.

DEAR MERRYS:—Will you allow me to join the Merry circle? If you answer yes, I trust that I will receive a kindly greeting from Grampus, Horace, Vincent, and, in short, from the entire family.

I may be called a rebel, as I live in Dixie, but I have always wished for a restoration of the Union since the day that Virginia seceded, and I hope that

before many days elapse, that the Old Dominion will be a State of the Union, with the remainder of the so-called Confederacy.

I wish to X with some of the Merry Cousins. Uncle William has my address.

MONTROSE.

HOME, May 9, 1865.

DEAR MERRYS—one and all, old and young—a pleasant good-morning to you; hope you won't think me an intruder among you; thought perhaps my company might be more welcome to you if I did not visit too often or stay too long.

What a sad havoc this cruel war has made in our once happy Union! Three of our brave Merrys have silently left our circle, and the rest will soon return home to make home glad once more.

I almost want to say, as my brother did, when the news of peace came to him at Raleigh, N. C., “Hip, hip, hurrah! War is done, and I am going home to see how rebels look by daylight, for the night is past, and the morn doth appear.”

Allie Frank, you are a genius for ten years.

W. A. R., aren't you doing some sharp shooting about now? Look out that you don't shoot yourself.

CLARA.

WEST HARTFORD, May, 1865.

Welcome, “Mouse Merry;” you'll be real good, won't you? I don't like to take care of troublesome people, much less a mouse that has a way of getting into “traps.”

Leslie, how about that promise? Is it “very” binding? I'll warrant you'll tell the Merrys yourself about it before I have a chance.

Pontiac, I will say good-bye now—is it too late?

Mermaid, dangerous things require careful handling, lest they explode. That “young gent” evidently thought me loaded, and was very cautious lest I should go off and disturb — Zephyr! Pity about that.

Coy, isn't it you who have forgotten about old friends—not me?

FLIB.

April 6, 1865.

UNCLE MERRY:—Can you admit one more to your circle? I echo Verdant's promise. If my letter falls into the basket, I will try again. I have read the MUSEUM for a long time, and am

perfectly delighted with every part of it, especially the Chat. I am a stranger to most of you, though not entirely unacquainted. Addie W. and Violet Forest, do you recognize me?

Uncle, the Album is open for all to take a look at the Cousins, isn't it? I should like to have a peep at it very much.

KATE M.

Certainly the Album is open to all, not only for all the Merrys to look at, but to receive their pictures. Call, by all means.

SHOWERLAND.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Do you want a new cousin, or have you already plenty? I have taken your MUSEUM many months, but I never dared to knock at the door of your parlor. Will you introduce me to some of the cousins—Fleta, Iva, and Lillie Linden? Good-night.

APRIL SHOWER.

You come late this year, but are none the less welcome, for you are needed to quicken our flower garden into life. Mignonette and Daisy Wildwood, and our "Violets" and "Roses," will all revive at your coming.

SPRINGTIME.

Tulips come but once a year, therefore I come, and am glad there are so many here to meet me.

Daisy have you blown yet? Kitty Clover has made poetry of us—she will have to be attended to. Evening Star says a kiss for Tulips. I expect and hope you will keep sending them along. I hope to make the acquaintance of all the flowers.

Moss Rosebud, Kitty Clover, Tiny Wild Rose, Prairie Rose, Daisy Wildwood, and a host of others, send your *c's de v.*, and receive mine in return. Uncle Robert has my address.

Who is our Queen? Let us have a flower. I name Blue Bell or Forget-me-not.

Snow Drift, why don't you change your name to Snow Drop, then we will let you into our circle, because we are the innermost circle. Merrys all, adieu,

TULIPS.

DEAR UNCLE:—Tell Concordianus it is something worth trying to be a good *cousin*.

BETTY.

FAIRY DINGLE, March 8, '65.

DEAR MORTALS ALL:—It is indeed a long time since you have received a missive from Titania; but surely you would not marvel at my continued silence if you knew of the many duties devolving upon me, in my position as queen and ruler of this vast realm. Though thus constantly occupied, however, I now and then pay a visit to the abodes of earth, and often when deciding some puzzling affairs of state there come to me some rumors of what is transpiring in the "haunts of men." Some fine day, when the wind is so gentle that I can safely trust to its mercy my crystal car, I may pay you a visit. And should you behold a bright figure, enveloped in a cloud of rosy light, you may at once conclude that it is

TITANIA.

April 6.

UNCLE MERRY:—I perceived a slight mistake in my last letter. You made me have a full stop after Nameless, and to ask if I was from R., whereas I meant to deny that I was from that place.

Cousins, I think W. A. R. is improving. Read article page 86, March number, and see if you do not agree with me. And now, Mr. W. A. R., I deserve to be rewarded highly for speaking such a good word for you.

Sunbeam, entirely, thank you.

Quisque, are you a Latin scholar?

Violet Forest, I should be happy to receive a *visite* from you, or any other cotisian.

"Carrie of the Mountain," I bid you a hearty welcome.

Cousin Hattie, give me credit for being brief.

ADDIE W.

MONROE, April 18, '65.

It is now nearly five months since I entered the Merry circle, and I have been sitting quietly in the corner ever since, waiting for some of the cousins to come and speak to me; but none have come.

Mattie Greenwood, as you are a newcomer, I know how to feel for you; can't we be friends? If you agree to it, come over in my corner and we will have a nice cosy talk all by ourselves.

Leslie, I have had the honor of seeing you several times in our pleasant little village.

Jessie Bell, haven't you a word of welcome for your cousin? and so with all the rest.

Cousin Hattie, please don't throw my letter in the basket this time, because I want to have a chance to get acquainted with some of the Merryites. Love to all the cousins. ITALIA.

When a word is spoken to the "Merry family," it is spoken to you, and many little messages sent to only one of the large circle, gets "clipped" by the hatchet, simply because the entire magazine could not hold all. So let no one even think themselves not "spoken to," but appropriate all the magazine to themselves.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I don't know whether I have a corner or not; but if I have, I am certain I have been in it long enough. Mayn't I "take the floor?"

Sigma, I begin to hope for a prize since you have graduated. "Plase to hasten the delay" of that story. What is your favorite color since you became "captain of guards?"

Hero, behold my extended digits! If all the Merrys are as glad to see you as I am, you may expect a warm reception.

Tennessean and Schoolboy, I am glad to see you; I used to know an individual about my size that lived in the "Touch-me-not" State, and though the "base is changed," said person still has kind feelings toward it and its inhabitants.

And now, dear Merrys all, have you heard the news? Richmond is taken, and Lee is taken, and the war is nearly over. Don't you think we may safely admit a few quondam rebels to our parlor, and conquer them, much more effectually than by force of arms, by the power of love?

FRANC.

April 24, 1865.

COUSINS, UNCLES, AND FRIENDS ALL:— 'Tis with trembling fingers (because they're cold) that I address you, not knowing how my advent will be looked upon, as an intrusion or otherwise. Yet you invite every one, consequently I take courage.

Flib, have you forgotten George K. B—t, of A—r M—s? Why so long silent?

Did Miss Saucy Nell ever receive a letter from P. O. Box 210, same place? Won't she take pity and answer now?

May DIABOLUS come again?

Extracted Essences.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—All those whose subscriptions expire with the June number, who will send their subscription in advance for the coming year before the 1st of July, shall receive the steel engraving of Uncle William. We trust all who are owing will promptly forward us the amount.

W. A. R., a vote has been taken in the sanctum on the report of Uncle Robert's trip to your home, and it was decided you should not be permitted to leave the Chat without a passport. We shall expect to hear from you and other "old boys and girls."

LILLIE LINDEN.—Certainly; the Cousins are all cordially invited to visit the sanctum in person, and we shall expect an early visit from you.

VERBENA desires a line from Violet Forest for her especial benefit, and wishes to shake hands with Lillie Linden.

MUSEING wanders in half absent-minded, humming the names of the Chatters, and threatens to "X with all who wish."

SCHOOLBOY.—The price of "Merry-man's Monthly" is \$1 25 per year.

BRIGHT STAR, from Brooklyn, sends rays of greeting to Jolly Jingle and Prairie Rose.

WILD ROSE blooms for Jolly Jingle, Coy, and Merry May, and wishes to become acquainted with all.

LEON.—The cards would cost \$1 25.

EVERY-DAY-IN-THE-WEEK.—Please take a shorter name.

BLACK HAWK.—Letters to be noticed must have everything for the Puzzle department written on a separate sheet from that of the Chat department.

MONROSE.—The publication of the "story books" has been discontinued.

J. A. W.—Please take another name. We have one of the same already in the Chat. The way to get a *c. de v.* of Uncle Robert or Aunt Sue is to inclose one of yourself to them.

JESSIE BELL.—Have you deserted us? We have something for you.

ESPENSHEID, THE HATTER.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the extensive establishment of Mr. Espenscheid, the hatter, No. 118 Nassau Street, of this city, who always has on hand the latest style of hats and caps for men and boys. Those in search of the genuine article, will do well to call here first, where they will find the first quality and the best finish in the market. We have tried him for many years, and can commend him to all.

BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD.—This is the title of a tract, showing the evils of intemperance from the first station on this road down to the Valley of Destruction. Starting from "Sippington," the road runs through "Tippleton," stopping at various stations, and then turning "Drunkard's Corner," plunges into horrible thickets and dismal swamps, until it is lost in the darkness of "Destruction." The road and train are graphically illustrated with a fine engraving, showing the stations and different scenes along the route. This tract has been so extensively called for, and has been so useful, that a new edition

has been prepared in an enlarged form, illustrated by an elaborate lithographic picture of the Black Valley County, which is having an extensive sale. It is an excellent temperance lecture in itself, and one calculated to do much good. Price 75 cents. Published by Rev. S. W. Hanks, 13 Cornhill, Boston.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—The travel between these two cities has become so great, that the ample accommodations of former years have proved inadequate to meet the demand of the present. To supply this demand, the Fall River route have just finished a new and commodious boat similar to the "Metropolis," but which has about fifty more state-rooms and other superior accommodations. It is called the "Newport," and is to be finished up in elegant style, and will take its place about the middle of June. The officers of this route are noted for politeness and gentlemanly treatment of their passengers, which is more than commonly falls to the lot of travelers. The steamboat landing of this route has been changed from Fall River to Newport.



Aunt Sue's Puzzle Drawer.

AUBREY and Franc send an equal number of answers to April puzzles, so each is entitled to a prize.



Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

132. CHARADE.

My first.

Show me the home, or small or great,
Tell me the cheek, or fresh or sere,

I have not once made desolate—
On which I never placed a tear.

What hearth so safe that with the morrow

I may not bring it 'wilder'g sorrow?
What wonder men should seek that home
Where I can never hope to come?

My second.

Proud in my strength, I tower so high,
That leaving earth and all its woes,
I seem a dweller of the sky,
And revel in the sunset glows.

Men have been found so strong of nerve,
Whose iron wills no fear could swerve,

As with my aid to quit the crowds,
And thread the mysteries of the
clouds.

My whole.

So fleet am I, so shy a thing,
Amid my native forests deep,
That though the hills with echoes
ring,
The hunter finds not where I
creep.

Frightened, I fly. No twig betrays
My stealthy path. Yet there are
ways
Which by his cunning oft afford
The means to place me on his board.
F. F.

ANAGRAMS.

133. Not musician's noses. *Forestina.*
 134. Call thy lip a gem. *Franc.*
 135. Hand-bridle (historical). *Merrimac.*
 136. Tribes turn yellow (a celebrated
author). *Jin.*
 137. T-t-t-t-tel a lie. *Aubrey.*
 138. Behead and curtail an ancient re-
ligious sect, transpose and leave
an alarm-bell. *Forrest.*
 139. Transpose an animal into a weapon.
Merrimac.
 140. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 3, 4, 8, 10 is an insect.
My 6, 7, 2, 10 is a battle-ground.
My 1, 5, 9, 11 signifies bitterness.
My whole was an Act that greatly
benefited England.
Lily of the Valley.

141. I am composed of 15 letters:
My 12, 14, 1, 3, 10 is a man's name.
My 2, 5, 4, 1, 14, 15 is a woman's
name.
My 13, 3, 10, 4, 12, 11, 15, 3 is the
effect of hard labor.
My 2, 14, 6, 7, 8, 9 was performed
by Noah when he built the Ark.
My whole is a useful modern in-
vention. *Joe Lee.*

Fill the following blanks with the
same word transposed:

142. Jefferson Davis is a — — .
"Double you see."
 143. Would it be — to wear — in
my hair? *Loyalty.*
 144. My first is an animal; my second
is (in sound) an animal; my
third is an animal; my whole is
a bird. *C. F. W.*

145. Behead a tree, transpose, and leave
something precious. *Snowbird.*

146. Behead a household utensil, and
leave a place where it is used;
reverse this, and have a native
of a country. *Wm. R. Quinan.*

147. Curtail a word, add a different let-
ter, and still have the same.
May of Salem.

148. (Dedicated, especially the "Adden-
da," to the author of No. 90.)

I am composed of 39 letters:
My 9, 1, 16, 17, 35 is a sudden ir-
ruption.
My 20, 8, 4, 23 our soldiers some-
times make.
My 19, 5, 38 is a tree seldom seen
in U. S. A.
My 12, 32, 9, 14, 21, 20, 2 is better
boiled than baked.
My 30, 11, 3, 7 is a cereal.
My 10, 15, 6, 9, 18 is common in
Scotland.
My 27, 33, 26, 28, 34 is an instru-
ment of torture.
My 13, 39, 10, 8 is a river in Eu-
rope.
My 37, 22, 36, 31, 7 is a vegetable.
My 28, 29, 39, 9, 18 is an imperial
decree.

Addenda.

My 29, 24, 27 are consonants.
My 1, 10, 15, 25 are letters of the
alphabet.
My whole is the name and resi-
dence of the writer.

149. Transpose *capstan* and *determine* into
one word. *Adelbert Older.*

150. A, A, C, C, E, E, H, H, O, O, T,
T, is a river in A, A, C, E, H, I,
M, N, O, R, R, T.
Howard H. Jackman.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

151. Thump away! *Stupid Harp.*
152. The extreme of extremity.

153. Yellow house-tops. *C. C.*
154. A ruler and a consonant (an ani-
mal). *Sigma.*

155. A color (name of a plant, and not
"pink" or "green"). *C. F. W.*

156. 1000 a 111000000. *Hero.*

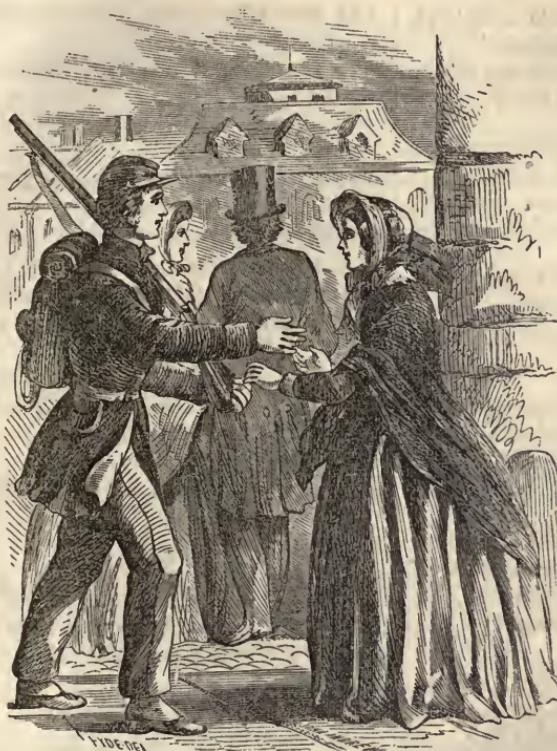
*Answers to the above must be sent in on or
before the 8th of next month.*

Puzzlers will please hereafter
send their answers, contributions, etc.,
to F. F., Box 629, P. O., New Haven,
Conn.

Answers to Questions in April No.

86. Earwig.
 87. Eques curriculum.
 88. Yankee, knee, keen.
 89. Petal : 1, peal ; 2, plea ; 3, plat ; 4, leap ; 5, late ; 6, tale ; 7, pet ; 8, pea ; 9, tea ; 10 and 11, pat, tap ; 12, apt ; 13, let ; 14, ape ; 15, at.
 90. Caroline Elizabeth Loomis, Somerville, New Jersey.
 91. Firearms.
 92. Horse rose.
 93. Because he is a Pat-riot.
 94. Maim, aim.
 95. Schonberg Cotta.
 96. Constellation.
 97. Profligates.
 98. Obreptitious.
 99. The Battle of Waterloo.
 100. Snakes, sneaks.
 101. Tears, tares.
 102. Dora, a rod, road.
 103. Line, Nile.
 104. Time, emit.
 105. Congregationalist.
 106. Martinet.
 107. Candid.
 108. Hard(h)ack, hard(t)ack.
Franc answers all but 98.
Aubrey answers all but 95—but in solving 90, gets two letters wrong.
Ella W. answers all but 95, 102.
Willie W. Perry answers all but 95, 102.
Fred answers all but 95, 100.
Georgius answers all but 95, 102, 106.
Lillie Linden answers all but 98, 100, 102, 105, 108.
Fay Kalbe answers all but 95, 98, 100, 105, 106.
Kate M. answers all but 97, 98, 100, 105, 106.
 "Double you see" answers all but 98, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108.
Nedloh answers all but 93, 95, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108.
 "Keystone" answers all but 95, 96, 97, 98, 100, 102, 105.
Clara answers all but 90, 95, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108.
Florence answers all but 95, 96, 97, 98, 100, 101, 102, 105.
- Ada S.* answers all but 95, 97, 98, 100, 101, 102, 105, 106.
Merrimac answers all but 88, 90, 95, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108.
Anna J. B. answers all but 94, 95, 96, 98, 100, 102, 105, 107, 108.
Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 86, 95, 96, 97, 98, 100, 102, 105, 106.
Merry May answers all but 93, 95, 96, 97, 98, 100, 102, 105, 108.
C. W. J. answers all but 86, 95, 96, 97, 98, 100, 101, 102, 105.
Hero answers all but 90, 95, 96, 97, 98, 100, 102, 105, 108.
Ella answers all but 86, 90, 94, 97, 98, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108.
Mollie and Myra answer all but 90, 94, 95, 97, 98, 100, 101, 102, 105, 108.
Ida answers 86, 87, 88, 91, 92, 99, 101, 103, 104, 106, 107.
Howard H. Jackman answers 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 92, 93, 99, 103, 104, 107.
Prairie Boy answers 87, 88, 91, 92, 93, 94, 99, 101, 103, 104, 107.
Nettie answers 87, 89, 91, 93, 96, 99, 103, 104, 106, 107.
Schoolboy answers 87, 88, 91, 93, 94, 99, 103, 104, 107, 108.
Julian A. P. answers 86, 88, 89, 91, 92, 93, 99, 103, 104, 107.
Albert Wolf answers 86, 88, 91, 92, 93, 98, 103, 104, 107.
Ellen C. S. answers 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 92, 97, 99, 104.
Caddie Everette answers 87, 88, 89, 91, 93, 99, 103, 104.
Snowbird answers 87, 88, 92, 93, 99, 103, 104.
Elizabeth answers 86, 88, 91, 99, 103, 104, 107.
E. S. G. answers 87, 99, 103, 104.
- Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Vivus, Edna Bell, John Snooks, E. S. G., Uncle Abe (who will please forward his address to "F. F." as above), Lillie Linden, Ada S., Fred, Aubrey, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Albert Wolf, Schoolboy, Snowbird, Julian A. P., Georgius, "Keystone," Hero, Prairie Boy, Vincent, Cousin May, Montrose, Wild Rose, and Clara.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.



"GOD bless you! Can it be true at last?" and the warm grasp that accompanied the words showed a depth of emotion which Susan Belmont could not conceal, as her travel-worn husband, with gun on his shoulder and knapsack on his back, suddenly stood before her.

"Three years is a long while to be separated, Sue; but, thanks to Grant and a kind Providence, I'm here at last, and no 'thirty days' furlough' about it, either—'here for good,' as little Allie used to say—in spite of war and Libby Prison, *home for good!* I feel as if I would soon waken, as I have so many scores of times before, to find a mocking dream—my fetters

on me still, and starvation staring me cruelly in the face."

"Forget it all, Ned. You are awake now—let us hasten home; Allie will soon prove to you that you are no longer dreaming."

And seated by his own fireside, loving little arms were soon wound around his neck, and only the words "Papa, papa, papa!" were repeated continually in his ear. Joy in the certainty of his father's presence was too great for Allie to comprehend or express anything else.

It was long past midnight before the voices in the soldier's home were hushed to sleep. Hairbreadth es-

capes and scenes of cruelty were related which no letter had ever been allowed to describe.

And when at last the earnest evening prayer went up to God who had safely restored him to his home once more, most earnestly of all were those remembered who must still watch and wait and hope in vain for the return of loved ones sleeping in some unmarked grave.

Tens of thousands will never return to homes as dearly loved and longed for as this. But God will guard their secret sleeping-places; and he will comfort those who have sacrificed so much that our land might be made the *home of the free.*

KRUNA.

THE BOYS' "FOURTH-OF-JULY."

THERE, can't you see the line, my boys,
And toe the mark precisely?
Dick, just step back a foot or two—
You three have hit it nicely.

I want you all to make me proud—
Show your very neatest drilling,
Or else your captain's honor, boys,
Will not be worth a shilling.

Now! forward, march! quick even
Eye raised a trifle higher, [step,
And throw into your souls, my boys,
A little extra fire!

Forget that Grant has conquered Lee;
Forget that Richmond's taken;
Forget that ditch—the *very* last,
Jeff Davis has forsaken.

The glorious Fourth is just ahead,
We'll save for that our thunder,
And then declare Secession dead,
And buried ten feet under!



By the beating of the drums,
Something of an army comes!
Victory lighting every eye,
See them proudly marching by!
With the beat, beat,
And the tramping feet,
"Yankee Doodle" chimes complete!

And now a halt! and "three times
three"—
Nine cheers for Grant—three groans
for Lee;
Rebels shaken,
Richmond taken,
And an apple-bough for Jefferson D.!

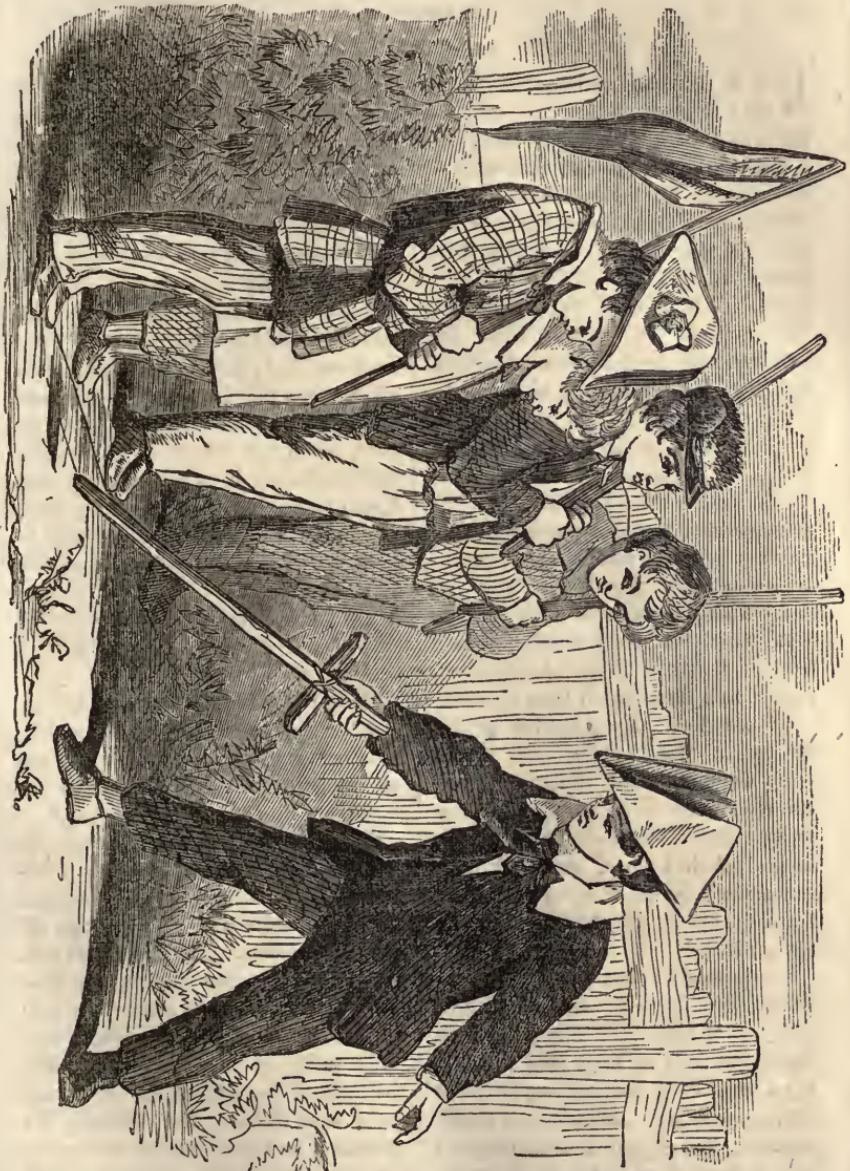
Hurrah, hurrah, boys! be alive
To the glorious Fourth of 'sixty-five;
'Twas a wonderful day in 'seventy-six,
But the British were never in such a
fix

As the grand Confederate host to-day
With their leader in *dress-goods led*
away!

Hurrah, hurrah, boys! be alive
To the glorious Fourth of 'sixty-five!

June, '65. KRUNA.

THEY are coming from the wars,
They are bringing home their scars;
They are bringing back the old flag,
too, in glory;
They have battled long and well,
And let after-ages tell
How they won the proudest name in
song or story;
We are eager with our thanks,
We are pressing on their ranks,
We are grasping hands that held the
States unbroken,
Yet we sadly think of those
Who are sleeping with their foes,
And our trembling tongues give well-
come sadly spoken.
But the long delay is past,
They have brought us peace at last,
And how proudly through our veins
the blood is bounding,
As we bless our honored dead,
While the steady martial tread
Of returning veterans in our ears is
sounding.



ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CRAZY QUEEN.

ELVA slept so soundly all night, that it was nearly two minutes next morning before she could remember where she was, and what it all meant. She was alone in bed. Wendeline was brushing her hair before the mirror. The curtains were closely drawn, and nothing could be seen from the windows; but it was by no means early, and from the noises in the street it was evident that the city of Augusta had been awake for some time.

"Here am I in the State of Maine," thought Elva, closing her eyes again, the better to collect her thoughts; "I presume mother has dressed the baby long ago; Perley and Seth and father are at work in the fields. They all know that I have come on a journey with Wendeline, but not a living soul suspects that it is to see a crazy woman? Oh, it takes me to keep a secret!"

"I wonder," thought Elva as she sprang out of bed, "I wonder how a crazy woman looks! I don't like to tell Wendeline that I am afraid of her own mother; but there is one thing sure—I shall keep as far away from her, and all the other crazy people, as I can, for it's my duty to be careful and not get killed!"

"Is it possible that you are actually awake, Elva Newell?" said Wendeline, loftily. "I have been very restless all night, but you've slept like a baby. It's a mystery to me how anybody can sleep as you do!" Elva looked rather ashamed, but replied that she couldn't help it, she had an odd habit of forgetting where she was the moment her head touched the pillow.

Wendeline looked down upon her friend with a pitying glance. It was so stupid for a girl not to lie awake and *think!* Wendeline was proud to know that she herself had a very active mind!

It was the first time Elva had ever breakfasted at a hotel, and she was careful to keep her eyes and ears open, lest she should do something awkward or countrified; for lately she had taken up the idea that to seem "countrified" was one of the worst of crimes. However, by dint of watching Wendeline, and imitating all she said and did, Elva managed her breakfast very well. She would have been greatly astonished if she could have overheard a little dialogue about this time.

"Who is that young miss in the striped silk dress?" said one lady to another.

"Her name is Gilman," was the reply, "I took pains to ask the landlord, for her mincing manners amuse me very much. The little girl beside her appears quite modest and retiring."

Ah, Elva, you never listened to your sensible mother's assertion, that Wendeline is silly and conceited; you think your mother too *plebeian* to judge of elegant manners. But it happens that these two ladies say just as she does of Wendeline; and they must be real ladies too, for one wears a gold watch (only think of that, my dear!), and the other is the wife of the Governor.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Gilman, his daughter, and Elva started for the Insane Hospital on the opposite side of the river. Elva was surprised to find it so large a building.

"Why, Wendeline," said she, privately, "it must hold legions of people? Is Maine a remarkably crazy State?"

The trio ascended a long flight of stone steps, and were received by a gentleman called the steward, and ushered into the superintendent's private-parlor.

Dr. Bates and his wife remembered Mr. Gilman very well. Mrs. Bates looked a little amused as Wendeline threw back her head and gazed down upon her with a patronizing air. Mrs. Bates was a small woman, and Wendeline was remarkably tall.

"Really your daughter has grown quite out of my recollection," said the lady to Mr. Gilman.

"But I remember her perfectly," said the doctor, extending his hand; "she has a pair of eyes that are not easily forgotten."

Wendeline felt flattered by this speech; but her father sighed, for he knew very well that the shrewd physician was tracing a resemblance between Wendeline's face and that of her mother.

Elva was now introduced to the doctor and his wife.

"I suppose you have nothing new to tell me concerning my patient's condition," said Mr. Gilman, gloomily.

"No, sir; she continues about the same. Once for two days and nights we were obliged to send her to the "cottage," as you will remember; but that was very long ago, and she has never shown such violent symptoms since."

"The *cottage* is the building where the very worst patients are confined," said Wendeline to Elva in a tragic whisper; "they are dressed in sack-cloth and ashes, and sleep on straw."

"Mrs. Gilman is at present in the

second gallery, as I have informed you," continued the doctor.

"We will go to see her now, if you will kindly accompany us," said Mr. Gilman with forced cheerfulness.

They all went down stairs to the middle gallery, Elva clutching fast hold of Mrs. Bates' hand in her terror.

But nothing very frightful appeared; merely a long hall, on each side of which was a row of little bedrooms, the door of each wide open, and displaying a bed draped in white, a cheerful window, a chair, and a little work-table. Nobody seemed to be raving or scolding very loud; all was tolerably quiet and orderly. Wendeline said it was much worse than this in the lower, but much better in the upper gallery.

One woman was walking the floor, wringing her hands and saying she was Lot's wife, nobody must ask her to turn her head or she should certainly become a pillar of salt. Another woman, with short hair, was continually washing her face and coming out of her bedroom saying, "Good-morning, ladies." Some of the patients were grim and sulky; others, again, were laughing with meaningless joy. For each and all the superintendent had a word and a smile. At last they came to Mrs. Gilman's room, but she had fastened the door. The doctor knocked. No answer.

"Oh, but you will let *me* in, Mrs. Gilman!"

"Call me by my right name, sir; then I will see about it."

"But what *is* your right name this morning, madam? you know you change it so often."

"I am Queen Victoria at present, I would have you know; and when you address me by my title, I will open the door."

"Fair Queen Victoria, please let me in," said the doctor, quite willing to humor the poor woman's whim, in the same way that he would have played a game with some little child.

Instantly the queen opened the door. Elva could hardly help laughing, for this woman's appearance was decidedly droll. Her dress was rich and tasteful, but all over it she had pinned queer little images cut out of tissue paper. On her head shone a tinsel crown, and over her eyebrows was fastened a brown-paper shade. Of course she could only look straight down at the floor. "Ha!" cried she, in great displeasure, "you meant to cheat me, doctor! You did not tell me there was any one with you; but I spy four pairs of feet besides your own! Avaunt! and to thy speed add wings."

"But, Queen Victoria, you would like to see my wife?"

"Your wife, the angel! Oh, yes, doctor, let *her* come in, but send the rest away!"

"Do not be capricious, your Majesty," pleaded the doctor, "take that ugly bandage from your eyes, and allow me to introduce to you Mr. Theodore Gilman, his daughter, and her friend, Miss Elva Newell."

"Theodore Gilman! Where have I heard that name before?" said the crazy woman, rising and taking a few dancing steps; "it strikes me I knew a man once named Theodore Gilman. If I did, it was long ago, in some other world! Theodore *Gilman*, why, let me see, he had a black-eyed wife, and black-eyed beans they had for supper! What became of his wife? Stop your talking and let me think! Oh, she had a cold in her ears, and then he pricked her head full of holes like the top of a pepper-box, and then all her brains sprinkled out—hal hal ha!"

"Martha," said Mr. Gilman, going up to his wife and taking her hand, "don't you remember me, your own husband? Try to think a moment how you and I and our little Wendeline lived on the bank of the river in a beautiful house with a portico?"

"Wendeline," echoed the wild woman dancing about with the utmost speed and airy lightness.

"Oh, yes, I know Wendeline, she was a black-eyed bean. Observe how I sit down. Is it not with queenly grace? Attitude is everything, as I have often told you, Mr. Theodore."

Wendeline and Elva suppressed a laugh. It seemed to them very funny to watch the airy motions of this woman.

"I should be so sorry, though, if it was *my* mother," thought Elva; "I should think Wendeline would feel worse than she seems to."

The fact was, Wendeline was by this time pretty well accustomed to the misfortune of having an insane mother.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Gilman, "why I wear this paper across my forehead; it is because of the brilliancy of my eyes; they are like the eyes of a basilisk; and I thought to myself, 'could I ever be forgiven if I should strike anybody dead?' So I made believe I was sick, and when they brought me some gruel, I pasted on this bit of paper. Now my eyes can't strike anybody dead; aren't you going to thank me?"

Neither husband nor daughter could find the slightest satisfaction in talking with this crazed creature, and the interview was soon ended. Mr. Gilman had brought with him all the luxuries of the season—choicer peaches, grapes, and apples; and these he left with the superintendent to be given to her when he saw fit.

"It's always just so," said Wendeline to Elva; "poor papa comes every little while, and keeps hoping that mother's mind will wake up, but it never does, and I believe it never will. She thinks of nothing but dancing steps and attitudes, and you can't make her think of anything else."

"Is her mind gone?" said Elva, "or is it all *snarled up?*"

"'Snarled up,' I should think," replied Wendeline.

Our travelers remained two days at Augusta, and on their return made a visit at Boston. Elva was in a maze of delight. Everything she saw was novel and charming. She wondered how the citizens could stay in their houses when there were so many things in the streets to be seen and admired.

"Indeed, my child," said Mr. Gil-

man, smiling, "you must have been kept very closely at home if Boston is so new and wonderful to you."

Elva thought of quiet little Woodford, the red farm-house, the poultry, sheep, and cattle with a yawn.

"Oh, Wendeline," said she, as the ears were puffing along toward home, "I feel as if I had seen a little of the world; you don't know how stupid it seems to think of Woodford! I've really made up my mind that I shall go and seek my fortune!"

"Wait a month till I'm off to boarding-school," said Wendeline, jestingly.

Neither of the girls were fully in earnest; but the plan had been so often mentioned, that it was beginning to seem quite reasonable. It only needed some trifling event to bring affairs to a crisis. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE NELLIE.

SOFTLY steals from hill and valley

The last glimmering golden ray,
As the sun's deep crimson painting
From the west-land fades away.

Twilight—calm, soul-stirring twilight
Spréads her dewy mantle o'er
This our sinful world of sorrow,
Even as she's done before.

But to-night there's more of blessing
Mingling with our twilight hour,
For our darling soldier brother
Home has come to us once more.

And our gentle blue-eyed Nellie,
Seated on his knee again,
Whispers, as her soft eyes moisten,
"I has prayed for the soldier men."

"Have you, darling?" Charlie answered,
Pressing closer to his breast
The sweet tender little floweret,
"And for me among the rest?"

Lovingly the white arms clasped him,
And the lips impress a kiss;
"Yes," she answers with sly blushes,
Half as if it were amiss.

Tears are in his eyes, our brave boy,
As he presses closer still.
To his heart his darling Nellie
With a sudden happy thrill.

Then our Nellie, gathering courage
By her brother's loving look,
Said, her sweet face lifted upward
While his tender kiss she took—

"I was sorry, brother Charlie,
When you went away last June,
And I've prayed that Christ might
keep you,
Morning, evening, and at noon."

Charlie bends low o'er his sister,
So his face is hid from view;
What his softly whispered prayer is,
No one but the Father knew.

CADDIE EVERETTE.



“POOR MILLY GREY.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “PHILIP SNOW’S WAR,” ETC.

I SUPPOSE that she must have been poor, for “everybody” said, with such commiseration in voice and manner, “Poor Milly Grey,” that one day I asked my Aunt Eunice who Poor Milly was named for.

“Who? why, we don’t know—nobody knows,” she said.

I had been but a few weeks in Ashville, and the history of the little girl was unknown to me, but I had met her two or three times rambling about in places where little girls do not usually like to go alone, and one day I followed a bird of wonderful

brightness away into the depth of a bit of woodland where no sun but that of the winter sun could go. I don’t know how I ventured so far, but the bird was beautiful, and his song charmed me so, that as he flew from branch to branch and tree to tree, I ran on after him, until, all at once, I was right in a dell, all trees and mosses and a tiny brook, and there, would you believe it, was Poor Milly Grey fast asleep, with a bunch of moss for a pillow, and right by her, just as if he knew and loved her, was my bright bird. I kept right still for

a moment and looked at her. I don't know whether it was the running of the brook, or a little chirp of the bird, or my eyes on her, but, all at once, she opened hers and looked at me, then jumped up, her face getting as red as if the sun had been shining down on it with all his might.

"You're the little girl that's visiting at Miss Hines', aren't you?" she asked, putting back her long hair; and stooping down to the stream, she dipped her hands in it, and put them on her forehead and hair, then looked up as brightly as possible.

"Why, yes, I am," I said; "but what were you asleep in these woods for? Haven't you any bed to lie on at home? That moss is all wet!"

"It's a great deal better than other folks' pillows that are not my own," she said. "Nobody owns that moss but God, and He don't say all the time, 'You ought to be thankful that you've got a pillow to lie on, you poor little girl that hasn't a relative in the wide world!' He just lends it to me without saying one word about those hateful things that Jenny Lines calls 'duties of obligation.' I don't even have to say, when I get up, 'I thank you for letting me sleep on your bed.' I like to come to the woods. Oh, how long the winters are! When are you going home?"

"When my vacation is over—three weeks I guess it will be now."

"You've a pretty dress on—it's just the color of the bunches of May pinks that grow right out of the sand on the high bank up where they have cut the railroad through. Does anybody, or your mother, tell you every day when you put that dress on, how much it cost, and how many times it has been all washed and done up for you, and how thankful you ought to be because you've got it?"

"Why, no, Milly Grey; but do tell me"—I was going to ask her why she didn't leave off the Poor from her name, but just then a big farm-boy came tramping through the woods, crushing down all the nice green twigs in his pathway and calling, "Milly, Milly, mother wants you to come home, if you're here anywhere."

"O dear!" sighed Milly all to herself and me; then she called, "I'm here, Robert—I'll go."

"You'd better, or you'll get a scolding; be quick about it, too."

Robert went whistling away through the woods in one direction, and Milly said, "Good bye now; I hope I shall see you some time again."

"But wait," I called; "we can go down together."

"No—I mustn't wait one minute," she cried; and away through the hot summer air sped Poor Milly Grey, leaving me, in my pink dress, far behind.

It was in the evening of this day, when the house was all very still, that I asked my aunt the question about Milly's name.

"Nobody knows why she has so ugly a name!" I exclaimed; "why, the folks who had her baptized know, don't they?"

"Had her baptized!" echoed my aunt; "why, may-be the poor thing never was baptized—it has been shameful if she hasn't; I will ask Mrs. Dale the first time I see her."

"Well, then," I cried, "I just hope she hasn't, 'cause then she can change her name. I thought, may-be she had an aunt, or an uncle, or a grandfather, or something whose name was *Poor*, and that she'd got a lot of money or houses by wearing that name; I read a story of a little girl who did, once."

Aunt Eunice laughed so heartily that I stopped, and she caught me by the arm. "Laura, did you think Poor was a part of Milly's name?"

"Certainly—everybody calls her so."

"I will tell you why: I suppose Milly is about nine years old—but no one knows exactly how old she is, or her real name. Mrs. Dale and her husband were traveling one summer in the far West, and on one of the Western rivers the boat that they were on was burned. It ran against a snag first, and then took fire, and half the passengers were lost. Mr. and Mrs. Dale were saved. The boat was laden with cotton coming up from New Orleans, and they escaped by clinging to one of the bales that were cast into the river. It was a long distance to the shore; but when the shore was reached, it was in a wild, wild place, without a house for miles around, and then, tied fast to a plank, was a little child, not more than two years old it seemed. On the neck of the child had been tied a handkerchief, and the name on it, as nearly as it could be found out, was M. Grey. No one came to claim or to inquire for the child, and so Mrs. Dale kept her, and she's been very kind to her ever since. Milly ought to be very thankful, for seven years she has had a good home, and by-and-by I hope she will begin to pay back something for all that has been done for her."

"I wouldn't—I'd run away; I wouldn't live where I had such a big debt piling up against me every day," I said, remembering Milly's words.

"Laura! Laura! it's time for you to go to bed," said my aunt; and to my bed I went, to dream of Milly Grey.

During the three weeks that remained of my vacation, I contrived every possible meeting with Milly. She told me all her sorrows, and I told her my joys, and all about the life I was happy in, in the city. How I wanted to go to Mrs. Dale and ask her if she would let Milly come to see me in my home; and one day when we were in the very place where I first met her, I ventured to ask Milly how she thought Mrs. Dale would answer me.

"Oh, don't," she almost cried; "I should be scolded so for talking to you about myself, and I haven't any right kind of clothes to wear to visit you in. Don't you see how yours are not one bit like mine?"

Milly had grown so beautiful and so heroic in my eyes, having resisted every entreaty of mine to run away and not live with Mrs. Dale any longer, that I never thought that anybody would notice anything about her dress any more than I did; but her argument convinced me at once, and with kisses and tears and promises never, never in the wide world to forget each other, we separated on the edge of the bit of woods.

The next day I was to go home. Very early in the morning came the sound of the stage horn that blew long before it reached my aunt's house, so that the passenger would be all ready and not keep the stage waiting. To be sure, the driver looked in surprise to see me going on a long journey of twelve miles to the railway, all alone, however. He put up my baggage and myself, and said, "I'll take good care of her, Miss Hine—don't you fret about her;" and Aunt Eunice hugged her handkerchief in her hand very tight, and said, "Good-bye, Laura."

Just then the driver cracked his whip, and the stage started. I couldn't stop to cry just yet, for I knew I should get one glimpse of Mrs. Dale's house and, may-be, of Milly, so I rubbed my eyes a minute right hard, to clear them of the mist; and presently we were at the top of the hill, and the chimneys were in sight. I almost forgot to look away from the house, but just one glimpse I caught of Milly. Out in the meadow where the hay had been cut were three big oak-trees, quite away from the house, and there, leaning up against the trunk of one of them, stood my dear Milly. Her dress was just the color of oak-bark, so that I don't know as I should have seen her if she hadn't covered up her face, for she was crying, and trying to hide it.

"Oh, stop!" I exclaimed, and then hushed myself, for I knew the driver couldn't stop for me to speak to Milly away over there in the meadow, but I couldn't hush the tears that would come, nor keep them from rolling down my face.

"What is the matter, my little girl? are you homesick?" said some one close beside me, but I didn't answer—I was choking with the grief of parting from Milly.

"Tell me, my child; I haven't any little girls to tell me how sorry they are to go away from my home, nor to love me, so won't you tell me about yours?" and somebody, whose arm was very strong, drew me up quite close, and before I knew what I had done, I had told the strange man all about Poor Milly Grey, everything that I ever knew; and he asked so many questions, that the only other passenger, who was pretty old, I guess, and quite deaf, said to me, "Do you know this gentleman?" and I only

shook my head at her and talked faster than ever; and when he kissed me good-bye at the station, she looked dreadfully shocked, and shook her head at me, but somehow I didn't mind.

I had been home a whole week, but I had been very faithful, and not forgotten Milly Grey one bit, when one day, as I went into the house from school, our Mary met me in the hall, and said, "There's a little miss waiting in the parlor to see you."

Now the little misses that I had known all my life seemed very stupid to me since I had come to know Milly, and so I did not run in in very much of a hurry; but when I opened the door, I cried out, "O dear me! Dear Poor Milly Grey!" for there she stood, right in the middle of the room, only all dressed up in fine clothes. "Milly, how did you get here?" I cried; "if I'd known it, I'd have come home sooner."

"Laura, *he* brought me," said Milly, and she pointed to a large arm-chair in a dark corner of the room. I had to look twice before I could see distinctly; and then he started forward and caught me in his arms, the very man that I had told Milly's history to, and just as he was kissing me, my mother came in.

"This is the little girl I love so, mother—the one I met up in Ashville," I said.

"And this is the little girl's uncle," said the gentleman; and he handed my mamma a card, and then began to tell her something to which she listened, while Milly drew me away to a window and whispered—

"He has paid Mrs. Dale for every pillow I've slept on, and every bit of clothes I've worn out, and all the things I've eaten, and got a paper in

his pocket that says so, and he says I don't owe anybody anything, but God up in heaven, who won't ever ask me to pay him—and I'm so happy!"

The gentleman was Milly's mother's brother, who had long relinquished the hope of ever hearing from the lost family, when I—the little girl taking a journey all alone in a stage-coach—was so imprudent as to tell a stranger a story that he declares will make him happy to the end of his days; and I guess Milly must have changed her name, for nobody says "Poor Milly Grey" any longer; but the country people who live at Ashville say again and again, "Why couldn't we know that Mrs. Dale had such a little heiress in her house?"

May-be they wouldn't know it yet, if Milly had not fallen asleep that day in the woods on "God's own pillow of moss."

THE BEST YOU CAN.—Never faint, halt, or despair because you can not realize your ideal and do the thing you *would*. Only do the best you *can*, and no authoritative judgment shall condemn you. Your will may be equal to your ideal, while circumstances may raise an insuperable bar, for the time being, at least. How many persons make wreck of talent in sighing for opportunities to do more than their circumstances warrant. They disdain the low rounds of the ladder which most surely lead to the high. They have a notion of what is perfect accomplishment, and are unwilling to take any half-way preliminary steps. They have no faith in the proverb, "half a loaf is better than no bread." If they would study the record, they would soon learn that the most famous winners of whole loaves were at the start willing and

ready to take any slice they could get. Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and opportunities we have—not to neglect small advantages because we can not have large ones. By cultivating the littles, we make it easier to compress the greatest.

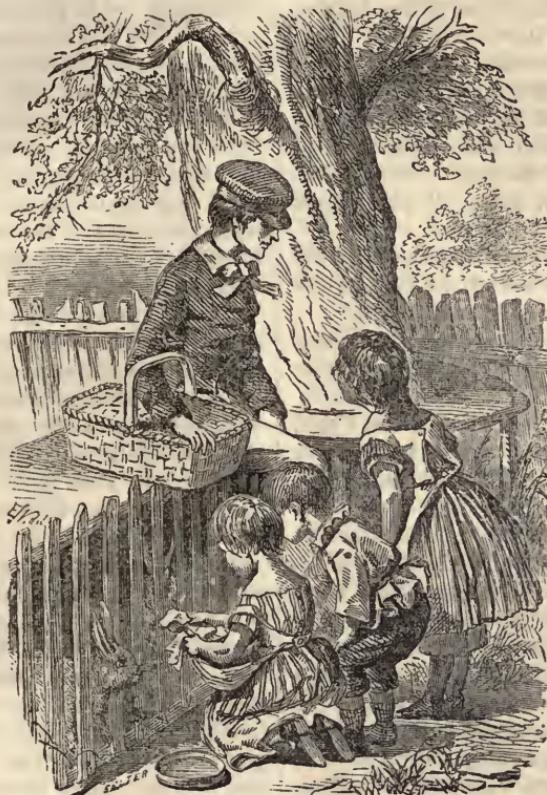


SUSIE MOORE.

PRETTY Susie Moore,
Sitting by the door;
The roses o'er her head
Are not half so red
As her cheeks so merry,
And her lips of cherry.

Idle Susie Moore,
Dozing by the door,
With her open book,
And her dreamy look,
While the precious day
Swiftly speeds away.

Wake up, Susie Moore!
Dreaming by the door.
If you never learn,
How your cheeks will burn
When, some future day,
Admiring people say,
Glancing at each dimple,
"Susie's sweet, but *simple!*"



EARLY IN THE MORNING.

ADDIE MARSHALL, a little girl ten years old, had been visiting her cousins, who owned some beautiful white rabbits. She came home full of admiration of their snowy coats and pink ears and gentle ways.

"Oh, papa! do get me some rabbits, too," begged she. "Rob will help me take care of them, won't you, Rob?"

Her elder brother smiled assent, but her father said, doubtfully,

"Yes, I'm afraid he would have to take the whole care of them."

It finally was postponed for consideration until the morrow, and Addie waited very impatiently.

The bright early morning came, and the rising-bell rang. Addie turned sleepily over in bed. "There's plenty of time," thought she, "and I'm so sleepy."

Presently her mamma opened the door, and called, "Addie, are you up? —it's most breakfast-time!"

"Yes'm, I'm going to," murmured the little girl, and her blue eyes closed again.

At last, with a loud clang, the breakfast bell sounded. Then she jumped hastily up and sprung round, putting on her clothes, and splashing the water into her face, and pulling

the comb, regardless of the tangles, through her short curly locks. With all her efforts, she did not get down stairs until they were nearly through breakfast, and her papa was just going into the hall to put on his overcoat. Addie seized his arm. "Oh! it's to-morrow now, papa. Mayn't I have my rabbits?"

He looked back significantly at her mother, who sat at the head of the table. Robbie laughed aloud.

"Your rabbits wouldn't fare very well if they had to have breakfast so late," replied her father.

"Well, but you know, papa, I shall be sure to get up early if I have them to feed," said Addie, blushing, but still coaxingly.

"Will you? Come, now—I'll make an agreement! If you'll be down fifteen minutes before breakfast, for a month, you shall have the rabbits."

Addie looked rather blank, and a little disappointed, but agreed, and Robert wrote down the terms and the date in his pocket-book.

The next morning she began, and did wonderfully well for three or four days, at the end of which she had to recommence her efforts on account of a relapse. However, she began again resolutely, springing up in the morning, with her eyes only half open, and resisting all temptations to drop asleep over her shoes and stockings. Such vigorous efforts met with the success they deserved, and in six weeks from the time our story opens, she was able to claim her reward.

"Very well done," said her father. "Wait patiently a few days."

So she waited, much encouraged by seeing a small house in process of building, for the future residence of her rabbits. She thought of them every single minute. Names for them

occurred to her in the middle of a lesson at school, and she would suddenly break out at the dinner-table to know what she must feed them with, or to make some other important inquiry.

At last one night, when she kissed her father before going to bed, he said, very mysteriously, "Addie, I wish you would go down to the rabbit-house to-morrow morning, and see if it suits you."

"Why, I saw it to-day."

"Never mind! go to-morrow, and take your cousins with you."

So, at least twenty minutes before breakfast-time, Addie started down the garden-path, with black-eyed Louie and cunning little Willy. Hand in hand they ran, but Rob was there before them, leaning on the rabbit-house with a big basket on his arm. And as they peeped through the bars they saw two of the sweetest little rabbits you could imagine. Addie jumped up and down. "Oh! here are Snow and Pink!" cried she.

What a fine time the children had playing with them, you can guess; and how early Addie always rose after this, to feed her little pets!

MADGE.

A SINGULAR rumor is afloat among the Chinese at Pekin, which shows how prompt they still are to believe ill of foreigners. It was said that the student interpreters were in the habit of kidnapping boys and girls and digging out their eyes, to use them for photographic purposes. The Chinese government took the matter up, bambooed several persons severely who were found propagating the scandal, and have succeeded in arresting four or five of the real kidnappers, so the tale is now beginning to die out.

ONLY IN FUN.

A WAY beyond Lake Michigan's sandy bluffs, the smooth, bright prairie gardens flaunt their summer robes, smiling in conscious beauty; and well they may, such pictures of loveliness they are; such a broad sweep of soft billowy greenness, dotted here and there with little families of bushes, with now and then a motherly-looking oak-tree to overlook them all.

But the wind has some grand frolics in his Western travels, and plays sad tricks, as every school-boy can tell you.

And then old Sol rises ever so much earlier out there than he does elsewhere, because he has no hills to climb, and like all Western people, he keeps his eyes wide open; and you can't get the start of him a bit, at least Katie Grayson thought so, for he stole a march upon her every morning, and crept softly into her snug little room, resting cosily upon her pillow, and blinking his great round eye in a way that said plain enough, "It's high time little folks were up."

"I wonder if it *is* late!" said Katie, rubbing her eyes. She listened a moment, and then got up, for there was the rattle of dishes below stairs, and she had ever so much to do.

There was somebody coming to Katie's house that day—somebody she wanted to see, oh! so much, and she was on tip-toe. Her little fat fingers flew over the bothersome fastenings, and arranged the tangled eurls very much as brother Bob said they did in camp, "on the double-quick," for brother Bob was a soldier, fighting for the dear old flag Katie loved so well. But now he was coming home, and her heart bounded at the thought, such a dear good brother as he was, always taking her part when Frank

teased her, and telling *such* funny stories—her sides fairly ached every time she thought of them.

She knelt by her little bed to ask God's blessing upon all the dear ones, and for his loving care all through the day, to keep them from evil and harm, pleading, in a simple earnest way, for strength to do right always. Then leaning from her window to listen just one moment to her favorite robin's morning hymn, she bounded down the stairs just in time for the early farmer's breakfast.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad Bob is coming!" she exclaimed, quite out of breath, slipping into the vacant chair by mamma.

"Yes, I suppose you think you'll have somebody to fight *your* battles now," said Frank, laughing.

Katie gave a short nod, and cracked her egg in silence; she was in no mood for a skirmish with Master Frank, though he kept up a pretty sharp cross-fire all through breakfast, in spite of a reproving look from mamma.

Katie swallowed her cup of milk hastily, then slid from her chair, and the morning's work commenced. There were the parlor vases to be filled, besides a very choice bouquet for Robbie's own room; and then she had planned some little surprises, that had to be arranged and rearranged a dozen times at least. Of course everything must be in apple-pie order, a state of affairs never brought about except by busy hands, and Katie's seemed possessed with the spirit of industry itself. Now exploring the barn for hidden nests, then back in the kitchen beating eggs and sifting flour, until she looked like a miller—making a grand rush to the front gate now and then, to reconnoiter, although she

knew well enough it was not time to look for papa yet ; he had told her not to begin to look until twelve, but somehow she couldn't help it.

At last the lagging clock traveled up the steep ascent to twelve, and Katie, arrayed in a fresh muslin and bright ribbons, darted in and out as restless as the humming-birds in the honeysuckles.

" Ah ! Katie's proud, because she's dressed up," said teasing Frank.

" No, I'm not a bit proud ; and you know it, Mr. Frank ; I'm only just clean and decent."

" Oh ! ain't she, though ? " he continued, soliloquizingly ; " just see her curls switch, and her ribbons fly like the mischief."

" Oh, dear ! we don't like boys a bit, do we, Carlo ? " sighed Katie, looking down at the bright-eyed little spaniel that sat watching her movements.

" Ah, ah ! you don't like Bob, I reckon, then ; ain't he a boy ? "

" No, indeed, he's not ; he never torments anybody," retorted Katie, indignantly.

" Just hear how she snaps, though," continued Frank, shaking his head gravely. " This won't do."

" Come, Carlo, I'm not going to stay here another minute," exclaimed Katie, getting very red in the face in her endeavors to reach her sun-hat.

" Will you take it now, or wait till you get it ? " said Frank, holding it away out of her reach.

" Was there ever another such a plague ? " Katy said, despairingly.

To her great relief mamma appeared just then, and Master Frank made himself quite scarce.

" Now then, Carlo," said Katie, soberly, " I'll tell you what I'm going to do ; here is Frank's horn, and when I see old Whitey coming down the road,

I'll blow a good blast, a real rouser, and then we'll both run to meet Bob."

So with a hop-skip-and-jump she led the way down the garden walks, Carlo darting on ahead, as if he understood the whole programme, making a grand raid into grasshopper-dom, scattering the whole tribe right and left, and rousing the drowsy butterflies from their noon-day nap. The birds knew Carlo better than to suppose he had any evil designs in invading their domains, so they sang on quite composedly, while Katie ran and shouted, and Carlo barked and raced about like mad up and down the smooth walks, in and out, among bushes and trees, at the risk of soiled frock and tumbled curls. Carlo had nothing to fear in that respect, his coat was made for service.

At last Katie brought up at a turn in the path, where, raising herself on tip-toe, she could catch the first glimpse of Whitey. She strained her bright eyes ; but there was only a small cloud of dust visible ; a minute more, and the old farm-horse came trotting down the road, as briskly as if he understood the importance of his mission, and knew of the anxious hearts that awaited his coming.

Katie clapped her hands, and danced straight up and down, quite beside herself with joy ; then putting the horn to her lips, puffed out her round fat cheeks, and blew a blast that brought Carlo around the corner with a sharp bow-wow, that said quite plainly, " Now, then, I'm ready."

So away they both flew, Carlo taking the lead, and occasionally facing about to give a series of short barks, and then bounding on again to make up lost time.

Was that bronzed and bearded veteran in blue really brother Bob after all ? Katie had to look twice, and



was not quite sure then, until she was caught in his strong arms, and heard him asking if that was really "his little Katy-did."

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad!" was all she could say. A tear or two dropped upon Katie's face that she could not account for; she thought only little folks cried. But mamma laughed and cried by turns over her brave soldier boy, thanking God in her heart of hearts that he was spared to them, while so many were lying in unknown graves on Southern soil.

"One of mother's good old-fashioned dinners," said Bob, when they were at last seated about the table. "How often I've thought of them when 'hard-tack' and muddy coffee made up the bill of fare. This now seems like old times."

"Oh, don't it, though?" exclaimed Katie. "It seems so good to see Bob in his old seat; you had better look out now, Master Frank."

"What, Frank at his old tricks again, eh?"

"Me! tricks! Why, what are you talking about?" asked Frank, innocently. "I ain't doing anything."

"Oh, you never do anything; oh, no! But who hides my dolls, and sets traps to trip me up and give me a red nose; and pulls up my flowers, and plants them tops down and roots up? Just tell me that, will you?"

"Oh, pshaw! I was only in fun; but that's just the way with girls; they always boo-hoo about everything like babies, and then run and tell ma."

"I'm not a baby any more than you are," retorted Katie, indignantly.

"There, children, that will do," said Mr. Grayson. "Bob will think you are worse than the rebels."

"I think I shall have to tell a story," said Bob, soberly.

"Oh, will you?" And Katie's pie was left untouched, although one of mamma's best, and she was beside him, ready to devour every word.

"It's not much of a story after all, Katie, only a little war episode, so don't expect too much."

"One dreary night, after a dearly bought victory, a young soldier, a mere boy, lying wounded in one of the hospitals, sent for me. I knew he was going fast at the first glance, such a deathly pallor had settled upon his

face, and his voice was faint and low, as he gave me some last messages for the dear ones at home.

"What troubles me most of all," he said at last, "is the way I used to tease my little sister, and she never can have any pleasant remembrances of me now; I wish I had been kinder."

"His voice sank to a whisper, and I bent my head to catch the last faint words—

"Comfort mother, and tell Mollie

to forget and forgive, as I hope our Father in heaven has done. Good-bye, comrade!"

Frank's face was turned away, and when Katie had brushed the mist from her eyes, he was gone.

Poor Frank had never understood fully the Scripture lesson, "Be ye kind one to another." He was "only in fun," forgetting, as hundreds of children do, that what was fun for him was death to others. EULA LEE.

THE SUNLIGHT OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.



DID you ever see her,
The little fairy sprite [hold
Who came glancing through our house-
Like a ray of golden light?
Whose little feet kept dancing,
Never weary, until eve
Threw its purple shadows o'er us,
And her good-night kiss she gave?

Did you ever see her,
With her floating curls of brown,
As she gladly ran to meet us
Coming from the distant down?
As she greeted us with kisses,
'Twas the sweetest welcome home

To hear her bird-voice lisping,
"Oh! I'm so glad you've
come!"

Did you ever see her,
With her eyes of azure blue?
They were sometimes filled
with tear-drops,
Like a violet with dew;
Oftener they were laughing,
dancing, [with joy
Shining, twinkling, bright
As she told some pretty story
Of her kitten or a toy.

And you did not see her
When those pattering feet
were still,

When the little hands were folded,
Not by their sweet owner's will;
When the eyes were closed so gently,
And the curls of soft brown hair
By the hands of friends were parted
From her forehead pure and fair.

And you did not see her
When they shut the coffin-lid,
And our little fairy darling
From our sight forever hid;
With her going went our sunlight—
From our home 'tis ever gone:
May we say with truth and calmness,
Not my will, but Thine, be done!

AUNT SUE'S SCRAP-BAG.

AN AFRICAN EMPEROR'S TREASURY.—The *Moniteur de l'Armée* gives the following description of the Emperor of Morocco's treasure-house at Mequinez:

In the middle of the garden stands a fortress, with a triple wall, perfectly armed and defended. In the central inclosure rises a stone building, lighted only from the roof. It is entered through three iron doors, one after the other. The pavement of the interior is black marble, and at one end is a large opening through which the gold and silver coin, bullion and jewels, are conveyed to the treasury below. This last-mentioned place is an extensive vault divided into compartments of equal size, in each of which is the value of a million piastres. The net produce of the taxes are lodged in the treasury every three months. The emperor himself when at Mequinez is present on the occasion; but in his absence he names three of the chief officers of his household to attend for him, knowing well that mutual distrust will scarcely allow them to concert a robbery, and if they should do so, they would soon betray each other, or be denounced by the black guardians of the place. When the imperial treasury was first established, the money was kept in large earthen jars; but on one occasion the contents of ten were abstracted, and the robbery concealed by filling the jars with earth and covering the top with a few gold pieces. The theft was not discovered immediately; but a black who had seen the robbers in the act, and had been nearly murdered by them and left for dead, afterward recovered and gave information against them. The Emperor ordered the ten thieves to be

decapitated and directed that their heads should be placed in the ten jars which they had emptied, as a warning to others. These vases are still in the treasury, placed on marble pedestals. Muly-Ismail's successor determined to adopt a different arrangement, and built the vaults now existing. The Emperor Muley Soleiman, well known for his cruelty, was accustomed, after the quarterly deposits, to have all the blacks put to death who had been engaged in the operation. Abd er Rhaman, his successor, abolished that atrocious usage, but he decided that the blacks employed in arranging the money in the vaults should never leave the building. It would therefore be useless for them to steal the treasure, as they are separated from the rest of the world, and could neither spend nor conceal it.

An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

He who carries musical compositions in his hat, puts on airs whenever he walks out.

WHAT is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine driver? One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

In infancy, levity is a beauty, in manhood a fault, in age a vice.

A MAGNIFICENT watch, part of the booty found at the Emperor of China's summer palace in Pekin, is on exhibition in Paris. It is said to have been

worn by the emperor himself, and is studded with the finest Oriental pearls, eneied on the back with a painting of the prodigal son, and has on the dials two grotesque figures which regularly strike the hours and quarters with tiny hammers on a pair of equally diminutive bells. The whole is a perfect specimen of Swiss or French horology, and is valued at £2,500.

OLD Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter, and new legs to them every other winter.

OF all the modifications of manner which are to be met with in society, perhaps the most generally pleasing is simplicity, even as that water is the purest which has no taste; that air the freshest which has no odor.

AN eccentric Englishman offered a reward for the best epitaph for his own grave. Those offered for the prize he thought flattered him too much, and he penned the following for himself:

"Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,

Who lived and died like other folks."

—Notes and Queries.

THE pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

THE error of one moment often becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

FELL FROM GRACE.—A good woman who is very fond of using large words, sent for us to prescribe for a headache, the result of a violent fall; she assured us that she fell down and struck her head "with such exceeding violence on the steps that she wasn't conscientious for some hours." It occurred to us that if falls were productive of that condition, a large portion of the hu-

man family must be in the daily habit of knocking their heads on the steps.

THE term "rajd," now so frequently used, is not an Americanism, as has been supposed, but is a word of British origin, having the sanction of Sir Walter Scott. In his boat song in the *Lady of the Lake* occurs the following couplet:

"Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid."

HABIT.—Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected, it becomes a thread of twine; next, a cord or rope; finally, a cable—then who can break it?

HE who makes the mistakes, the foibles, the faults, the misconceptions of men—the ten thousand infelicities of human life—the subject-matter of comment, of jest, of social enjoyment, and of personal amusement, is a barbarian. He is not a Christian.

ROWLAND Hill said, "he would not give a farthing for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it." Religion has breadth.

A BUSY-BODY.—One who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business in order to attend to the business of others.

AN Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered, "If the house was turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first flore!"

DYSPEPSIA is said to be the remorse of a guilty stomach.

OPPORTUNITIES, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

WHY is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

WHAT is the most squally sea? Infan-cy.



THE KNIFE AND PICTURE.

BERTIE was a little boy, eight years old. His pet plaything, that he liked more than his Noah's ark, or his wooden horse, or big painted top, was a pretty jack-knife that uncle John had given him. But Bertie was too small to manage such a sharp instrument, and had already cut his fingers several times. One day, when he had just done it again, his papa came in and took it away from him. Bertie cried at that, and, I am sorry to say, began to kick a little, and show a tem-

per—as very good little boys, you know, never do.

His papa sat down and took up a newspaper, and Bertie, finding he made no impression by his screaming, was soon tired, and stopped. Then Mr. Darley asked him to come to him, and taking him on his knee, opened a large old Bible on the table, and showed him a picture very much like the one you see here.

Bertie was very fond of pictures, and at once took his sulky little finger

out of his mouth, and a sunny, pleasant look crept over the cloudy face.

"Ah! who is that man, papa, with wings? He's an angel, isn't he?"

Then in answer to a string of questions, Mr. Darley told him the story—old, and yet always fresh and new—of Abraham and Isaac; of the father whom God called to sacrifice with his own hand the son whom he loved better than anything in the world; and of the meek, obedient son, who suffered himself to be bound and laid on the altar. Then he told how, at the very last, the angel of the Lord called from heaven and said to Abraham that he need not complete the offering—that it was enough—that he had proved himself willing. Then Abraham turned, and saw in the bushes a ram caught by the horns, and he sacrificed that on the altar instead of his darling son Isaac. Afterward the angel called again; and as Abraham and Isaac bowed their heads reverently, he pronounced a beautiful blessing on them, and sent them back to their home.

"Now, Bertie, my little boy," concluded Mr. Darley, "do you see what hard things papas have to do sometimes? They can not always consult the wishes of their children, or their own inclinations. It was a great trial to Abraham to give up his only son. But do you see how obedient Isaac was, and how he trusted his father? My little boy must try to be more like Isaac."

Bertie understood the gentle reproof very well, and threw his arms around his papa's neck and hugged him tight, without saying a word. But, indeed, no words were needed, for the mute expression of penitence sufficed. And Bertie didn't forget it for a long time, either.

MADGE.

VICTORY AT LAST.

Down from a thousand camps they pour
Over the ramparts like the whirlwind's roar,
Sweeping like death down on the foes,
Like legions of arrows from legions of bows.

Brave spirits are leading the storming corps,
While the thunder of battle above them soars,
But onward they rush through the gates of hell,
And strike down the foe with a demon-like yell.

Fast at their heels brave Sheridan rides, [tides;
Bearing them down like merciless And they yield to the power of union and right,
And Lee and his army are ours tonight.

It cost many brave hearts the battle to win,
But the heroes that fought will ever live in History's pages and Poesy's lays,
And millions unborn will honor and praise.

C. C.

A FURRIER in Broadway, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies might have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements: "N.B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable style, *out of their own skins!*"

LAZINESS begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly, that he is bound tight before he knows it.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE anniversary of our Nation's birth-day comes to us this year with double force and peculiar joy. Our brave boys in blue are coming home, bringing back the old Stars and Stripes in glory, "not a Stripe erased nor a single Star obscured;" but with more than their original luster they shine forth with increasing brightness. There never was a time when we had so much to celebrate or so much occasion for rejoicing. Freedom and Liberty, purchased by the best blood of our Revolutionary fathers, has been repurchased and consecrated anew by the noble heroes who have freely died that their country might live. Their noble deeds of glory will live in song and story as long as time and memory shall last.

Ring the bells, wave the flags, fire the guns, shout the loud huzzas, and sing "Victory at last!"

Our land is free indeed, and our country destined to be the home of freedom, a shelter for the oppressed, and a land where God shall manifest his glory upon the earth. As you shout and sing, remember the blessings that God has bestowed upon you, and forget not all his mercies. Let this day impress upon your minds the lessons which it teaches, and learn to love your God, your country, and your fellow-man.

Since our meeting last month, another sadness has come over our Merry circle; another link is broken, and another mortal has put on immortality. Our dear Ella sleeps in Jesus. After months of severe sickness, during which she manifested such patient submission and Christian cheerfulness, she was so calm and happy, so peacefully waiting her departure, that there seemed to be a coming down of heaven to receive and welcome her to glory and immortality. Among her last words were, "Tell Uncle Robert about me." We rejoice to know

she was fully prepared and ready to be transferred to the heavenly garden, "where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

She loved the MUSEUM and the Merrys, and her calls at the sanetum, free and cordial and pleasant, were always enjoyed by us. Let us all so live that we shall be equally prepared for the heavenly mansions.

We would call the special attention of the Chatterers to the Puzzle Drawer this month, though we need not introduce the Queen who reigns supreme in that department. We congratulate the friends of Queen Fleta upon her accession to the throne, and believe all the Merrys will be her true and loyal subjects.

CONCORD, N. H., June 6.

Well, Miss Iva, I think you've proved your right to that corner, and half of the sofa; and I, without further remarks, shall establish myself on the other half of said tête-à-tête! (Is there room for one in between?) Moreover, are you sure you haven't changed your mind about Jolly Jingle? Anyway, I'm in no frame of mind to "walk." So, Cousins, let's have a jolly time in "MacGregor and Jingle's Corner!"

Juno, when will you organize our "owny donty" circle? So many seek admittance, it will be a difficult "job!" Isn't the password, "Love of Poetry and Music," in some shape? What beautiful times we'll have reading from our favorite authors, "between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower;" and when night lowers so extensively as to be strongly suggestive of failing eyesight, we will "lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of the voice." So, Juno, please collect your "Longfellowites."

Daisy, dost accept the queenly station? "Silence gives consent!"

So, Merrys, gather gayly 'round
On the green and mossy ground!

Fair Queen Daisy's to be crowned!

Having suffered severely in writing the above lines, I subside.

JOLLY JINGLE.

IN MY SANCTUM, June 9.

DEAR COUSINS ALL :—Again I venture within the sacred precincts of the Chat without any fear, for I have kept silent and listened attentively to my "betrayers;" but now my turn is come. Attention! Listen!

To Hattie and Eugene :

"Oh, happy *they*, the happiest of their kind,

Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate

Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!"

Accept my congratulations, late though they be.

Uncle, will you please tell me how many corners there are in the Merry parlor? I should suppose it was *all* corners, from the numerous ones that are occupied by "select circles."

Now I have hid my light under a bushel long enough, so I propose to let it shine for a while, and I am going to take an arm-chair in the centre of the room and form a "charmed circle" for myself; so come in, Liberty, A. Van A., Spectator, Maple Shade, Tulips, and all that love fun and mince-pies. Allie Frank, you shall be poet(ess) laureate, and W. A. R. shall furnish light dark nights. (How many shares taken in your Gas Company?) Pontiac, you may join if will send me your photo before the year 1900.

Belle, I hope to see you this summer —let me know when you are coming.

Admiral, wilt thou exchange?—Teaser likewise?

Mamie E. M., have you succeeded in changing your name yet?

A hint to the wise is sufficient, Lillie Linden, Operator, and, in fact, all the Cousins. My address is, Mamie, Drawer 10, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Good-bye.
MAMIE.

I will answer your question in person the first Tuesday in August, as I expect to be present at the great National Temperance Convention to be held there that week, so have the arm-chair ready, and a greeting for your old Uncle.

TROY, June 7.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS :—Some one has said, "troubles shall never cease;" so it seems in our case. I am informed that I shall not go into retirement, and that the Chat shall yet be vexed by "civil" or *uncivil* "War."

Well, so be it; if in my humble efforts I can vex or please any one of the human family, I am what we should all be. merry.

Life is considerable of a "botheration" (at least those who deal with me say so), and it behooves us to make the most of it, and not make it pass

"Like the dead image in the glass,

Like the shadow on the grass," but make it "a thing of beauty and joy forever," so that when we get to be grandpops and grandmarm's, the remembrance of these Merry days will cause a continual sunshine of good-nature, that will make us forget the ills of our existence, and make generations to come wish they, too, had an Uncle Merry. Since, then, it must be so,

Let's to work with strength and zeal,
Putting shoulders to the wheel;
Let's give no "quarter," neither ask it,
Except to Uncle and the "basket."

So blow, ye gentle breezes—tease ye Teaser—"let chaos come again"—so long as I've a cousin in the corner, who's afraid? I intend some "divine poet," ye leapt Bill Sticker, shall post our glorious name on every corner, so look out, y^e Merrys! From the "Oriental" regions of Troy I come, mounted on an "ethereal" Pegasus made mad by a royal banquet of "wild oats" and pun king sarse.

A corner! a corner! my kingdom (and that's played out) for a corner! if within "the boundless contiguity of Chat" (as A. E. D. says, and she don't like ——) there's a "dusty corner" untouched by the d—'s broom, and where *pi* reposes in blissful security, sound the alarm! the "divine" bill-sticker comes, and slap dab on the "sanctum" wall is the illustrious, "glorious" name of
W. A. R.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, June.

Bob O'Link, you're a saucy bird. A. Novelty may soon become A. N.uisance, you know. But I hope to avoid that fate by being packed down in the Attic salt (so *very* abundant!) of the Chat.

Thank you, Annie. I can't leave so long as you stay, or Aunt Sue bids me "scintillate to please a little;" I don't know how, Auntie. These Southern gabs are very welcome, if they will not blow so hard as they used to.

Montrose, your name savors of civil war.

Flib, the republic is safe! The kings

and queens are all beheaded—that is, headed off in the race. F. F. now occupies a seat to which she has an undoubted right.

An easy chair before the Puzzle Drawer, Ruling a kingdom where her word is law, Puzzling the merry, the witty, and the wise

With endless questions, riddles, and replies,
Were I a puzzler, or assumed the guise,
I'd count a smile from her the highest prize!

The MacGregor discourses "toploftically" in the High-land dialect. Has she forgotten a New Hampshire high lander whose "name" would be perpetuated in her remembrance?

A. N.

BROOKLYN, May, 1865.

MERRYS DEAR :—I have not been in the Chat this long time, so I am coming in now without knocking.

Leslie, do you know any "pusson" by the name of W. H. M——e, living near "Point Green"?

Juliette, may-be I know you—if not you, your brother, may-be.

Geraldine, we are fellow-citizens—shan't we be friends? Yours,

MAMIE E. M.

DEAR MERRY COUSINS :—I have lately read the Chat with great interest, and although my former letters did not succeed, I have resolved to try again.

Calleta, I think I know you. Do you happen to know C. K——? Will you write to me? Uncle has my address.

Sigma, I think S is a pretty nice letter; but I like U (you) best.

Merry Mattie Greenwood, why don't you sign yourself Mattie G. C——? I think you have seen me pretty often.

Tennessean, I hope that you will welcome us newly-born cousins, and that all your love and friendship will not be engrossed solely by old Cousins like yourself.

Bob O'Link, I like to hear you sing. Come often.

Will any of the Cousins write to me? Do, and I'll answer. Your Merry Cousin,

EL CUBANO.

DEAR MERRYS :—How de do, folks? Delighted to see you again after so long a time. Don't see as you have changed much—all that are left, I mean; for, alas! I miss many dear faces; but all that I see look as merry as ever. Isn't the Chat a grand institution? Civil commo-

tions can not shake it, the cutting wind of adversity (and the hatchet) can not injure it.

Dear Aunt Sue, I feel just like kissing you right on your cheek.

Uncle Bob, do the "dollarous" notes make very loud music?

Cousins, have any of you ever heard of the Hitub family? It is a veritable family, composed of over forty children, many of them Merrys, and all of them very smart in the estimation of their Mar.

I have concluded to drop "Homely Face," and take my own name of

MA HITUB.

Your "facc" was not so homely but what we were always glad to see it in the parlor; but we will allow the change of name provided you will still continue to lend us your countenance.

TROY, May 3, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE :—Thank you, both for your visit and your kindness in publishing my letter.

As telling stories of the little folks is in order, here goes: Shortly after the beginning of the war, two regiments were encamped here. My little sister Lulu was very fond of waving her handkerchief (or anything else that came handy) to the soldiers as they passed the house. Many a poor fellow as he went by would look up to catch a smile from her sunny face. Well, one day, a Vermont regiment halted in front of the house, and she was in high glee. Next day her glee was gone, for she, like all us "small jobs," was getting her hair combed. Alas! there were rats in it, and the comb pulled. She stood it well for a while—then came tears. Mother says, "Shame! Those soldiers get hurt worse than that, and don't cry either." Hastily wiping away the tears, she drew herself up, saying, "There! just pull my hair as hard as you please, and see if I cry a single drop." Her spirit of patriotism was up. Combing hair was an easy matter after that.

Coy, my "mar" says slightly.

Yours, ALLIE FRANK.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

DEAR UNCLE :—I had almost thought the Cousins had entirely forgotten me, when I saw the hint for me from Betty. Thanks, Betty! I shall take the hint, but you must X photos with me. Uncle knows my address. CONCORDIANUS.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

DEAR COUSINS:—Won't some of the corner committees take me in? I'm not of much use in the parlor, but perhaps I could help Kitty catch mice.

Mouse Merry, consider me as one of your most inveterate—friends.

Flib, I'm perfectly satisfied with "the reasons," but would like to write to you if I wasn't so bashful.

The "war of queens" seems to be about an end. Admiral is very ferocious just now, for he will be thrown out of service at the close of the W. A. R. Well! Admiral, it can't be helped; we never were fond of "Gun-boat generals."

Good-bye, ALBERT WOLF.

OGDENSBURGH, N. Y.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—This is the second year we have taken the "MUSEUM," and I am sure I do not know how we could get along without it. I have always been very much interested in the "Chat," and have long wanted to become a member, but never have had courage to write, fearing the "manipulator."

I should be very glad to hear from any of the "Cousins" who may condescend to notice me. My address is Box 412, Ogdensburg, N. Y. May I be a Cousin, Uncle Merry? WHALEY.

You are one of the Cousins by right, and have only to assert your claims to have it recognized. We have a place in our Merry Album which you could fill.

June 7, 1865.

DEAR COUSINS:—Those of you, if there are any such, who do not aspire to be kings, queens, or "bright particulars," do you ever sit down to write to the MUSEUM with many messages and things to say floating in your mind, and yet sit nibbling your pencil, vainly seeking a beginning? If so, don't laugh at poor I, who in a fit of desperation am going to plunge into the middle.

Dear Aunty, pray do not let your powerful example encourage Merrys to write but once a year. No, indeed! you will never be forgotten; no one can supply your place to us.

Flib, we can truly sing, "Victory at last." There is now no one to molest either Federal or Merry government. When am I to receive that photo?

Coy, have you been burning my letters, that you conclude they are *wick-ed*? I am anxiously awaiting further demonstrations.

Daisy W., Belle, Loyalty, is silence to be perpetual?

Hattie, dear, will you forgive my negligence, and even at this late hour accept my heartfelt congratulations. Cousin Eugene, ditto.

Have you been to N—— yet, O. O.? I have seen nothing of you.

Much love and a Merry welcome to all the new Cousins. Will not some of them write to me? I will answer them promptly. Uncle Rob has my address.

Merryly, SANS SOUCI.

FERNANDINA, FLA., May 12, 1865.

Was there a Merry of any description at the Sumter celebration? I looked for the badge, but found none. How was it you did not come, Uncle Merry? And Aunt Sue—I stood there watching for you—I declare I wanted to see you. "Surely," said I, "some one from the MUSEUM will be here!" I had the honor of landing at Sumter (for the first time, since he was forced to leave in 1861) Major-General Anderson. What a glorious time it was! Whoever heard the "Star-Spangled Banner" from five thousand voices before? and in such a place as that!

I am surprised, Jessie Bell, that I failed to find you out sooner. And Teaser, too—"O! O!" how blind I was! How is it? have you struck "ile?" let me know, perhaps I'll write; you may need a bore!

Jolly Jingle, do you miss Winnie? (There! I might know you did not—she's married!) Were it not that I should tell tales out o'school, I might tell how well I am acquainted with you.

I wish, Tennessean, that you would bring Busy Bee back. How would you like to correspond? I should have one question only to ask on politics.

Lillie Linden, do we know each other? if not, may we? I fancied I recognized Brooklyn about your letters.

The war will soon be over, and then, Uncles and Cousins, you will be tormented again (perhaps you are now) by

JASPER.

The war is over, and Jasper has returned with others, to mingle once more in the busy scenes of "Merry" life. You will be still more surprised, Jasper, to find that you have made a greater failure than Jessie Bell has. You know you failed once before, and should not be too positive now.

PIONEER CITY, May, 1865.

Lillie Linden, do you admire long letters?

Sunbeam, why don't you write to me?

Mignonette Wildwood, I wrote you "long, long ago," but received no answer.

Eulalie, do you remember our last kiss?

Sorry Cousin, why don't you change your name?

Lurline and Kitty Clover, ain't we having a jolly time?

Daisy, is it true that you have left the Chat?

Uncle, spare me—I come but seldom.

—
PRAIRIE ROSE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

My charming Uncle Merry,
My much admired friend,
Pray listen to me kindly;
A message I would send
That Merry band of Cousins—
Though strangers, all, to me.
My heart goes out to meet them,
Goes out o'er land and sea,
Where'er your monthly MERRY
Unfolds its flowers here,
With social group and cherub
For all the livelong year.

Pass me into your circle—
A little boy of ten—
At Woolworth's door and MERRY's,
Just tell me how, and when.
My home is in Chicago,
My face is round and fair,
My eyes are blue and earnest,
And I have auburn hair.
Pray shall I bring credentials,
With "references exchanged,"
To prove I have five senses
That's never been deranged?
Please answer all my questions,
Describe yourselves to me,
While I am, very humbly,
Your wondering L. T. C.

EAST ROCKPORT, O., May, '65.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although a stranger to you, I claim acquaintance with Aunt Sue, one of your excellent corps of editors. I was for many years one of the nieces of our departed Uncle Frank, and an ardent admirer of the CABINET. My youngest sister has been taking the MUSEUM for the past eighteen months, and I have been interested in looking over the Chat, though most of the contributors are strangers probably.

The names of Henry A. Danker and Adelbert Olden were very familiar to me, as they were Cousins in those bygone days when dear Uncle Frank gathered us so cosily for a pleasant "Table-Talk." And although years have passed since then, the memory of those happy days still lingers with me, a pleasing yet sad reminder of the changefulness of all things earthly. I can but be sorrowful that two of those old-time Cousins have been called upon to die for their "country's sacred cause. Yet how, or where, could they have died more honorably? All praise to their patriotism, and may their names ever be sacred among us.

My dear and only brother died of a wound last June, a re-enlisted veteran, not yet nineteen years of age. No one but God can know what an affliction his death is to me, but I can say that I would ten thousand times rather be the sister of a fallen brave than of a living traitor or coward.

I read the letters from Tennessean in the April number. It seems the rebels want to come back into the Chat again. For one, I would say, "NEVER!" while you are acknowledged rebels."

Begging leave to introduce to you my sister Mary, I will close. Yours most respectfully,

COUSIN JENNIE.

SOMEWHERE, ILL., Sometime 12, '65.

DEAR MERRYS:—Ring! ring! ring! There comes Uncle Merry to the door to let me in so that I may shake hands with the Merrys and have a little chat.

Vincent, I used to live in your city; who knows but what we are friends? There comes that cutting machine, so good-bye. When you want me, just ring.

SILVER RING.

PELLA, IOWA, March 10, 1865.

DEAR MERRYITES:—It is too bad for you all to be enjoying yourselves so hugely, and poor me not allowed to slip a word in edgeways. "In the Corner," send me your carte, and I will return the compliment.

Nameless, where does that "somebody" live whose name sounds something like mine?

Addie W., I would like to see your carte in my album. Can not I have the pleasure of looking at some Merry Cousin?

Uncles, Aunt, and all of you, accept my best wishes for your welfare.

EM. MOORE.

UNCLE MERRY:—After having failed three times in writing to the Chat, I, like many others, shall try till I succeed. I should like to be introduced to some of the Cousins. Carlos A., I think I know you; do you attend school at Springside? From your Merry Cousin,
SNOWDRIFT.

We welcome your cooling breeze, and regret you melt away so soon.

Uncle William's Picture.

ALL those subscribers whose year expires with the July number, who will forward the money for the coming year promptly, will receive the steel engraving of Uncle William in the next number. We trust all will send at once on receipt of this.

Extracted Essences.

Iva, it was too bad, but you know mistakes will happen in the best of families. To think that you must be obliged to meet and shake hands with such strangers! And then the "lasting habitation" discovered, and "name" revealed; indeed it was too much for human nature to bear. I fully intended to have extended my sympathy in person the next day, but was prevented. Some other time I hope to have the pleasure.

Snell, send your c. de v., and it will be reciprocated.

Cis.—There are twenty-four yearly volumes of the MUSEUM bound, commencing at 1841. The price of a single volume is \$1 63. We will furnish the full set for \$30.

J. Q. C., FELIX, etc., forget the rule to send real name and address.

WILLIE K. BUTTS is not ashamed of his real name in the Chat, and we cheerfully grant him a seat in the parlor. We commend his example to others.

FARMER wishes to X with the Merry girl who wrote the lines in the MUSEUM on the death of Abraham Lincoln. Send your c. de v. first, to our care, and we will forward it to her.

LILLIE LINDEN has leave to change her name to Rubie Linden, her name having been appropriated by another in one of the Brooklyn papers.

Cis, we agree with you. Abraham Lincoln's name "will lead all the rest" on the roll of fame, and his example and memory will inspire generations yet to come.

WESTERN GIRL claims to be a neighbor to Iowa Boy, and walks into the parlor in true Western style. You are ever welcome.

SUE takes for her motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

FRANC wishes Lillie Linden to write to Box 593, Jacksonville, Ill.

ALLIE H., take a seat at the side of Uncle Robert, as he has another just about your size to take care of.

LEON, it would have cost ten dollars to have set up and put your music in the MUSEUM, and so we put it in the basket. We have many pieces sent in, and can do nothing with them, however good they are. The cards can not be done for less than \$1 25. The letter was properly directed.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—By a sudden revolution of Fortune's wheel, I find myself filling the throne so long and so charmingly graced by our ever-beloved Aunt Sue. I appear before you vested with all the robes of office; though I much mourn lest haply among them her "mantle" hath not descended upon her unworthy successor. Whether it be that

her chair is too large for me, or I too small for the chair, certain it is that I feel quite lost in it; but for all that, please to bear in mind that I am Fleta F., reigning dignitary of this department now and henceforward; and, as such,

"Let not your joints forget
To pay their awful duty to my presence!"

I hope all the puzzlers will exert themselves now, for they are to be taxed rather more than of late. As will be seen, we invite to renewed competition those of the Merrys who have taken the third prize and since absented themselves from the Drawer. We must have each month some particularly hard puzzles to meet their extreme cases! You will remember that there was *nothing* too hard for them!

I seem already to hear C. F. W., Oliver Onley, Harrie Bowles, *et al.*, champing their bits like the "verie" war-horses that they are, eager for the fray, and impatient for the trumpet to sound. So listen now to what I have to propose.

C. F. W., Alpha, Harrie Bowles, Lucy W. C., Tattler, and all those who have "taken their degree," having won their *third prize*, are now invited to compete with the rest for the honor of having their names proudly enshrined in a laurel wreath.

The lists are once more open to all! Who will first be crowned victor by the hand of

FLETA?

W. C. C. wins the prize for May, having correctly answered all but 132.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

157. 'Tis a ruined cot at the roadside,
Where the vine o'er the crumblung wall creeps;
The moss-covered roof is sunken,
And the owl his lonesome watch keeps.
The hand that reared it is pulseless,
And grim desolation holds sway;
No more o'er the well-worn thresh-old
Steps the sire at close of day.
No more will the meek little circle
Gather round my *first* as of yore,
To list to the words of the father,
As he told of Christ's bloodless war.
No more at the twilight's returning
Will the voice of his heartfelt prayer,

While the household knelt around him,
Break the hush of the summer air.
In the churchyard hard by the cottage,
My second is all that can tell
Of the happy household that gathered
Round my *whole* they loved so well.

Sid.

158. If a Frenchman were standing in a tub of grease and talking very fast, with what one word in the English language might he describe his situation?

Roguish Kate and Oddity.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

159. Create a current of air around Thomas.

C.

160. Compute apple-juice.

Georgius.

161. Spade that up.

Stupid Harp.

162. Behead one animal and leave another; behead the latter and leave half a score.

Prairie Boy.

163. Transpose a bird into the name of a river.

Peter.

164. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 1, 6, 15, 2, 1, 9 is a boy's name.

My 7, 3, 2, 7, 9, 17 was a conqueror.

My 8, 12, 14, 16, 5, 14, 16, 1 is one of the arts.

My 8, 15, 11, 4, 13, 15 is a vegetable.

My 10, 4, 3 is an animal.

My whole is the title of a modern novel.

Black and Shiney.

165. I am composed of 9 letters:

My 1, 2, 3, 7, 4 is a man's name.

My 6, 8, 9, 1 is a mass of anything.

My 5 is a vowel.

My whole has caused a great sensation.

Grampus.

166. I am composed of 8 letters:

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a building.

My 2, 1, 6, 5 is the name of a parent.

My 7, 3, 5, 6 is a race of men.

My 1, 5, 8, 8 is a kind of wood.

My whole is a character in the New Testament.

Will.

ANAGRAMS.

167. I like port.

Tommy.

168. Old Hen Birch's stone.

Adelbert Alder.

169. Great manners.

Clete Clinton.

170. Beat four.

171. Here sea-hemp is rent. (Geographical.) *Julian A. P.*

172. Ah! labor in calm, N.
"Double you see."

173. Chas. hair ran.
"Cis."

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

174. Many of the —, employed as sailors, are great —.

Willie W. Perry.

175. I found a — during my —.
Silver Bugle.

176. A — brought me some — bread. *Roguish Kate and Oddly.*

177. —, with all their —, can not deceive old —. *Ada S.*

178. Armed with a —, he went forth to hunt —. *C. M. E.*

179. I'm found in the river,
I'm found in the road,
I'm seen in the lightning,
And on the hayload,
But oftenest of all, I am placed on
your table!
So guess what I am as soon as
you're able. *Alf.*

180. 611000 n. *Mercury.*

181. How many times is the word *eternity* found in the Bible?
Clara A. Hubbard.

182. Curtail an animal, transpose, and leave the transportation of an article. *May of Irvington.*

183. Transpose an intoxicating drink and a place down below into a process that will often improve land. *Hickory.*

184. When is your pocket like a cannon? *R. R.*

185. What grain would be ornamental in the garden? *Albert Wolf.*

FLOWERS.

186. A fatal quality, darkness, and a screen. *H. W. Potter.*

187. A verb, a pronoun, and an adverb. *May Clayton.*

DEFINITIONS.

188. Define (1) *Chagrin.* (2) *Unexpected Happiness.*

Answers to the above must be sent in on or before the 8th of next month.

 Puzzlers will please hereafter send their answers, contributions, etc., to F. F., Box 629, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Questions in May No.

109. Nosegay.

110. The letter R.

111. Horse, rose.

112. Plaice, Alice.

113. Melchizedek (milk easy, Dick).

114. Wagon.

115. Novelty (novel tie).

116. Transport.

117. Chin, inch.

118. Strange, garnets.

119. Ord, rod.

120. Stop, spot, tops, pots, post.

121. Excellence.

122. Conic (C on IC).

123. Germination.

124. Flageolet.

125. Diameters,

126. Ointment.

127. Petroleum.

128. Thaler, halter.

129. Water, tear.

130. Snap, pan.

131. Ezra, 7th chapter, 21st verse.

132. Patience and Perseverance will perform wonders. (Patient s and purse Eve ear ant s will pea E are (R) form one D bears minus (b a.))

W. C. C. answers all but 132.

Willie W. Perry answers all but 114, 115.

Franc answers all but 110, 116.

Quaker answers all but 114, 115, 116, and part of 132.

"Double you see" answers all but 114, 118, 122, 128.

— answers all but 115, 118, 122, 132.

Roguish Kate and Oddly answer all but 114, 115, 122, 128, and part of 132.

Merrimac answers all but 109, 114, 115, 116, 130.

Silver Bugle answers all but 114, 115, 118, 120, 126, 128.

Fred answers all but 109, 114, 115, 116, 118, 129.

Anna J. B. answers all but 115, 116, 118, 123, 126, 131, 132.

Forrest answers all but 109, 114, 115, 118, 119, 120, 132.

Keystone answers all but 114, 115, 116, 118, 122, 125, 128.

Lillie Linden answers all but 114, 115, 118, 119, 120, 122, 128, 131.

Florence answers all but 113, 114, 115, 116, 118, 122, 125, 128.

Georgius answers all but 113, 114, 116, 118, 120, 123, 127, 128, 131, 132.

Nedloh answers all but 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 122, 126, 127, 129, and part of 132.

Hero answers 110, 111, 113, 117, 119, 120, 121, 120, 131, 132.

Albert Wolf answers 110, 111, 113, 117, 121, 130, 132.

Allie answers 109, 110, 117, 121, 129, 130.

Hickory answers 110, 113, 117, 121, 128.

Ego Ipse answers 110, 117, 121, 122, 127.

Musing answers 110, 111, 117, 120, 121.

Etta answers 110, 111, 112, 117, 121.

Vincent answers 110, 117, 118, 121, 130.

Remus answers 110, 111, 121, 131.

"*Cis'*" answers 109, 110, 121.

Bright Star answers 110, 121, 129.

Sue answers 110, 121, 132.

C. L. S. answers 121, 132.

Answers to Correspondents.

Harrie Bowles, thanks for your letter and kind wishes. I now look to see you add "new laurels" to those you have already won.

Roguish Kate and her friend *Oddity* appear to have been deceived by a *fata morgana* with regard to 122. They actually send as an answer to it the following : "100 broken lines (ranks) I see!". Wasn't it about this time that they discovered the "Frenchman" sitting in a "tub of grease?" These instances of their peculiar optical penetration are enough to entitle them to a show-case at Barnum's.

Forrest, your answer to 131 (*i. e.*, 1 Chronicles xii. 40) differs from all others received. It is also entirely correct, as the verse contains all the letters of the alphabet except "q."

Silver Bugle, the verse you mention wants the letters *j*, *q*, *y*.

Sid, the "Q. R. P. thinks likewise." She wishes me also to say that she looked a long time through a double-barreled squinting-tube for that "lattice-work,"

but being unable to see it, concluded it had "gone to rack and ruin" with the rest of the surroundings, and so provided a substitute.

W. A. R.—

"How sour sweet music is,
Where time is broke and no proportion
kept!"

Don't treat us to any more flows of language like your last, on page 122, if you have so little of that "daintiness of ear" of which King Richard had so much!

A. N., I hope I have not "fallen so low" as to crowd you!

Tennessean, I thank you in the name of the Merry "girls" for your implied opinion of their prowess. We like a compliment where just enough is said to show that more is meant.

Prairie Rose, your enigma is withdrawn, as desired. Do you wish it returned to you?

Coy, you ought to be tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung as a *spy*! If I follow out my convictions, by passing such sentence upon you, and you say you will submit quietly to its enforcement, I promise immediately after its execution to grant you a full pardon and seal it with my c. de v.

"*Sauey Nell*," have you concluded that *t* is worn off from the *trust* you reposed in me, and that nothing but *rust* remains? Let me suggest to you, that as there is a *t* at both ends of *trust*, I may already have "turned it," and like an old garment, begun to wear it "the other side out." Your patience is to be shortly rewarded.

J. Will all be on hand next month with their answers before the 8th, as after that date I shall credit *none*. Some of you are very much behindhand in this particular. Please be prompt.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to *Hero*, *Hickory*, *Albert Wolf*, *Harrie Bowles*, *Grampus*, *Etta*, *Snowdrift*, *Ego Ipse*, *Iowa Boy*, *Violet Forest*, *Roguish Kate* and *Oddity*, *Sigma*, *Minx*, *Silver Bugle*, *Aubrey*, *Cis*, *A. G.*, *Fred*, *Remus*, *Sid*, and *Quaker*.

Victory at Last.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. A PROPHETIC SONG AND CHORUS.
15—Four to each measure.

W.M. B. BRADBURY.

1. { For many years we've waited To hail the day of peace, When our land should be united, And war and strife should cease;
And now that day approaches—The drums are beating fast, And all the boys are coming home, There's victory at last.

FULL CHORUS.

There's vic-to-ry a' last, boys, vic-to-ry at last; O'er land and sea Our flag is free; We'll nail it to the mast, Yes, we'll

nail it to the mast, boys, Nail it to the mast, For there's vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry at last.

2. The heroes who have gained it

And lived to see that day,
We will meet with flying banners
And honors on the way;
And all their sad privations
Shall to the winds be cast
For all the boys are coming home—
There is victory at last.
There is victory, &c.

3. O, happy wives and children

Light up your hearts and homes,
For see, with martial music
"The conquering hero comes,"
With flags and streamers flying,
While drums are beating fast;
For all the boys are coming home—
There is victory at last.
There is victory, &c.

Try to Be Like Jesus.

Gentle, not too loud. 16—Two to each measure.

From "GOLDEN CENSER"
by permission.

1. We'll try to be like Je-sus, The children's precious Friend, Far dear-er than a mo-ther, A

2. We'll try to be like Je-sus, In bo-dy and in mind; For pure he was and ho-ly, In

GIRLS.

sis-ter, or a bro-ther, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like
temper meek and lowly, And to poor sinners kind, And to poor sinners kind. We'll try to be, &c.

Boys.

ALL.

Je-sus, We'll try to be like Je-sus, We'll try to be like Je-sus, The children's precious Friend.

3. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will;
We'll seek His strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—Chorus.

4. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At His right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story
The ransomed sing on high.—Chorus.



THE FLAMINGO.

CURIOUS BIRDS.

THIS strange and curious bird is found in the south of Europe, and in some parts of Asia and Africa. A species also is found in South America. Its long and slender legs, long neck, and thick bill are its peculiar and distinguishing characteristics. It stands about five feet in height, is of a fine rose color, with bright red wings; and when they gather in large troops in the marshes, where they follow the rise and fall in the tide in their search

for food, are said to produce exactly the effect of a regiment of soldiers standing in line.

They live on the seashore, feeding on mollusca and crustacea and young fishes, for which they dabble about in the mud and sand, with their broad bills, like a duck; while they are thus engaged seeking their subsistence, they detail several of their number to act as sentinels, and form a "skirmish line," to give notice of the approach

of danger; this is done by a loud cry, like the sound of a trumpet, when the whole take wing for a place of security. They emigrate in large flocks, flying in an angular line, like geese and swans.

The true herons resemble the stork; generally they are smaller. In habits they are solitary, frequenting the margin of lakes and rivers or marshy places, wading in search of their prey. They often stand for a long time motionless, watching till a fish passes in reach, when they suddenly dart out the neck with great rapidity, seize their prey with strong bills, and generally swallow it at once.

Mr. Yarrell speaks of one which struck its beak through the head of an eel, piercing both eyes, when the eel, unable to escape, coiled around the



THE HERON.

heron's neck so tightly as to prevent its breathing. In this situation they were found dead.

The herons walk gravely, with a certain elegance, and have a great

power of flight, though they do not fly fast.

This bird is common in almost all parts of this country.



THE BITTERN.

The bitterns, of which there are three species, also belong to this group. The common bittern measures about thirty inches. It was found abundant in this country; inhabits low marshy districts, feeds at night, and conceals itself through the day. It wanders over the whole Eastern Hemisphere; in summer, it is found in the north of Europe and in Siberia; in other seasons, in milder climates.

THE COOLING SPRING.

Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring
By the rock where the moss doth
grow;
There is health in the tide, and there's
music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

And as pure as heaven is the water
given,
And its stream is forever new;
'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops
from on high
In the showers and gentle dew.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER VIII.—A LEAP IN THE DARK.

ELVA had been gone from home a week. When she returned, it seemed to her that some magical change had occurred. Was this really the same little red farm-house she had left? Why, how small it looked! how old-fashioned! The swelling green hills on either side, how dwarfish they looked! as if some one had been whittling them down with a jack-knife. How she did "despise" those evergreen trees before the front windows! They made her think of people with hair falling into their eyes!

As for the inside of the house, it seemed to have changed even more than the outside. The ceiling was lower than ever; the furniture was cheap, and—well, in short, it was *countrified*.

Mr. Gilman's carriage had brought home Elva and her trunk. The little girl was glad the coachman had wheeled about and was out of hearing before Perley cried out:

"Hullo, Elf, I s'pose 'Dandeline Tangle' has filled your head with lots of notions!" Yet the boy was really glad to see his sister.

"You don't know how we've all missed you, Elvy," said Mr. Newell, with a warm kiss.

"You may depend I'm glad to see you," said her mother embracing her tenderly, "I hope you've had a good time, dear."

"How de do!" said Seth coolly, not offering to shake hands.

"Not much like my good old Abner," thought Elva, adding, aloud, "where's the baby? give her to me quick, quick!"

"You may look at her," said Mrs. Newell with a proud smile, "but be sure not to wake her. She has learned something new since you went away, Elva! Guess what! She has found her hands!"

After all it was very pleasant to be at home again. The baby was certainly a captivating little creature; never were kinder parents; and as for Perley, he was very much like a butternut, rough outside, but sweet and wholesome at the kernel. Then who should drop in for a few moments but dear little Louisa Flint.

By the time supper was over, Elva's good-humor was thoroughly restored. She was but a child after all, and the yellow butter, amber honey, and cream biscuits went a long way toward reconciling her to her old-fashioned home.

When she went up stairs, her mother followed her into the little white-washed chamber, and asked her if she had remembered during the past week to say her prayers every night, and to read a chapter in her pocket-bible?

Elva was obliged to confess that she had not always remembered, giving as an excuse that she had not always had time. She did not add that in her absence she had read three novels, two of which were horrid enough, as she told Wendeline, "to make your hair stand on end."

After her mother left her, Elva sat for some time looking up at the stars and making good resolutions. "God has been very good to me," thought she, "and I will begin from this night to be a better girl." But when she had dropped her curtain and shut out

the solemn stars, her next act was to snuff her candle and fall to devouring an exciting story. Such a pity that there was no wise mind to direct the little girl's reading! Wendeline was going away in October. Well for Elva if she had gone long ago, and taken along with her those pernicious books!

All Elva's reading had tended to make her superstitious. A few days more and her young brain received an extra twist. She heard strange and wondrous things said of Spiritualism, which was at that time rather a new science. It was seldom mentioned in the Newell family, except when Mrs. Newell said, now and then :

"It's something I don't understand, and I don't mean that I or any of my children shall meddle with it."

However, Elva had nearly reached the point of not regarding her mother's advice. What Wendeline said had far more weight with her; and Wendeline, who, in her turn, paid no heed to the opinions of her father, was quite wild upon the subject of "table-tippings." As Wendeline thought, so thought Elva; therefore we must not wonder that the two girls started off one autumn evening in the strictest secrecy, to go to a "Spiritualist meeting." They were accompanied, it is true, by Mr. Gilman's housekeeper, Mrs. Price, who was aware that the children were going without their parents' knowledge, but quieted her conscience by thinking it would be Wendeline's last act of disobedience, for to-morrow would see the young miss on her way to Philadelphia.

Elva was sadly frightened at the strange phenomena, and clung to Mrs. Price during the whole evening. She had never before seen an enchanted table, a table which seemed to be out

of its head and dancing about the room on all-fours.

"Don't be frightened," said Wendeline, patronizingly, "it is only 'charged with electricity,' so my father says."

But Elva was alarmed nevertheless, and firmly believed all the foolish, things written or spoken by the medium. By-and-by, the poor child received what is called a "communication," from an unknown aunt of hers in Connecticut, a certain Mrs. Harlow, who had been dead for six years. As no one present had ever seen or heard of this Mrs. Harlow, the medium had it in her power to make up any sort of a story to please herself.

"Oh, can this aunt tell what my real, true name is?" cried Elva, in great agitation.

To be sure she could tell that, and plenty more. Elva's real name was *Laura Belmont*. Her parents were both living in a certain street in the upper end of Boston. They were "rolling in gold," so the medium said, and had poured out money like water in the hope of finding their dear lost daughter Laura, who had been stolen away in her infancy by a cruel beggar-woman.

Elva was in a state of awe and rapture, but so agitated that she forgot to ask the number of the street where Mr. Clarence Belmont might be found. Elva would not have slept alone that night if any one had promised her a handful of gold; so she staid at Mr. Gilman's in spite of the prickings of conscience.

"Never mind if your mother should scold you, Elva Newell," said Wendeline, with much spirit; "do you brave it out! She has no right to treat you as she does! She gives you no liberty at all! No wonder people call you a little bound girl!"

Next morning Wendeline started for Philadelphia, and Elva, after bidding her a tender adieu, and promising to love her forever, and write her endless letters, finally trudged home from the dépôt with swollen eyes, and heart heavy with guilt.

Her mother was just putting on the potatoes for dinner, to the evident annoyance of the baby, who was crying to be taken out of the cradle.

"Elva," said Mrs. Newell, as her daughter slowly entered the house swinging her sun-bonnet by one string, "is this the way you obey your mother? Where have you been since last evening, and what have you to say for yourself?"

"I—I—staid and slept with Wendeline," faltered Elva, growing angry as she recalled Wendeline's words, "Your mother allows you no liberty at all. Do you brave it out if she scolds you, Elva."

Mrs. Newell saw that her daughter was in a sullen mood.

"Elva," said she, calmly, "you may go down cellar and bring up an apple-pie for dinner; but when you come back I hope I shall see you wearing a pleasanter face. I shall expect, too, that you will make me an apology for your conduct."

"Apology," muttered Elva between her teeth. As she slowly sauntered down stairs she heard Seth's steps. He was coming into the kitchen after a pitcher of "sweetened water."

"That Gilman girl has gone to Philadelphia," Elva heard him say.

"So I suppose," replied Mrs. Newell briskly, "and if there's anybody thankful, it's myself! If I hadn't known the girl would soon be out of town, I should have put a stop to Elva's going with her before now."

"She's enough to spoil half a dozen

likely little girls," responded Seth; adding, "I guess you needn't put any ginger into that sweetened water this time, Mrs. Newell." All that was said, Elva heard, and her wrath waxed fiercer.

"What did I come down cellar after?" thought she, when she had wandered from "swing-shelf" to "soap-room" for the space of five minutes. "Oh, it's an apple-pie! But where in the world are the pies? Mother," she screamed, "where did you put the pies?"

"Is that you, Elva Newell, down cellar yet? Want to know where the pies are, do you, child? Why, in the potato-bin, most likely! Look and see!"

This mild irony cut Elva to the quick. She trembled with indignation. There stood the pies on the swing-shelf in plain sight; but, instead of seeing them, she ran into the department of the cellar called the soap-room, and talked fiercely to the barrel of soft soap.

"Pretty talk, indeed!" so she said to the barrel, "but it was always so! Nobody understood her, nobody spared her feelings. Even the hired man was allowed to laugh at her. Oh, yes, no matter what was said to poor orphans! The more they were crushed the better! Wendeline Gilman might go to the moon if she wanted to, but Elva Newell couldn't even stay at a neighbor's over-night!

"How long should she endure this treatment, which 'lambs could not forgive—no, nor worms forget?' Not another day! Many and many a time she had resolved to run away, and now she would do it! They would think she was dead; they would drag the rivers; their hearts would be torn with anguish. But all too late! She

would never come back again to be trampled upon, to be laughed at, and told to look for pies in the potato-bin!"

Having talked herself into a fever of rage, she rushed up stairs full of virtuous indignation, stole to her little chamber, and slammed the door.

With a swelling heart and whirling brain she proceeded to make her preparations for departure. She crushed her best dresses and shoes, her brushes and ruffles, in a mass into her carpet-bag, put on her Sunday shawl and bonnet, and then sat down to count over her money. She had been saving it for two years, little by little. Some pieces were gifts from Abner; some

were savings from the price of sage and summer-savory. It amounted in all to twenty dollars, counting in a half-eagle lately given by Wendeline.

Elva dropped the purse in her pocket and noiselessly crept down stairs. Her mother's back was turned; she stealthily opened the front door and stepped out.

Elva, stop and think! No, she would *not* stop, she would *not* think! She would go and find her true father and mother! She would go forth into the world to seek her fortune!

Foolish Elva! We will watch you and see what comes of it!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF THE WHIPPOWIL.

THE day was closed, the sun had set;
Far down each valley, over each
hill,

Note followed note, and echoes met
The silver song of the whippowil—
The whippowil, the whippowil,
The silver song of the whippowil.

It may be fancy's wildest dream
Which gives the song such wavering
trills, [stream,
While floating down each rippling
For every note of the whippowil—
The whippowil, etc.

The bird will sing her mellow song
On summer's eve when all is still;
Her echoes gently float along,
While gaily singing, The whippowil,
The whippowil, etc.

The trembling leaf, the whispering
breeze,
The murmuring stream, the mount-
ain mill,
The garden bowers, the forest trees,
All faintly echo, The whippowil,
The whippowil, etc...

When darkness o'er the meadows
strays,
When moonbeams sparkle in each
rill,
When through the garden shadows
play,
Dancing to notes of The whippowil,
The whippowil, etc.

When all is hushed in calm repose,
No sounds to echo over the hill,
When sleeps the violet and the rose,
Then sweetest sings the whippowil,
The whippowil, the whippowil,
Then sweetest sings the whippowil.

NEVER retire at night without being wiser than you were when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

THE best throw at dice is—to throw them away.

A good many men are in the best health when they are out of spirits.

THE man who took a bold stand, resolved to bring it back.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

AND WHAT BECAME OF THE LITTLE ROBBER?



THE joyous month of May is just ended. We hope that none of our young readers made it a sorrowful month to the beautiful birds, by robbing nests either of eggs or young ones? We have a sad story to tell of a little boy who, years ago, was guilty of this sad practice. One bright May day he and his sister had a holiday. They had a fine ramble on the common. The little girl gathered a large bundle of hawthorn-blossom, or as it is called in many parts, "May." The little boy, on seeing a bird flying with food in its mouth, watched where it went, and then climbing up the tree, cruelly robbed the poor birds of their nest and young ones. His sister said, "Oh, don't rob the poor birds;" but the little boy said he would do as he liked. I am sorry to say that when he got home, his father and mother did not punish him and order him to take back the poor little creatures to their sorrowing parent-birds. The next day all the little creatures were

dead. The matter was soon forgotten in the family, but the effects of that robbery of the nest stretched forward into future years. The unchecked cruelty of the little boy increased with his years. The parents who "spared the rod," saw their child growing up to be cruel to animals and tyrannical to his brothers and sisters. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he had well-nigh brought both his father and mother with sorrow to the grave.

* * * * *

Within the walls of an English prison there may now be seen a mound of grass—it is the grave of a murderer, one who was hung on the scaffold for the awful crime of murdering a fellow-creature—it is the grave of a man who, when a boy, was cruel to the birds—and whose parents restrained him not! UNCLE JOHN.

BROADCAST THY SEED!

BROADCAST thy seed!

Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may
stay

Its coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop and wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!



NENA SAHIB.

DHUNDOO PUNT, Nena Sahib, (the latter being his title,) was a Hindoo chieftain, and the leader of the Sepoy rebellion in 1857. He was the son of a Brahmin of Deccan, and was born in 1824 or 1825. When a little more than a year old he was brought to Bittnor, where he was soon after adopted by Bagee Row, the chief of the Mahrattas. On the death of Bagee, without natural heirs, the East India Company refused to acknowledge the right of his adopted child to his principal estate, which had been conditionally bestowed on the former by the Company. The Nena sent an agent to England to advocate his claims, but without success. This wrong he never forgave. He had still much wealth and influence, and when the insurrection broke out, was ready to devote both to the cause of the reb-

els, and to put himself at their head. Of his terrible cruelties perpetrated during the war which followed, everybody has heard. A single instance will be sufficient to put on record here:

On the 27th of June, 1857, the English at Cawnpoor, after an obstinate defense, surrendered to Nena, on his promising to send them safe to Allahabad. They were permitted to embark, but were immediately afterward fired upon, and many of them killed. The rest were brought back to land, where the men were at once put to death. The women and children, after surviving nameless outrages, were finally all massacred on the 15th of July, and their bodies thrown into a well.

Long after all the other rebel leaders had submitted, the Nena continued



THE KING OF OUDE.

with about 10,000 rebels to infest the northern part of Central India and the frontiers of Nepal. It was reported that he died of a fever in 1859, but the report was not generally credited, and it is now considered uncertain whether he is dead or alive.

In early life this monster became an orphan, and that harsh and cruel treatment from strangers, who knew not what they did, hardened his heart, and developed a cruelty which the beasts of the forest could not equal. He was finally adopted by a family of distinction and wealth, who gave him every facility for education and improvement, and having a fine person, as well as a brilliant intellect, he availed himself of his opportunity, and to the great astonishment of his friends

made himself master of varied accomplishments and many languages. His adopted parents finally died, and he who had looked forward to state and station was driven from his home as an interloper. The lady of his love scorned him; and thus, frenzied with rage and disappointment, he took revenge upon her nation, for she was an Englishwoman. The torturing hours of his own childhood returned to him, and the history of his crime is the result.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

A VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

GEORGE and Nellie Wilson were born and had always lived in the city. They had been to almost all the shows in town, had visited the Museum, the circus, the menagerie, and seen many wonderful performances, but until they were about ten years old, had never seen the more wonderful things in the country.

Now you who have seen trees, flowers, and grass, cows, pigs, and chickens, birds, butterflies, frogs, and snakes almost every day in your lives, may think it singular that such common things are more wonderful than the strange sights to be met with in the city; but the right way to judge of the matter is to hear the opinion of one who sees them for the first time, as George and Nellie did when one summer their parents took them to board in the country a few weeks, while their house was being altered.

"Oh, mamma!" shouted George, as they drew near the house, "see the *live* cherries!" He had seen this fruit in the market, but never before growing on a tree.

"Do buy some, papa!" said Nellie; and the little girl wondered greatly when told that they might pick all they wanted.

The "live" strawberries and currants growing in the garden were new sources of delight; so were the flowers, which Nellie said were prettier than any that Mrs. Flash had in all her store. Mrs. Flash was a milliner in the city, and Nellie had often admired the artificial flowers displayed in her show window. Then there was a litter of young pigs, which the children thought were a new kind of puppies, and which they vainly tried to catch. They had quite a puzzle over

a brood of goslings, which George thought must be a new kind of canary birds. He wanted to catch one, but the old goose soon frightened him away from them; and he ran away in terror when an old turkey came gobbling toward him with his feathers all bristling. But they could hardly express their wonder when their father and mother showed them a brood of chickens gathered around the old hen, and they watched her feeding and caring for them, and spreading her wings for them to nestle under. They were greatly interested in hearing that each little chicken was not long before in an egg, and that they came to life by the old hen sitting patiently for weeks on the eggs and keeping them warm.

"But I never saw a chicken in an egg," said Nellie.

"That was because the hen had not set on it," replied her mother. "The warmth changes the part inside the egg to a chicken."

"Isn't it wonderful?" said George. "But how does the chicken get out?"

"When it has grown large and strong enough," said his father, "it picks a hole in the shell with its bill, and sometimes the hen helps it."

"Why couldn't we keep an egg warm, and make a chicken?" asked Nellie.

"It has been done," replied her father. "A man invented a way to keep eggs at the right heat with steam, and hatched out a great many. He thought he could make money by his contrivance by hatching out hundreds at a time; but when they were hatched, he could not take as good care of them as the old hen does, and so many of them died, and I believe he had to give up the plan."



But I have not time to tell you half the wonderful things the children learned in the country. You must look at them for yourselves, and you will find that there are enough things to learn about them to keep you busy all the days of your life.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

A young friend was standing with me in the street, a very stylish and elegantly-dressed girl passed.

"What beautiful hands Miss — has!" exclaimed our friend.

"What makes them beautiful?"

"Why, they are small, white, soft, and exquisitely shaped, and the fingers taper down so delicately."

"Is that all that constitutes the real beauty of the hands? Is not something more to be included in your catalogue of beauty, which you have not enumerated, to make the hands desirable?"

"What more would you have?"

"Are they *charitable* hands? Have they ever fed the poor? Have they ever carried the necessities of life to the widow and the orphan? Has their soft touch ever soothed the irritation of sickness, and calmed the agonies of pain? Do the poor bless those rosy-tipped fingers as their wants are supplied by them?"

"Are they *useful* hands? Have they been taught that the world is not a play ground, or a theater of display, or a mere lounging-place? Do these delicate hands ever labor? Are they ever employed about the domestic duties of life—the homely, ordinary employments of the household? Or does the owner leave all that to her mother, while she flourishes her delicate hands in idleness?"

"Are they *modest* hands? Will they perform their charities or their duties without vanity? Or do they pander to the pride of their owner by their delicacy and beauty? Does she think more of their display than of the improvement of her intellect and character? Had she rather be called 'the girl with the beautiful hands' than to receive any other praise for excellency or character?"

"Are they *humble* hands? Will their owner extend them to grasp the hard hand of that old schoolfellow, who sat at the same desk with her, and on the same recitation bench, but who must now earn her living by her labor? Or will they remain concealed, in their exclusiveness, in her aristocratic muff, as she sweeps by her former companion?"

"Are they *religious* hands? Are they ever clasped in prayer or elevated in praise? Does she remember the God who has made her to differ from so many of her sex, and devote her mind, her heart, her hands to His service? Does she try to imitate her Saviour by going about doing good? Or are her hands too delicate, too beautiful to be employed in such good works? These are the qualities that make the hand a beautiful one, in my estimation. There is a loveliness in such hands, superior to the tapering slenderness of the fingers or the rosy hue of the nails."

THERE is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, sweetest, warmest, brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

AURORA, OR ALL FOR THE BEST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE was once a lady who had two daughters. The eldest, who was named Aurora, was lovely as the day, and was of a very excellent disposition and character. The second, who was named Annabel, was, perhaps, as handsome as her sister, but she was malicious, and had no spirit for anything but mischief.

The mother, also, had been very beautiful; but she began to grow somewhat old, and this vexed her very much. Aurora was sixteen years old, and Annabel was only twelve. So the mother, who wished to appear young, quitted the country where everybody knew her, and sent her eldest daughter away into another place, because she did not want any one to know she had a daughter so old. She kept her youngest with her, and went into a distant city, and told everybody that Annabel was only ten years old, and that she was married when she was very young.

As she was afraid her deceit might be discovered, she sent Aurora away into a distant country, and the man who carried her off, left her in a great forest, where she laid down to rest her, and fell asleep. When Aurora woke up and saw herself all alone in the woods, she began to weep. It was almost night, and getting up, she tried to make her way out of the woods, but instead of getting back to the road, she got more and more bewildered.

Finally, she saw a light at a distance, and going toward it, she discovered a little cottage. Aurora knocked at the door, and a shepherdess came to open it for her, and asked her what she want-

ed. "My good mother," said Aurora, "I pray you, for charity, to give me leave to sleep in your house; for if I stay out in the woods, I am afraid I shall be eaten up by wolves." "With all my heart, my pretty girl," replied the shepherdess; "but, tell me how you came to be in the woods at so late an hour?" Aurora told her whole story, and said to her, "Am I not very unfortunate to have such a cruel mother? and would it not have been better if I had died when I was an infant than have lived to be so ill-treated? What have I done that I should be so unhappy?"

"My dear child," replied the shepherdess, "we must never murmur against God, who orders all things for the best. He is almighty, he is wise, he loves you, and you must believe that he has permitted these misfortunes to come upon you only for your good. Trust in him, and always bear in your mind that God protects the good, and that the evils which happen to them are not always misfortunes. Remain with me; I will be a mother to you, and I will love you as if you were my daughter." Aurora consented to this proposal, and the next day the shepherdess said to her, "I am going to give you a few sheep to take care of; but I am afraid you will grow tired of having so little to do; for the sheep take very good care of themselves, and only want watching, my pretty girl; so you may, if you please, take my distaff, and spin a little to amuse yourself."

"Mother," replied Aurora, "I am a young lady of rich parents; I do not know how to work." "Take a book,

then," said the shepherdess. "I do not love reading," replied Aurora, blushing. She was ashamed to own that she could not read well. It was, however, necessary to own the truth; and she confessed to the shepherdess that she never wished to learn to read when she was young, and that when she grew up she had not had any time. "You must have then had a great deal to do," said the shepherdess. "Yes, mother," said Aurora; "I went to walk every morning with my young friends; after dinner I dressed my hair; in the evening I staid at home if we had company, or I went to the theater, or a ball, or party." "Indeed," said the shepherdess, "you had a great deal of business, and you doubtless never felt the want of anything to do." "I beg your pardon, mother," replied Aurora. "If I happened to be alone, only for a quarter of an hour, which sometimes happened, I was tired to death; when we went into the country, it was worse still. I spent the whole day in fixing and altering my hair, just to amuse myself."

"You were not happy in the country, then," said the shepherdess. "I was not any more so in the city," replied Aurora. "If I played cards, I lost my money; at a party I sometimes saw my companions better dressed than I was, and that vexed me; if I went to a ball, I was looking round to find fault with anybody who danced better than I did; in fact, there was no day which I passed without some vexation."

"Do not then complain of Providence," said the shepherdess. "When you were led into this solitude, more pains than pleasures were taken from you. But this is not all; you would have been, by-and-by, still more unhappy; for one can not always be

young; the time for balls and parties is soon over. When people become old, if they wish always to be in company, the young people laugh at them; dress does not become them; they do not care to dance, and having nothing to occupy their minds, they grow very miserable."

"But, my good mother," said Aurora, "one can not always stay alone; the day would seem as long as a year if we never had company." "I beg your pardon, my dear," said the shepherdess; "I am alone here, and the years appear to me as short as days. If you please, I will teach you the secret of never being tired of yourself." "I wish you would," said Aurora; "you may direct me as you think best; I will obey you."

The shepherdess took advantage of the good-will of Aurora, and wrote down on a paper all she wished her to do. Every day was divided between prayer and reading, working and walking. There was no clock in this wood, and Aurora could not tell the hour. But the shepherdess knew the time by the sun, and she called Aurora when it was dinner time. "Mother," said the girl to the shepherdess, "you dine very early; it is not long since we got up." "It is two o'clock, however," replied the shepherdess, smiling, "and we arose at five. But, my daughter, when one is occupied usefully, the time passes quickly; we are never weary of it."

Aurora was delighted not to feel any more the tedium of time, and devoted herself most diligently to working and reading, and she found herself a thousand times happier in the midst of her rural occupations than in the city. "I see," said she to the shepherdess, "that God does everything for our good. If my mother had

not been unjust and cruel to me, I should have remained in my ignorance; and my vanity, indolence, and the desire of making myself agreeable might have made me wicked and unfortunate."

Aurora had been with the shepherdess about a year, when the king's brother came to hunt in the forest where she kept her sheep. He was named Joinville, and was one of the best princes in the world. But the king, his brother, who was named Cheatall, was not at all like him, for he had no pleasure except in deceiving his neighbours and ill treating his subjects. Joinville was charmed with the beauty of Aurora, and told her that he should think himself the most happy of men if she would marry him. Aurora was very much pleased with him, but she knew that a sensible girl does not listen to gentlemen who talk to her in this manner.

"Sir," said she to him, "if what you tell me is true, you will go and find my mother, who is a shepherdess; she lives in the little house which you see there. If she wishes you to be my husband, I should have no objection, for she is so good and reasonable that I never disobey her."

"My lovely friend," replied Joinville, "I shall go with all my heart, to ask your mother to give you to me; but I did not wish to marry you without your own consent. If she were willing that you should be my wife, and you did not fancy me, you might be vexed, and I should rather die than grieve you."

"A man who thinks so must be virtuous," said Aurora; "and a girl can not be unhappy with a good man."

Joinville left Aurora and went to find the shepherdess, who knew his character, and willingly consented to

the marriage. He promised to return in three days, to see Aurora and herself, and went away as happy as possible, after having given her his ring, as a pledge of his affection. Aurora was quite impatient for the time to come for her to return to the house. Joinville had appeared to her very amiable; but she felt afraid the shepherdess might not like him. But when she returned, the shepherdess told her that it was not because Joinville was a prince that she had consented to her marriage with him, but because he was one the most honest men in the world.

Aurora awaited with some impatience the return of the prince; but the second day after his departure, as she was collecting her sheep, she unfortunately fell among some brambles, and scratched her face badly. She looked at herself in a brook, and was frightened, for the blood was running in every direction. "Am I not very unfortunate?" said she to the shepherdess when she went into the house. "Joinville will come to-morrow morning, and he will not care for me when he sees me so ugly." The shepherdess told her, smiling, "that since the good God permitted her to fall, it was undoubtedly for her good; for you know he loves you, and he knows better than you do what is best for you."

Aurora acknowledged her fault—for it is one to murmur against Providence; and she said to herself, "If Prince Joinville does not wish to marry me because I am no longer pretty, I should probably have been unhappy with him." Meantime, the shepherdess washed her face, and pulled out several thorns which had stuck into it.

The next day Aurora looked horribly, for her face was dreadfully

swelled, and she could not see out of her eyes. About ten o'clock in the morning a carriage was heard to stop before the door; but, instead of Joinville, out of it stepped Cheatall, the king. One of the courtiers, who hunted with the prince, had told the king, his brother, that Joinville had met the most beautiful girl in the world, and that he wished to marry her. "You are very bold to think of marrying without my leave," said Cheatall to his brother. "To punish you, I will marry this girl, if she is as handsome as they say."

Cheatall, on entering the house of the shepherdess, asked her where her daughter was. "Here she is," replied the shepherdess, showing Aurora. "What! this monster?" said the king; "and have you not another daughter, to whom my brother gave his ring?" "Here is the ring upon my finger," replied Aurora. At these words the king roared with laughter, and said, "I did not think my brother had so little taste; but I am charmed to be able to punish him." He then commanded the shepherdess to put a vail over the head of Aurora, and having sent for Prince Joinville, he said to him, "Brother, since you love the fair Aurora, I will marry you to her immediately."

"And I, I will not deceive any one," said Aurora, pulling off the vail. "Joinville, I have become very ugly within the last three days; do you still desire to marry me?" "You appear more amiable in my eyes than ever," said the prince; "for I find you still more virtuous than I could have imagined." Saying these words, he gave her his hand, and Cheatall laughed with all his might. He ordered them to be married immediately; but said afterward to Joinville,

"As I am not fond of monsters, you may remain with your wife in this cottage: I forbid you to bring her to court."

He then got into his coach, and left Joinville transported with joy. "Ah, well," said the shepherdess to Aurora, "you thought yourself unfortunate when you fell among the briars; if it had not been for this accident, the king would have fallen in love with you; and if you had not been willing to marry him, he would have perhaps killed Joinville."

"You are right, mother," replied Aurora; "but I am, however, frightfully ugly; and I am afraid the prince will only feel regret at having married me." "No, I assure you," said Joinville; "we get accustomed to a plain face, but we can never get used to a bad character." "I am charmed with your sentiments," said the shepherdess; "but Aurora will be again beautiful; I have a wash which will heal her face." In fact, at the end of three days, the face of Aurora was as beautiful as ever. But the prince begged her always to wear her vail; for he was afraid his wicked brother would steal her away if he saw her.

Meantime, Cheatall, who wanted to marry, sent out several painters to bring him portraits of handsome ladies. He was enchanted with that of Annabel, the sister of Aurora, and having had her brought to his court, he married her. Aurora was very uneasy when she knew that her sister was queen. She was afraid to go out, for she knew how wicked her sister was, and that she did not like Aurora.

At the end of a year Aurora had a son, who was named Gracious, and she loved him with her whole heart. This little prince, as soon as he began to speak, showed so much sense, that

he was the delight of his parents. One day, when he was playing before the door with his mother, who was reclining in her chair, she fell asleep; and when she woke up she could not see anything of her boy. She cried aloud, and ran through the forest to look for him. It was in vain that the shepherdess told her everything happened for the best. She took all the pains in the world to comfort her, and the next day she was forced to own that the shepherdess was right. Cheatall and his wife were very much enraged that they had no children, and sent a party of soldiers to kill their little nephew; not being able to find him, they placed Joinville, his wife, and the shepherdess in a vessel and sent them out to sea, that they might never hear of them again.

This time, Aurora thought he might be allowed to consider herself unfortunate; but the shepherdess still repeated to her, that God did everything for the best. As it was very fine weather, the vessel floated quietly along for three days, and then brought them to a city which was on the shore of the sea. The king of this city was at war, and his enemies were besieging him. Joinville, who was courageous, offered to assist the king, who placed him at the head of some troops. He made several sorties from the city, and succeeded in killing the besieging general. The soldiers having lost their commander, ran away, and the besieged king, having no children, adopted Joinville as his son, in order to show him his gratitude. Four years after, they found out that Cheatall had died with vexation at having married a wicked wife, and the people, who hated her, had driven her away in disgrace, and sent messengers to Joinville to offer him the crown.

He embarked with his wife and the shepherdess; but a violent tempest arose, and they were shipwrecked upon a desert island. Aurora, who had learned wisdom by all that had happened, was not afflicted, and thought that it was for some good purpose that God had permitted this shipwreck. They put up a tall pole on the shore, and fastened the white apron of the shepherdess at the end of this pole, to give notice to vessels which might come that way.

Toward evening, they saw a woman approaching them with a little child; and Aurora had no sooner looked at it, than she perceived it was her son Gracious. She inquired of this woman where she found the child, and was told that her husband, who was a pirate, had stolen it; but, that having been shipwrecked near this island, she had saved herself with the child, which she held in her arms. Two days after, some vessels which were seeking the bodies of Joinville and Aurora, who they supposed had been wrecked, saw their white signal. They landed upon the island, and carried back their king and his family to his dominions. And, henceforth, whatever happened to Aurora, she never murmured, because she knew from her own experience, that things which seem to us to be misfortunes, are often the occasion of our happiness.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL speaker out West says that the Sabbath school men have a new way of spelling the word "can't." They find the *t* a crooked thing when alone at the end of a word, and so they add two more letters to it, and make a word of it to be used with the word "can." The whole makes "Can try."



LITTLE Frank Morris looked very much like hundreds of boys about just eight years old, who read MERRY'S MUSEUM, perhaps like you. He had light hair, blue eyes, red cheeks and a mouth that could smile very sweetly when he was pleased, or could pout like two great red cherries, only they did not look like such tempting fruit, when he was out of humor. I suppose he smiled and pouted about as often as most boys of his age—perhaps just about as much as you do.

Frank wanted to be a good boy, and as he had a good mother to help him, he generally made out very well. He had one fault which he had named his "Ugly Greedy." His mother called it *Selfishness*, but Frank had a funny way of talking about things, and so he gave this name to his desire to have more than his share of good things.

One day Frank's mother took a walk to visit a neighbor, and he and his two sisters, Jenny and Fanny, were allowed to go. Fanny was almost a baby, and was carried in her mother's arms, and Jenny and Frank took their hoops and ran races by the way.

As they were leaving the place, the lady gave Mrs. Morris a small basket of beautiful cherries, and Fanny was delighted to carry them in her little hand; and as she was the youngest,

her mother allowed her now and then to pick out a nice one to eat. Frank noticed this, and although he knew the fruit would be divided as soon as they returned home, he wanted to share with the baby. So he raised his hand and called out, "Give bubbly a cherry!"

"No, no," said Fanny, lifting the basket higher, "bubbly wait."

"Now, ma," said Frank, "don't you think Fanny has got Ugly Greedy this morning? I always let her have what she asks me for, and now she won't even give me a cherry."

"Bubby wait, bubbly wait," cried Fanny louder than before; and Mrs. Morris laughingly said, "If you are so willing to please Fanny, then wait as she wants you to, or she may think you selfish."

Frank could say nothing to this; so he slowly went away. When they had reached home, then Fanny came running to him with both hands full of cherries, and he could not help thinking that, after all, it was selfish in him to want them before they were divided.

The next day the children's two cousins came to visit them, one of whom brought a little toy-horse for the children to play with. Frank was delighted with it, and amused himself by drawing it about the floor, and offering it shavings, which he called hay, and a box of his mother's hooks and eyes, which he called oats. In a little while, Fanny, who had been taking an afternoon nap, awoke. Very soon she espied the horse, and then, of course, she wanted to play with it.

"Go away," shouted Frank, "horses ain't for girls."

"Fanny want hossy," cried she.



But he only turned away, and picking it up, started to run from her.

"For shame," said his cousin Ellen, while the other girls looked sorry to see him so selfish.

Just then little Fanny called out, "Mamma, Ugly Greedy's got Franky, and won't let him give me the horse."

This was too much for Frank; he stopped short, and giving the plaything to his sister, exclaimed, "I'll let old Ugly Greedy know he can't master me;" and for a long time after he was hardly known to be selfish. But he will find that his old enemy isn't dead yet, and he will have to struggle with him a good many times, and so perhaps will you, for Ugly Greedy doesn't give up easily when he has once had a little boy under his thumb, I tell you.

HOW IT MAY BE DONE.—If you happen to be an honest and diligent young man; if you possess the respect of your associates; and have taken a fancy in your head to get rid of your industry and your honesty; to lose the respect of your friends and the good opinion of your mates, I will tell you how you may manage the matter in a very little time, and with very little trouble—*learn to drink rum.*

MANY A RHYME.

"THERE'S many a man, of
many a mind,
Many a bird, of many a
kind,"
And many a say, in many
a song,
With many too short, and
many too long.
There's many a lass, and
many a lad,
With many quite good,
and many more bad,
With many an ache, and
many an ill,

Which many won't have, and many
who will.

Many are laughing, many are weeping,
Many quite wakeful, while many are
sleeping

In many an arbor, many a bower,
By many a bud, or many a flower.
Many are going, many are coming,
Many are singing, many are hum-
ming,

Many are musing, many are talking,
Many are riding, many are walking,
Many are writing, many are ranting,
Many responding, while many are
chanting.

Many write poetry, many write song,
Many talk right, while many think
wrong.

While many are bleeding, many are
dying,

Many are weeping, many are sighing,
Many are plotting, many are betting,
Many are hoping, many are fretting,
Many make money, many will lose it,
Many will have it, many don't choose
it;

Many a fashion from many a school,
With many to fetter and many to
fool,

Many take leisure, many lose time,
Many more manys, with many more
rhymes.

PRESIDENTIAL DECLARATION.

WE print on the page opposite to this an important certificate which has been signed by twelve Presidents of the United States, to the young men of the country; declaring that they believe ardent spirits as a drink to be needless and hurtful, and recommending them to discontinue entirely the use of it. The signatures of the first three were obtained by that old veteran in the Temperance cause, E. C. Delevan, Esq., who made a personal visit to each for that purpose; and each President since has affixed his signature to the declaration; and the original parchment is now in Mr. Delevan's possession.

We commend this declaration to the earnest attention of our young friends,

and hope you will all follow its good advice. Robert Merry has followed it for over thirty-five years, and has always found it good, and its ways pleasant, and all its paths peace. If you value health, virtue, and happiness, you will put your name to just such a pledge, and keep it, too. Intoxicating drinks as a beverage never did any one any real good yet, and never will.

I well recollect the first badge I ever wore, made out of beautiful blue ribbon; on which was neatly printed the following couplet:

"Tis here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

And I am proud to say that the badge never has been dishonored nor the pledge broken.

STAY, BROTHER, STAY

Tune—"Homeward Bound."

1. Stay, brother, stay! whither go - ing so fast? Danger is there! danger's there!
 Ru - in, which riles on the mer - ci-less blast, Sweeps not so bare, not so bare.
 v. c. Death and de-true-tion to life is their trade, O, then be-ware, O be-ware

D. c
 Poisons they give, which corrupt and degrade, Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid.

2.
 Thousands you've heard of with once happy homes;
 Where are they now? are they now?
 Millions you've heard of who rushed to the Weep, thinking how, thinking how. [tombs;
 Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,
 Think of the heart-broken mother and child,
 Think of the homes made distracted and wild;
 Then take the vow take the vow.

8.
 Touch not the cup, then, as long as you live;
 Safety is there! safety's there!
 Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temp'rance can give;
 Make her your care, her your care.
 Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,
 Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,
 To happiness, pure friendship, and fame.
 Come, Brother dear, Brother dear

IMPORTANT CERTIFICATE.

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue, and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

James Madison.

John Quincy Adams

Andrew Jackson

W. Van Buren

John Tyler

J. Taylor. ~~somes. &c stuck~~

Millard Fillmore

Franklin Pierce

James Buchanan A. Lincoln

Andrew Johnson

GAMES FOR ALL.



BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

Fritz Hall was reclining on his narrow lounge, watching thoughtfully the game of blindman's-buff, in which a few of his playmate visitors were gleefully engaged.

Daisy noticed a look of sadness on his face, and in a moment was kneeling beside him.

"What is it, Fritz? Does the noise disturb you? or would you rather we would not play anything you can not join us in?"

"Run back, puss," said Fritz, "run back, Daisy, and don't spoil the game by stopping to question me."

"Well, Fritz, I'll do as you say; but after tea we'll have some of *your* games—'Have a thought,' you know, and 'I think of a word that rhymes,' or, 'Talking without an O,' if you won't make *me* talk."

"Oh, yes—I know there are plenty of games for the *head* as well as for the heels," laughed Fritz; "and as I always preferred those, I should be foolish to fret because a cripple can't play leap-frog, or hop-seotch, or blindman's-buff."

"I don't think you've been lame long enough to call yourself a cripple yet, Fritz; at any rate, I don't believe you *will* be one," said Daisy, tenderly.

"Oh, you little comforter! but you haven't counted the weeks and months as I have, may-be. Hurry up with the romping games, and then we'll have supper and head-work."

Daisy didn't stop to say she *had* "counted the weeks and months," though it would have been more true than Fritz might have credited.

The last blindfolded groper was striving to identify the unfortunate struggler within his grasp, when the tea-bell rung, and the noisy group soon grew quiet in the presence of Mrs. Hall as she gave each a seat around her tempting table. Fritz was rolled up in his easy-chair next to Daisy, whose especial pleasure it was to wait on her unfortunate brother.

"You enjoy ever so many things just as much, and *some* things more than the rest of us," whispered Daisy as Fritz sipped his fragrant coffee, his coveted luxury since he became an invalid.

"You mean I *have* some things you don't," said Fritz, eying his coffee pleasantly. "And besides this, I have *special attention*; for instance, such as Daisy's putting the largest bunches of grapes on my plate just now."

Daisy smiled, and playfully stealing one or two of the plumpest amber and purple balls, said, "I think of a word that rhymes with grapes."

"What a person does who repeats your action," said Fritz, taking some grapes in return from Daisy's plate.

"Apes! yes—but we must wait now until after tea."

And they had not long to wait, for

the children soon found their appetites failing, though none objected to the way in which they were lost, and Fritz soon found himself the center of a merry circle in the parlor.

"Which of all games do you like best?" asked Daisy of Robert Hughes, who sat nearest Fritz.

"I should have to think awhile," said Robert; "there are so many, and they're so very different."

"Put your thinking-cap on, then, for you've each got to name your favorite play. Then I can put them down on slips of paper, and we can draw them out and have them as they come."

Fanny Grey laughed as Flossy whispered, "'Follow my lady,' I shall say."

"I would say 'Chess,'" said Robert Hughes; "only it takes too long, if we are to be social and obliging."

"Yes, we will vote out 'chess' to-night," said Daisy.

"What shall I write instead?"

"'Upon honor,' with forfeits."

"Very good. What is yours, Fanny Grey?"

"'Hunt the handkerchief.'"

"'And yon, Edward Mayne?'"

"'Charades.'"

"'And Flossy?'"

"Do as I do," said Flossy, whose mind had altered two or three times in as many minutes.

"I know yours, Fritz—the 'Game of twenty questions?'"

"Yes, now, since I can't play baseball or croquet any more."

"And Daisy's?" asked Fritz.

"Oh, 'Having a sign,' always; so here is the list. If there were a hundred of us, we would have as many different favorites."

"I like *quiet* games," said Flossy; "but now if our Ned was here, you couldn't play his games. He is so



fond of pranks, that it takes oceans of room for his plays—running races with Ponto and Rover, and teaching them to carry off Will's hat or my fan."

"Perhaps it's well he isn't here to-night, then," suggested Daisy. "But here is first on my list, 'Charades.'"

"I can't play those," said Fritz.

"Oh, we're not to dress up, or go out of the room, or anything—only make words by motions, or touching articles near us."

Robert took two marbles and rolled them carefully across the table, and then snapped a pencil in two, asking what great man he had named.

"Boling-broke," suggested Daisy.

"Well," said Fritz, "what country is this?" and he took the letter A from Lily's alphabet of blocks, and placed the lamp so that one ray of light fell just beside it.

"China," said Flossy, almost before she thought; "you know it *shines* on A!"

"Yes, but it is not *Shina*," said Robert, laughing. "I guess it is Arabia."

"Right," said Fritz.

"And on what is it situated?" asked Daisy, placing a block with the letter C beside it.

"On the Red Sea."

Edward touched the same block, and asked what story of an eminent author he named.

"The Scarlet Letter," said Fritz.

There were a few more charades, but I will only mention Flossy's, as it helped to atone for her China guess. Taking up a little toy ring of wood, she chipped off a tiny bit with her penknife, saying, "If I had offended you, why should that reconcile you?"

"I know," said Fritz—"because it's a piece-off-a-ring!"

There were a few more charades, a little time for "upon honor" and the "game of twenty questions" and "hunt the handkerchief," which last, from a happy thought of Fanny Grey's, came near keeping them all the evening. She hid it "*in plain sight*," yet they were "hot" very often before they found it gracing the center of a bouquet of white and crimson dahlias, as rolled into a small round ball, in its close imitation of the flowers, it nestled cosily among the green leaves unsuspected and unseen.

Then the clock struck ten, and Daisy, though very sorry about her "signs," didn't say "it was *too* bad she couldn't have *her* game, and she wished the rest had never been invented," but gave up very pleasantly, only saying, "Remember, it will begin with me next time!"

"How many plays there are!" said Fritz, when they were alone again. "Plays for the lame, the blind, the rude, the quiet, the gay, and the thoughtful; in short, games for all who need or enjoy diversion of any sort. I'm sure I don't miss much by being lame. I've had a splendid evening."

"Nobody misses much who makes the best of what he has, and looks on the silver lining until he forgets there is a cloud, like some people I know," said Daisy, as she bade Fritz a cheerful good-night.

KRUNA.

PRACTICE KINDNESS WHEN YOU CAN.

PRACTICE kindness when you can,
Act the part of a noble man;
Tender thoughts and loving ways
Help to cheer our gloomy days.
Where there's kindness, there is joy,
Love dwells here without alloy;
Then cheer the drooping heart of man,
And practice kindness when you can.

Practice kindness when you can,
If it's only for a span;
Smiles beguile the human race
Into thoughts of love and peace;
And oh, when the heart is sad,
Kindness ever makes us glad;
Then glory in this noble plan,
And practice kindness when you can.

Practice kindness when you can,
Strive to be a better man;
Words of sympathy impart,
Hopes to cheer the weary heart.
Neither beauty, wealth untold,
Jewels rare, nor precious gold,
Can cheer alone the soul of man;
So practice kindness when you can.

Do good, do good, there is ever a way;
There's a way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day when to-morrow comes still.

If wealth be yours, then be willing to part
With a portion, at least, of your wealth,
And prove you are grateful to God from your heart,
And your neighbor you love as yourself.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



HE parlor is over-crowded, sultry, and in this hot month of August, thoroughly uncomfortable, and we propose to adjourn to the cool shade of some pleasant grove, where each one can get a breath of air for himself. Uncle Hiram takes his hatchet to cut away any straggling under-brush. Aunt Sue says her bloomer will be just the thing to catch butterflies with. Uncle William has a pop-gun to shoot flies with, and Uncle Robert takes his cane to attack any snakes that may venture near.

Hark! We are not to have entire possession of the premises. There sits a noisy red squirrel, chattering away with a fluency that the best of you might envy. Now don't get to quarreling over that "best of you," for we wouldn't tell who it is if we knew, and we won't even tell whether we know or not. Then the cicadas are singing a ceaseless song; the blackbirds are alternately snapping them up and twittering out a sharp note; the bees are adding to the general buzz, and the crickets are chirping merrily.

What a wealth of sunshine is pouring down over the fields! What becomes of it all? Where does it go to? Now that's not so silly a question after all; something more in it than in what the little quiz at school asked the teacher, "Where does the figures go to when you rub them out?" See that daisy, with its blazing yellow face and white frill all around it! It can tell what becomes of some of the sunshine. It is drinking

it in with great gusto, filling its heart full, imparting it to the seeds it is maturing, to give them life and warmth to carry them through the cold winter. The tall corn gathers it in its long green-clad arms, and fills its kernels so full that they will glisten with its golden tint, and the pumpkin vines beneath are catching it in their goblet blossoms, and storing it away in the great globes which will crown the harvest and give their richness to many a thanksgiving feast. The trees are laying it up to yield it all back again when they snap and sparkle on the hearth in a winter's night; and so every ray that comes to earth is appropriated for future use. Now just hear one word of application, and then do your own talking. While the sunshine of our Merry circle beams so warmly and plentifully with rays of love and joy, lay up a full store in your hearts; it will cheer many a cloudy hour in the future, give strength often in time of trial, and be precious seed to bear fruit in coming seasons.

IN THE HOUSE, July 7, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE:—Hope you've recovered from your *critical* condition in which you gravely informed me that "Time is broke," and "no proportion kept;" a bad break surely, but it's no more than I expected. When I first made his acquaintance in the Primer, thought him a shiftless fellow, looked as if he had "nary red" and "nary clothes;" then, besides, one who has a glass constantly in his hand must expect to be broke. By the way, you neglected to inform me whether his glass got broke, too, and if those "sands of life," about which a retired clergyman has so much to say, were the proportion which was not kept. As for him, he never had any proportions—a lean, lank, lantern-jawed old ghost, sneaking round at bed-time trying to *hook* something. Please tell us some news; we knew all that before, and meant that you should "recognize the photograph."

We plead guilty to "a flow of words;" it's a hereditary complaint, having descended in a straight line from *Abe Lower*, Esq.; but don't be afraid, we are compassionate and tender-hearted almost to softness; always say "show fly" before "treading on his wing." Would that I could make a flow like unto a bounding brook with a *fresh* *hit* of ideas that would with a mighty *murmur* "bust the banks" and make a *swamp* of the "old sanctum!" How I'd laugh to see you on a pile of pi, endeavoring to see your way out, in your futile endeavors to *abridge* me or *damage* my *course*.

Expect for this you'll sentence me to hang over some *waterfall*, so that I may soon be *mist*.

Is Flib a relative of yours? if so, or not, she is a *promising* girl. How are you photo?

W. A. R.

We have reported to Queen Fleta, who will attend to your case in her own department. You are evidently a fit "subject" for her Majesty. Flib is a distant relative just now—her address is Marion, Ohio, for the summer.

MASS., July 4, 1865.

What a glorious, glorious Fourth! How much, how much has a beneficent Providence granted to our country! And now purged from domestic sin and treachery, the foul blot on our national escutcheon washed out by our brothers' blood and by widows' tears, again shall she stand among the nations of the earth foremost in liberty, honor, and freedom! May God bless America, and make us his own peculiar people!

DIABOLUS.

June 26, 1865.

UNCLE ROBERT AND MERRY COUSINS:—Once more I take up my "quill" to address you in friendly terms.

Sigina, or rather, "Captain of the Guards," what are you going to do, now that your troops have deserted? Had you not better take "Franc," "Nameless," and a small squad, and bring them back? Am I mistaken about their deserting, or have they only gone home on a furlough?

"Roguish Kate," can you make out my letter. But I see the bright hatchet in the distance, and must close; so no more at present from yours, Merryly,

"Cis."

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1865.

DEAR COUSINS:—I have spoken to you once this year, and attempted it the second time, but Uncle Robert, with a frown on his usually pleasant countenance, threw me into the basket because I said that Uncle Will was the better looking.

I am glad you proposed a reading circle, Jolly J., for I have been ill with typhoid fever, and can neither sew, practice my music, or read, so idle I will enjoy our corner hugely. I take it for granted that you will do the reading.

Since I was last with you, the angel called Death has darkened our door and taken from us our youngest darling; he was only thirteen years old, but he died happy, believing that for Christ's sake he was forgiven. None but those who have been called to part with near and dear friends can know how we miss his happy face and merry laugh, and how the heart will ache when we see the vacant place; but we believe that all is for the best, and through our tears thank God that our darling is safe from the evil to come.

Cousin Jennie, you and I should be the best of friends, for we can sympathize with each other.

Reubie Linden, I will write you as soon as I am allowed to resume my correspondence. In the mean time, do not forget

JUNO.

PROVIDENCE, July 3, '65.

Silver Ring, of course we are friends. Please send me your *carte* and real name, will you? and I'll reciprocate as soon as possible. I still belong to Fall River, although I am now boarding in Providence.

Forestina, may I have the pleasure of beholding your "handsome phiz?" Please say yes, and send it as soon as possible.

Sigma, will you correspond with me? Please let me know soon. Uncle Merry will give you my address.

Mamie, will you X? Jean du Casse, do you wear a badge? I haven't seen any yet.

VINCENT.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.

DEAR MERRYS:—To-day being our national birthday, I have been mustered out of the Army of the Potomac. I want to be admitted to your circle and become acquainted with all the Cousins. Will you admit a young soldier boy?

JAS. CONRAD

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNTS, AND MERRY COUSINS :—Although I am a new subscriber, and ain not so lucky as to know any of the Cousins, yet I sincerely hope to be admitted to the Chat.

"Robin Hood," do you want a Little John? if so, speak out, for I am something of a sportsman myself. I have hunted in the wild woods of Ohio, but never in the vast prairies of Minnesota.

"Cis," as you also are a beginner, I suppose you will sympathize with me.

Your Merry Cousin, RAY.

GOLDEN'S BRIDGE, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—For three years past, Oddity and Roguish Kate have been standing out of doors talking of knocking at your door for admittance among your "Merry" nephews and nieces, but not until of late have we been able to make a resolution. I will not give any of the Merrys a sly pinch, unless you put me by Dick Lazzybones or W. A. R. (I am not fond of war, unless it is on the side of the right; if that is the case, I might display a pugilistic temperament) Oddity prefers a corner, but you have one "In the Corner." We have put our heads into Aunt Sue's museum, or sanctum, and have seen her album; we like the "Cousins," and may we join? Oddity has a badge, but she is so diffident. With kind regards, to the Cousins and all, we are

ROGUISH (KATE) AND ODDITY.

MERRYS ALL :—First, there's Jolly across the room, who seems to be attracting the notice of all new-comers through his long speeches and fondness of literature. Of course you will all pitch at me if I talk against literature, and especially the productions of the favorites in the Chat—Longfellow, Gail Hamilton, Whittier, and those smart Yankees up J. J.'s way. There, Juno, Uno, and Ino, and all the rest of the no's, arm yourselves and join Jolly against me. But remember that Jingle is not to speak another word to me (as he said once).

Pontiac, Leslie, and Irving, do not, I pray you, discard me from your list of acquaintances; my pressing business prevented my calling on you when home, and now I am far away.

Flib, you, too, have been with the Green'uns lately. I hope they will not

injure you, mentally. Did you ever receive my c. de v.? I know you did something else. Plenty more left. You should return the favor in both cases, to be even.

Yes, Admiral, you know me. I am glad to see you in the right place.

May Clayton, Brown-Eyes, Saucy Nell, and Teaser, follow your Golden Arrow back into the Merry hall. Stranger, did you know Golden Arrow?

Uncle, spare me—I promise better next time. Yours in war or peace, IAGO.

LINDEN FOREST, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—My little Cousin Nelly was watching the fire-flies one evening, when her mother told her if she would catch one and put it under a glass, she could see it shine. So she started to catch one, and finally succeeded. She was holding it in her hand when it shone, and she exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, mamma, it don't feel hot a bit!"

Little Ella, who was just beginning to study geography, was looking for the north and south poles, when suddenly she said to her sister, "Alice, where's the east and west poles?"

Prairie Rose, I adore long letters.

Jasper, you are correct. I am a Brooklynite. I should like very much to know you. Will you write through Uncle Merry?

Tommy, I want to know who you are. Sunbeam, why don't you write?

Merry Mattie Greenwood, you shall chat with me and welcome.

Lurline and Verbena, I should be happy to hear from you. Please write.

Em. Moore, I fancy I know whose name sounds something like yours as well as Nameless, only it is Em instead of Em.

Now good-bye everybody.

RUBIE LINDEN.

MARIETTA

DEAR UNCLE AND MERRYITIS :—Oh, that A.N.other I knew! Cis, were your brightest anticipations realized at last? My merriest regards to Sigma and a friend residing in his vicinity, who shall be forever Nameless here.

Has Prairie Rose perused that charming "Romance" yet?

A sweet welcome home to our brave "boys in blue." May we not become better acquainted in a Merry way?

Ample accommodations have been provided by our P. N. to receive the numerous epistles that are attracted to **LE MAGNET**, Lock Box 35, Marietta, Ohio.

Send along the c. de v. We can send you the address of one of those you ask for.

PRAIRIE WEST, June 19, 1865.

DEAR MERRYS ALL—both great and small:—Won't you notice a *tiny wild rose* that's wasting "its sweetness on the desert air?"

Tulips, I will send you my c. de v. after we have seen yours. You want a queen. Who ever heard of a modest forget-me-not being a queen, or a bluebell, hiding its shy face among the leaves, putting on royalty? Gorgeous Tulips would seem more fitting, *I think*.

May Clayton, Flib, Addie W., Jessie Bell, send me your photos. Uncle has my address.

April Shower, I feel quite revived at your coming.

Titania, are there any photographers in fairy land? If so, I hope to see a specimen of their work on your own dear self. Oh, dear! that dreadful hatchet.

Franc, won't you extend your digits to me?

TINY WILD ROSE.

ERRATA.

In MERRY'S MUSEUM, Vol. 50, page 24, second column, fifth line from the bottom, read *gales* instead of "gabs." As the expression now stands, it is a specimen of mixed metaphor highly amusing, containing, perhaps, more truth than poetry. And permit me, Uncle, to say to Fleta that her proximity doesn't incommode me in the least. A. N.

Extracted Essences.

PRAIRIE BOY, we can send the "First" or "Second" Book of Puzzles, price 30 cents each.

FAIRY BELL's request to have a seat by the side of her friend Kitty Clover is granted. Kitty loves just such little ones as you, and will give you a hearty welcome. We shall be on the lookout for your photograph.

EDDIE, your c. de v. is received, and ours forwarded in return.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that all letters on business or to the Chat must be sent to the Publisher, J. N. Stearns, and none but communications for Puzzle department to Fleta, at New Haven. We shall not expect F. F. to re-mail Chat letters to us—she must have a separate basket for such things to fall into.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT; or, Adventures of an Army Officer. A Story of the Great Rebellion, by Oliver Optic. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a sequel to "The Soldier Boy," and is full of thrilling interest and historical incidents, giving an account of the movements and positions of the army before Richmond, as well as being a personal narrative of the "Young Lieutenant."

This is one of the most readable books of the season, and will add to the author's well-earned reputation as a first-class writer for children.

CENTRAL PARK.—A neat and picturesque guide through this great national resort has just been lithographed and published by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, which shows the drives, lakes, rambles, bridges, and all the latest improvements. It is a valuable guide, the cheapest and best we have seen. Price 25 cents. Mr. Prang has also published views in the Park, printed in oil-colors, *carte de visite* style, suitable for albums, which with this guide makes a desirable souvenir of this beautiful Park. Also, vessels and marine views, street scenes in New York, the Ten Commandments, and many other beautifully assorted album pictures, together with albums of various sizes and descriptions, which can be had of book-sellers generally. Inquire for Prang's albums and pictures.

CHRISTIANITY AND STATESMANSHIP, with Kindred Topics, by W.M. HAGUE, D.D. 12mo, pp. 414. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1865.

This is a work of more than ordinary interest, and should be widely circulated. We can not do better than to quote the language of a writer in the

last number of the "Boston Review" concerning it :

"No themes are so deep and far-reaching as those which legitimately come under this title. As time rolls on and civilization advances, new applications of Christian truth to social and public affairs are continually claiming attention. The author of this volume has addressed himself to the discussion of these topics with equal earnestness and ability. Several of these essays grew out of the conflict of thought incident upon our great struggle with Southern absolutism. Others of them are of a more general character. Dr. Hague brings to his aid a clear, vigorous style, good taste, a warm sympathy with things around him, a serviceable knowledge of history, and a catholic spirit. This book is timely, and of permanent value."

RUTH—A SONG IN THE DESERT. 16mo, cloth, pp. 64.

The author of this little work is the daughter of a distinguished professor in

one of our theological schools. The object of her affections leaving his studies preparatory to the Christian ministry at the opening of the war, to enlist in the service of his country, soon fell a martyr to the cause. Overwhelmed at the news of his early death, she gives a most beautiful and touching account of her own personal experience, hoping, as she says in her preface, "by this little narrative to reach a few of her sisters in sorrow." It is a perfect gem of a book in thought and in mechanical execution.

BOSTON AND NEWPORT.—A new first-class steamboat, called the "Newport," has just been completed and placed on this popular route, which is equal if not superior to the "Metropolis." This is the most desirable route between New York and Boston, and we are glad to see it so well patronized. The New York terminus has been changed, and the boats now land at the foot of Murray Street.

Eleia Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

MERRYS! a "prize contest" is proposed for next month! How many will be ready for it? The 20,000 are generally equal to any emergency when once fully roused. In fact, the "emergency" almost always gets the worst of it! After their long season of inactivity they will be doubly ready! If there is a "sleepy hollow" in the sanctum sofa, tip it up! Tumble out the R. V. W.'s without loss of time! We give them the next thirty days to rub their eyes and shake themselves in. If they are not then awake, they must be "sent to the rear!" Don't you say so, Merrys?

Where my stem may grow upward,
my roots can run down,
And beauty and use my short life-time shall crown.

Behead me, and then on a warm summer's day,
When the farmer toils hard in his broad fields of hay,
Unseen I am present, unheard I am there!
Lying low in the dust, floating up through the air!

Behead me again; and at once in my name
Some people discover their chief earthly aim!
In the power of the wise man I strengthen and bless,
But shorten your life if abused to excess!

My head off again; and by sudden transition
I change from a verb to a short preposition!

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

189. I'm a word of five letters. Entire,
I'm a plant,
An annual, loving a cool northern haunt,

And, if you look closely, you'll
find it somewhere
In the Chat for this month, I can
safely declare!

Behead me once more ; and where
dark billows leap,
I'm found in the steamer that fur-
rows the deep !
In the roaring tornado I sweep o'er
the land !
And in snow-covered mountains
immovable stand !

Albert Wolf.

ANAGRAMS.

(Those in *italics* are descriptive of the
original word.)

- 190. *Thin gloom.* *Howard H. Jackman.*
- 191. Short, gay pen. *Kittie.*
- 192. Nice man to rally C. *Vincent.*
- 193. Go on Citin. *In the Corner.*
- 194. *Great help.* *Snowdrift.*
- 195. My first is the first syllable of a
great Athenian's name. My sec-
ond is one whom everybody
loves, and considers the greatest
person of the age. My third
and fourth united form (in
sound) the name of one who by
his genius and glory helped to
give Italy her honored name of
"Mother of the Fine Arts." My
whole is one of a class of in-
dividuals who play an important
part in the history of every coun-
try, however simple its form of
government. The present state
of affairs in our own land has de-
veloped many—who for all the
good they do us might easily be
dispensed with. *Iva MacGregor.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 196. Small boys (*a bird*). *C. F. W.*
- 197. Again the fishing-boat. *Pansy.*
- 198. Countries listen ! *G. N.*
- 199. Your, myself. *Stupid Harp.*

CHARADES.

- 200. My first is, in Latin, a small ani-
mal ; is in English indicative of
confusion.
My second is, in French, a pro-
noun ; is in English a safeguard.
My third is, in Greek, an article ;
is in English a part of the body
(in sound).

My whole is the name of a Merry
Cousin, and also of a musician
whose music no one likes.

Muriel.

- 201. My first is pale ; my second is a
horn ; my whole is a plant.
Mercury.
- 202. My first is a body of water ; my
second, a vowel ; my third, a
fruit ; and my whole a town in
India. *Uncle Abe.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 203. Transpose a coin into a priest.
Loyalty.
- 204. Transpose a fragment into a fish.
Lillie Harrison.
- 205. Transpose a button into a twig.
Venus.

Fill the following blanks with the
same word transposed :

- 206. Do you —— to win —— ? *Franc.*
- 207. —— is an expert —— but, on one
occasion, nearly lost her ——.
G. C.

FLOWERS.

- 208. What the Romans imposed a tax
on, and a fastening.
Roguish Kate and Oddity.
- 209. A season and a coveted quality.
H. W. Potter.
- 210. A country and (in sound) the
name of a merchant prince.
May Clayton.

- 211. I am composed of 8 letters :
My 6, 7, 2, 6 is an allowance for
waste.
My 1, 3, 7, 1, 5 is to satiate.
My 7, 3, 4, 2 is a famous city.
My 8, 3, 7, 5 is long since.
My whole is a science. *Doctor.*
- 212. I am composed of 23 letters :
My 2, 7, 4 is seen in every barn-
yard.
My 26, 9, 15, 11 is what my 6, 22,
4 does.
My 20, 8, 3 is found in winter.
My 1, 12, 4, 16 I hope none of my
readers will come to.
My 23, 14, 28 is part of a year.
My 6, 22, 27, 5 keeps us warm.
My 25, 24, 10 is in every kitchen.
My 17, 18, 19 may be often seen
on ladies' dresses.
My 21, 24, 13 is a useful animal.
My whole is an old saying.
John Snooks.

- 213.** I am composed of 21 letters :
My 21, 5, 8, 2, 5, 6 is a boy's name.
My 14, 3, 10, 10, 16, 15, 9, 12 is
one of the Merry Cousins.
My 15, 20, 1, 7, 13, 6 is a law of
the universe.
My 1, 19, 14, 3, 4 is the title of a
newspaper. [symbol]
My 12, 10, 20, 17, 18 is a sacred
My 11, 3, 5, 10 is a space of time..
My whole has accomplished won-
ders. *J. M. Dodge.*
- 214.** Behead a disturbance, transpose,
and leave a great calamity. *A. S. W.*
- 215.** Change my head several times and
I am (1) an animal ; (2) a play-
thing ; (3) what many people
are ; (4) what often lies in your
path ; (5) another small animal ;
(6) a covering ; (7) a vessel ; (8)
a verb. *Cousin Moy.*
(To complete the list : (9) a
light blow ; (10) a grain ; (11)
to corrode ; (12) a boy's nick-
name ; and (13) a certain pro-
noun as pronounced by a French-
man ; and (14) the same pro-
noun, as Sambo would utter it
—are suggested by *F. F.*
- 216.** 1011008 r 9. *Georgius.*
- 217.** B.& (good advice.) *Neb.*

*[☞] Answers to the above must be sent in
on or before the 8th of next month. None
will be credited if received after that date.
[☞] Send answers, contributions, etc.,
to F. F., Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven,
Conn. Will correspondents please note
the change of address.*

Answers to Questions in June No. .

- 132.** Partridge.
133. Sanctimoniousness.
134. Phlegmatically.
135. Hildebrand.
136. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
137. Tittle-tattle.
138. Gnostics, tocsin.
139. Gnu, gun.
140. Magna Charta.
141. The Sewing Ripper.
142. Mean, name.
143. Inelegant, eglantine. (No one
sends the correct answer to this,
the universal "guess" being
"strange, garnets.")

- 144.** Curassow (cur, as(s), sow). (*C. W.*
J. is the only one who answers
this.)
- 145.** Cedar, dear.
- 146.** Broom, room, Moor.
- 147.** Ditt(y) ditt(o). (*Fred* says "ide(a)
ide(m)," which is even better,
perhaps.)
- 148.** Adrienna Smock, Talleyrand, Keo-
kuk County, Iowa.
- 149.** Antepredicaments.
- 150.** Chattahoochee, North America.
- 151.** Puncheon (punch on !). (Nearly
all send "Button" (butt on !) in
answer to this.)
- 152.** Legend (leg end). ("Tip-toe,"
which some send, is very good ;
also "tip-top," which is better
than the *original* !)
- 153.** Chromatics (chrome attics). (*C.*
W. J. says, "nankeen overalls!"
What shall we do with him ?)
- 154.** Rabbit-t.
- 155.** Lavender. (No one thought of
this—and strangely, too, for al-
most every other possible color
has been mentioned—rose, vio-
let, orange, sorrel, lilac, currant,
carnation, corn, maize, cinna-
mon, coffee, lemon, etc.)
- 156.** Maximilian (M, a, XI, million).

The list of credits is very small this month, because so few of the puzzlers are "in time." Will the puzzlers please to remember that I shall close the list punctually on the 8th of every month, and so be prompt with their answers ?

Fred answers all but 144, 158.

Merrimac answers all but 141, 144, 147,
151, 152.

"Keystone" answers all but 142, 144,
147, 152, 153.

Aubrey answers all but 132, 138, 143,
144, 147, 149.

Florence answers all but 134, 135, 138,
141, 142, 143, 144, 147, 149, 152, 153.

C. W. J. answers all but 133, 134, 136,
137, 142, 147, 148, 149, 151, 153, 154.

Quaker answers all but 132, 133, 135, 138,
140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 147, 148, 149.

Georgius answers 132, 137, 139, 142, 145,
146, 153, 154, 155, 156.

Etta answers 139, 140, 150, 155, 156.

Prairie Boy answers 139, 140, 150, 156.

C. L. P. answers 146.

Answers to Correspondents.

Merrimac, thank you.

W. A. R., why don't you spell your name with an "iu" instead of an "on?" I ask, because you appear to *ru so* that you are not a *ruisseau!* You claim to be of "A. Lower" descent than most of us, but that does not alter the fact that (so the *Primer* says) in *Adam's* fall we all participated. Thus, no doubt, you "descended in a straight line" from *Adam*. Oh, *w(h)at-a-fall!* Then, to *crown* all, you *pitched* on Uncle's head, when F. F.'s should have been the one on which to empty your *pitchers* of wrath! This is *my* department, in which I reign supreme, and say and do as I please! *Trickle* in as often as you like. If I have said anything again to cause you to *creek*, remember to direct the *current* of your discourse to

Yours, *swimmingly*, F. F.

Wm. T. Sharp, your answer to 131 (May number), "Daniel, 4th chapter 37th verse," comes too late for credit, but as it differs from all others, I give it here. It contains all the letters of the alphabet but "q."

Vincent, there is "a chance."

Quaker, did you ever hear of *eating* a "rainbow?" Such a repast might do for the gods, but would it not be apt to give mortals the *drops*, eh?

C. W. J., "Robert Unity Wells," indeed! You are banished to the sofa for a month! I prescribe for you, meanwhile, the somewhat *novel* dose of 2 vols. of "My Novel," and 1 large vol. of "What Will He Do With It." You are to swallow the entire contents, and then report for duty!

Georgius, the "rule" was not suspended in your case this month—only the scissors! *C. W. J.* slipped in with you while I turned my eyes and pretended to be looking the other way!

"*Ray*," stray into my presence as often and *radiantly* as you can. What a pity that I have not an "*Iceberg*" on my list for you to play off your glories upon!

Prairie Boy, I referred your question to Uncle, who has them for sale.

H. H. J. (of Ohio), all *business* communications of *any* description must be sent to NEW YORK, and not to F. F.

Willie, letters for the "Chat" also should be sent to Uncle Merry. I have nothing to do with that department.

Uncle Merry, I do not see but that you will have to interfere and proclaim your rights, or I shall have

"greatness thrust upon me"
nolens volens! Here I am persistantly pestered with "business letters" and "Chat letters," with neither of which have I anything to do. How can any one suppose that "*Puzzlers*" (whom I ask to address me) are any other than those Merrys who are interested in the puzzles sufficiently to *answer* them, send new ones, and perhaps address me on matters connected with them? Who could be perplexed by such a very plain direction?

Violet Forest wishes to know whether those who have taken their *third* prize will again be entitled to receive prizes. Certainly not! The NAME of the one sending the most answers any month will be entitled to the place of honor in any case!—while a prize will be given as usual (every month) to the one who stands first among those not having received the three prizes! In other words, we promise to credit all answers sent to us, and to give due precedence to the one who sends the most; and if that one chances to be a "graduate," then the name of the one who becomes possessor of the prize will, in addition, be mentioned in the usual way.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

~~F. F.~~ F. F.'s P. O. address will be hereafter, "DRAWER 6." Will correspondents please note the change.

~~F. F.~~ Please date your answers.

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS to *Vincent*, *Flor- ence*, *Prairie Boy*, *Ray*, *Etta*, *Fred*, *Quaker*.



THE PRIZE.

'TWAS a little cottage brown and dark,
The home of Sophie Gray;
And her feeble mother was lonely and
sad
With her little girl away—

Away six hours of the weary day,
While it seemed still more and more
As if sunshine went at nine o'clock,
And came back at half-past four.

But the village school was her highest
joy,
And her books her richest treat,
As she trod the daisy-bordered walk
With ever nimble feet.

You could never smile at her mended
Or her faded apron, while [frock,
Above them so bright, through her
clear blue eyes,
Shone a spirit free from guile.

And no heart at the close of school
was sad
When the teacher was heard to say,
“The prize I offered will now be given
To little Sophie Gray.”

It could not be—had she heard aright?
So full of a glad surprise, [look
She could only speak her thanks by a
From her earnest questioning eyes.

And the walk to her cottage home
that night,

It was never so short before;
She had scarcely left her teacher's desk
When she reached her mother's door.

I will leave you to guess which she
held most dear,
Her valued and beautiful book,
Or the warm embrace and the silent
tear
With a mother's grateful look.

Faithful and earnest we all must be
As we walk life's toilsome way;
If we win the prize which before us
lies,
A joy for its closing day.

Aug., 1865.

KRUNA.

NOTHING MORE.

ONLY a lock of hair,
Shorn from the rich brown store—
Only an auburn curl,
Nothing more.
Only this one ringlet now,
Left of the mass o'er the childish brow,
That, and nothing more.

Only a picture bright
Of the one gone before—
Only a painted form,
Nothing more.
Nothing but the shadow fair,
Naught but the resemblance there,
That, and nothing more.

Only at rest in heaven;
'Not lost, but gone before'—
Only arrived home first,
Nothing more.
Only the pure child-spirit gone—
Gone to arrive first safe at home,
That, and nothing more.

RUBIE LINDEN.

EUGENE AT HOME.

Now his blissful mornings come,
Undisturbed by warlike drum;
Undisturbed by bugles' blare,
Now, the fragrant morning air.

Pleasant thoughts of duty done—
Grateful thoughts of vict'ry won—
Thanks with these that strife is past,
Sings he joyous, *home at last.*

Home again; the whole-souled North
Seems to bear a double worth.
He has seen the loyal stand,
Brave in heart and firm in hand.

So he's seen them at his side,
Faithful, howsoever tried;
Faltering not, e'en though they lay
In prison, worse than death, each day.

There his blood has oftentimes boiled—
There his sickened soul recoiled—
Hellish, needless anguish there,
With his comrades was his share.

Praised be Heaven, no Northman will
Human beings piecemeal kill.
Proudly in his Northern veins
Flows the blood with no such stains.

Happy soldier! welcome home—
MERRY hearts to greet thee come;
Joining with thy gentle bride,
Pray we that thy peace abide.

LAURA ELMER.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would your hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A MAN in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority though he be alone, for God is above all populations of the earth.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER IX.—ADVENTURES.



UT it was not very easy for Elva to make her way out of the house unobserved. In the field, not far off, were her father, Seth and Perley, busy with the harvesting, and Seth had as many eyes in his head as a fly.

She stood in the front yard, under the shade of the evergreens, and reflected. She was going to Boston—she had fully resolved on that; but in order to reach the depot, she must pass by the men at work in the field.

"That never will do," thought Elva, "for even though I should crouch down by the fence, Seth would be sure to see me and ask where I was going. Dear me! I must trudge round by the mill-brook, I suppose—as much as a mile out of the way."

So, swinging her carpet-bag on her arm, Elva set forth, her heart throbbing high with resentment, hot tears blinding her eyes. The September sun forced its way through her parasol and beat fiercely upon her head. By the time the child reached the mill-brook, she was glad to rest. It was nearly noon; she was hungry, and longed for the nice dinner which was smoking on the table at home; but as that was not to be thought of, she drew from her carpet-bag a lunch-

eon of turnovers and cheese, and ate very fast, sobbing and choking between the mouthfuls. It was strange that Elva should have had the forethought to bring the turnovers and cheese, and as it was the only sensible thing she did that day, I am glad to record it. After eating every crumb of her dinner, she threw away the brown paper and proceeded to wash her heated face in the brook. How often she and Louisa Flint had gathered strawberries on this very spot! But that was summer before last—very long ago, as Elva reckoned time.

"I used to think, in those days," sighed Elva, talking to herself, "that I was just as happy as anybody; I didn't care any more what was going to happen to me than a little brown toad."

Elva smoothed her hair and put on the traveling hat again.

"I might go right back home this minute and make believe I only ran off in play; but do you suppose I'd be such a goose? No, indeed; I'll not be imposed upon any longer! I'll be a heroine, like those we read of in books! They'll think I'm dead, and I'm sure they'll wear mourning! Oh, won't mother feel bad when she thinks over all she's said to me? I almost pity her, she'll cry so! But it won't do a speck of good! The next she knows of me I shall be dressed in silks and satins, and I'll call her 'Mrs. Newell,' just as polite! I'll be ever so dignified, but I won't take any notice of the way she has treated me; I'll show that I have a sweet disposition; and can bear everything like an angel."

By this time Elva was sobbing again, and it became necessary for her to bathe her inflamed eyes once more. She suddenly heard a rustling in the grass. It proved to be only a grass-hopper.

"But it might have been Seth," thought the child. "They'll have such a time hunting for me! I guess I'd better hurry off; the railroad is the last place where they'd think of looking."

Elva reached the depot half an hour too soon. Great was her alarm to see two or three Woodford people step up to the office-window and buy tickets for Boston. "But I'll brave it out; they can't mistrust that I'm running away!"

"A ticket for Boston, if you please," said she, taking out her little bead-purse with shaking fingers.

No one looked surprised. Elva pocketed the ticket unmolested. After a tedious while the engine whistled. Elva took her seat on the sunny side of the car, holding her carpet-bag firmly in her lap. Another minute, and they were off.

As Elva looked out of the window at the swiftly-moving houses and fences, a pang of remorse and homesickness seized her. She almost wished to stop the cars and fly home to her mother. What was she doing? Where was she going? Oh, she knew very well where she was going—to Tremont Street, in Boston. Hadn't she seen plenty of Tremont Street cars when she was in the city a few weeks ago, with the Gilmans? All one had to do was to take a car and stay in it till it stopped. Mr. Clarence Belmont lived somewhere in that direction, and of course any one of his neighbors would gladly point out the house to his lost daughter.

As Elva pursued these pleasant reflections, a dreamy smile wreathed her mouth, and her blue eyes looked straight before her into vacancy. The conductor said, "Ticket, miss," twice before he attracted her attention, and then she started up with a little scream.

"Dear me! where did I put that ticket?" mused she, searching her pocket and drawing forth a heart-shaped cookie, which she offered to the impatient conductor, causing him to smile in spite of himself. Elva blushed with surprise and confusion, for how the cookie got into her pocket she was at a loss to imagine. But the conductor could not wait, and poor Elva was finally obliged to pay her fare a second time. It proved afterward that she had, in a fit of abstraction, slipped the missing ticket into her sleeve.

As the cars stopped at Boston, a man with bronzed face and reddish whiskers looked in at Elva's window. It was Abner.

"What! *you* here, Elva?"

"Yes, it's me," stammered the little girl, taking the hand which her old friend held up to her.

"Who's with you, child?"

"I'm all alone."

"Alone! and how far are you going?"

"Just to Boston," replied Elva, looking a little bewildered.

"Well, here you are in Boston now! Why don't you leave the car?"

"The conductor didn't say we'd got there," said Elva, looking about in some surprise. It was plain that the little girl was not a very experienced traveler.

Abner laughed heartily.

"Come, hurry along, Miss Flutter-budget, and I'll help you down the steps."

Elva seized her precious carpet-bag and made all haste out of the car. Abner took her in his arms and set her down upon the platform.

"Bless your little heart! what's all this?" said the good-natured man as he observed for the first time that her eyes were swollen and inflamed.—"What have you been crying about, Elvie? Anything happened at home? How are your mother and the baby?"

"All well," replied Elva, dropping a little tear, she knew not why.

"Now look here, dear—can't you tell me what's the matter?" said Abner, in a sympathetic tone; "I always thought you and I were the best of friends."

"Oh, yes, Abner—you're about all the friend I have in the world," cried the poor girl, fairly breaking down.

The bell rang. Another train was about leaving the depot.

"I must be off," exclaimed Abner; "I'm bound for Worcester. Say one little word, Elva, just to give me an inkling what all this means."

"It doesn't mean anything," sobbed Elva, "only I'm—I'm going off to seek my fortune!"

There was no time for more words. With a lingering glance of surprise and inquiry, Abner was off, and in another minute the Worcester cars had left the depot.

"What does the child mean?" queried Abner, as he strained his eyes for a last look at the little figure; "there's something strange about it. She never even smiled, and her face was as white as a snowdrift. "I'll go to Farmer Newell's the first chance I have, and inquire into the business."

However, as Abner was traveling about, selling garden-seeds, it followed that he did not go to Woodford for a week. Meanwhile Elva's trials were

beginning. She stood now in the ladies' room of the Boston depot.

"I don't see what makes me cry when I don't want to," sighed she; "it spoils my eyes." She looked about her, wondering if this could really be Boston, and no stores anywhere near! "Oh, I remember, when I was traveling with the Gilmans, the first thing we did was to take one of the horse-cars."

Elva accordingly stepped upon the pavement, her carpet-bag still in hand, and followed some ladies into a car which was fast filling up. After some time the horses stopped. One by one the people passed out of the car till no one was left but our little heroine.

"Well, miss," said the conductor, smiling, "do you think of riding any farther to-day?"

Elva paid her five cents, and took a hasty leave.

"I didn't know," said she, timidly, "but maybe you might be going to Tremont Street."

The conductor laughed, and told her she would soon see a Tremont car, if she would watch for it. Elva stood while a man led the horses around, and hitched them to the other end of the car.

"I wonder if it doesn't make the poor creatures dizzy," thought she, "to draw a carriage backward."

She watched a few moments; but no Tremont car appearing, she concluded that it was probably best to walk on till she found one. After awhile she came to a tempting window full of cakes and sweatmeats. She looked in, and the words "Ice Cream" met her eye.

"Dear me!" thought she, in high glee, "I never had any ice cream but three times—once at Wendeline's party, and twice when we were traveling

If I don't buy some now, 'twill be a pity, I declare!"

She entered the saloon, and seated herself with some dignity at one of the little marble tables, and rang the bell. A sweet-looking waiting-girl obeyed the summons, and brought Elva a strawberry-cream, also a piece of jelly-cake, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Nobody seems to mistrust that I have run away," thought Elva, gaining confidence. The cream was delicious; while eating it, Elva felt quite well satisfied with herself, and concluded that she was a very wise little adventurer. But a saucer of cream comes to an end. Elva paid for hers, and then entered the street again to watch for a car. After wandering backward and forward for about an hour, she saw another tempting window. "Ice creams again—true as this world! Is it anybody's business if I take some more?"

Somebody brushed against her as she entered the door. She looked up to see who it was, but the man was rapidly moving off. "People walk so fast in Boston," thought Elva.

This proved to be the same saloon she had visited before, for she remembered the sweet-looking young lady.

"I'll have a *manilla* cream this time," said Elva, "and you may put a little lemon in it, too." The young lady smiled. "I don't know but you think it's funny," added Elva, blushing, "for me to be taking two ice creams; but you make them so very nice!"

After dispatching her "*manilla*" cream, Elva looked in her pocket for her purse. To her great dismay it was not to be found! She started up in a frenzy and went to the counter,

where stood a young woman making change.

"What shall I do?" moaned the child; "it's lost! it's lost!"

"What's lost?" inquired the girl, still counting change.

"My purse! my purse! with 'most twenty dollars in it!"

"Ah, indeed! it's odd you've only just found it out!"

"Mayn't I see the *pretty lady*?" pleaded Elva, "the one with a blue bow on her collar?—she'll remember the purse, for she saw me take it out."

The sharp-faced girl did not feel greatly flattered by Elva's appeal to the "*pretty lady*," but called for her in a shrill voice. Her name was Jane Townsend. When she heard Elva's mournful story, she believed her at once, and pitied her with all her heart.

"Come with me," said she, leading Elva into a private room; "tell me all about it, and how you happen to be wandering about all alone. I am sadly afraid some one has picked your pocket, my poor child!"

This was too true. The man who had brushed against Elva as she entered the confectioner's was the thief.

"What shall I do? what will become of me?" sobbed Elva, throwing herself upon her new friend's bosom in the abandonment of childish grief.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINCOLN'S SERMON.—In a sketch of the life and character of the late President Lincoln, the following is given as a short sermon which he was in the habit of preaching to his children: "Don't drink; don't smoke; don't chew; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't cheat. Love your fellow-man as well as God. Love truth. Love virtue, and be happy."



ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF OREGON.

"ANOTHER adventure occurred about this time, which might have cost me my life; this was a combat with an elk. The morning of the day we expected to complete the trap, as fresh meat would be needful for bait, I sent my comrades ahead with the

mules, but made myself a circuit for the purpose of killing a deer. In the course of a few miles I discovered a band of five or six elks. There was one of them, a splendid buck, with five antlers, and of magnificent bearing, which particularly attracted my

attention. It was impossible to approach nearer than seventy-five yards without alarming the band, and consequently I fired from that distance. The buck fell, and supposing him to be dead, I drew my knife and, as is the usual practice upon shooting an animal of this kind, rushed up to cut his throat. The elk, however, was only wounded; and when I reached him, he suddenly sprung upon his feet and jumped with his fore legs upon my shoulders. This knocked the knife from my hand; but hastily drawing my revolver, I discharged the barrels one after the other in quick succession, while hopping around to avoid his terrible lunges. Fortunately one of my shots took effect at the butt of his ear, and stunned him, when, seizing the opportunity to grasp my knife, I ran up, plunged it to the heart, and the red tide of life spirted from his side. My neck and back were severely bruised, but not enough to prevent me from proceeding to the trap and working there until sundown."

MORAL COURAGE.—Young man, would you become morally strong? Would you grow up perfectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in this way of noble manhood? Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this world and for happiness in the next? Then listen to the feeblest voice of conscience, calling you to duty and to right. There is no more certain method of cultivating and promoting moral strength than by heeding continually that light which "lighteth every man which cometh into the world." When some specious temptation is presented before you, when there is thrown over it the witching gauze of fashion and

show, do you not hear that gentle and precious voice bidding you look away and shun the specious temptation? That voice is soft as the whispers of angels, and as kind as the melting tenderness of a mother's pure love. You can not disregard it but at your imminent peril. Every time you listen with attention, you ear becomes keener to hear and your strength more competent to resist temptation. It will soon become easy to do right. The charm of temptation would lose its power over you.

DAME NATURE'S HOUSE-CLEANING.

—Dame Nature's parlors were getting sadly out of repair. The green carpets of grass were dusty and ragged. 'Tis true the blue sky ceiling was as bright as ever. "But," reasoned the good dame, "I do not expect my visitors to come into a room where there is nothing clean but the ceiling."

She called her maids together, and allotted to each some part of the house-cleaning. Cloud, who was to carry the water, scowled darkly. Thunder went scolding about her work, and Lightning flashed her eyes. So, you see, they were all lazy, and did not like it that their mistress had set them to work. But I learn they got the house cleaned quite to their mistress' satisfaction. How bright and soft the carpet looked! how merrily the birds twittered in the shades! and how like diamonds the raindrops sparkled on the tips of the leaves!

Poor Cloud shed so many tears over her work, that she left everything fresh and bright as a May morning. Thunder cleared the cobwebs out of the air; and Lightning, after expending all her fury, might be seen smiling sweetly in a rosy bower.

TINY WILD ROSE.

THE CANVAS-BACK.



SHOOTING canvas-backs may be very good fun to those who understand the game; but one who waits for a good hot breakfast, and then reads his paper an hour afterward before he sets out, might about as well hunt for buffaloes in the Central Park.

Between daybreak and sunrise is the time for the rarest sport, especially if a good easterly breeze is blowing. Then, in good hunting spots, the crash of the guns, the fluttering of the birds, and the plunging of the dogs after the game make a lively, stirring scene.

This dainty bird is by no means contented with the common fare of ordinary wild ducks. Nothing suits her taste so well as the roots of the wild celery, which grow at the mouths of various rivers, most abundantly in the Chesapeake and Delaware bays. It is said to be this food which gives to their flesh the peculiar flavor so prized by epicures. There are plenty of ignorant people who think a fine juicy roast chicken or young turkey equally good though they cost a third less. Still, no doubt, if they should give their whole mind to it, they might educate their palates until they relished canvas-backs beyond all other flesh of fowl. At least such an end is worthy the attempt.

The canvas-backs have a most persistent little neighbor with whom they are in a constant broil long before they get into the kitchen. It is the light-fingered widgeon, who likes wild celery as well as the ducks, but can not dive for it. Down goes the hungry canvas-back and tears up a handful of grass, when lo! in a twinkling, Mrs. Baldpate has snatched it away and gobbled down the white roots. Then such a fuss as there is about it! But there is no help for it but to try again. Baldpate is off with her booty before the duck has his eyes well open, after rising from the water. Such quantities of this grass are pulled up by these birds, that the tops of it often lie like hay in windrows along the beach where it has been washed up by the tide.

There are many stratagems resorted to by hunters to get within gunshot of these shy birds. A common one is to "toll them in" by means of a trained dog with a bright handkerchief tied around him, who plays up and down the beach until the curiosity of the fowls is excited and they seek a nearer acquaintance. The night, however, is the best time to take them, when an acre of them sometimes collect in a quiet cove, where they ride at anchor with their heads under their wings, though there are always pickets stationed to give warning of any danger. Even the smallest parties, both day and night, always keep their sentinels, who raise the alarm if any peril seems to be near.

J. E. McC.

MR. NOGGS, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says, "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

THE TRUANT ANTELOPES.

THE morning sun rose clear and bright above a tropical landscape, as the patriarch of the antelope herd led out his little flock from their thicket to seek their morning's food. Here, delightfully cool beneath that burning sky, were the waters of the rushy river where they laved their graceful limbs!

"Drink deep," said the patriarch, "and beware of the spring brooks today. There is always danger lurking under the cool shadow of those palm-trees."

But saucy Hazel, the queen of the herd, tossed her elegant spirally-twisted horns as she shook the beads of water from her glossy coat, and snuffed the air disdainfully. Was not she wise enough to keep out of danger's way? Did she not slake her thirst but yesterday in one of those cool springs, and what harm had come of it? The old one meant well, no doubt, but he was over-particular; very much as children often think, was it not?

"We will watch our chance, Fleetfoot," said giddy-headed Hazel to a companion, "and when the patriarch falls asleep, or the shining yellow sands make his eyes dim, as they are sure to do before mid-day, we will bound away on a little excursion of our own. I know there are far sweeter grasses and richer herbage away on those southern plains where he never dares to take us."

Silly Lightfoot suffered herself to be led by her thoughtless friend, and vaulting away twenty feet at a bound, they quickly left the quiet herd, which was peacefully feeding, far in the distance. How free they felt! how merry and gay! with no one to watch

them and reprove their wanderings! It is true the herbage was no sweeter than that they had left, but they tried to think it was, and to imagine that they were happy as well as gay. But the longest day of sport will have its twilight, and now the truants wished they were safe with the faithful friends who watched and guarded them so carefully from danger.

"I wish we had not strayed from them," said Hazel, sadly.

"If it had not been for you, I should not," said Lightfoot, reproachfully.

"You were fully as glad to come as I," said the other, more sharply; "but now I am perishing with thirst, let us drink, and it will refresh us so we may be able to find the company before the night falls."

Away in the distance were some nodding palm-trees, toward which they directed their steps; and then, after cautiously peering about, ventured down to the brink. Their lips had just touched the cooling waters when, with one bound, out sprang a powerful black lion, and with one stroke of his cat's paw leveled both the fair gazelles. He tore poor Lightfoot's tender flesh and crushed her delicate bones as a cat might those of a tiny bird. But Hazel he bore half dead to his den, to feast his cruel young.

Ah, it is a dangerous thing to cast off the restraint of those who are older and wiser than we! There are far more cruel enemies lying in wait for precious souls, children. Beware you do not fall into their power.

J. E. McC.

HE that loves only himself has only one joy; he that loves his neighbors has many.



REMINISCENCES OF MY PETS.

BY SIGMA.



not my pets of the genus felinus (certainly as dignified a race) attain to the honor of appearing in print?

In the specimens of the cat-world which I would tell you of, may be seen as much difference as in the characters of different soul-inspired beings.

As both lie peacefully beneath the sod, we feel at liberty to review and criticise their peculiar traits of character. One was grave, dignified, self-important, and tyrannical, the other "free and easy," gentle and forgiving.

The first was known as aged Thomas, familiarly abbreviated to

OLD TOM.

If you had entered our house on a cold day—any time in winter, for instance—and cast your eyes behind the stove, there you would have seen the venerable gentle (man I was going to write) cat reclining at full length upon the warmest spot of the carpet, or for a change rolled into a huge yellow ball—for this was the prevailing color of his fiery robe. From the aforementioned warm abode he hardly ever deigned to move until darkness appeared, *except* when he heard the rattle of the dishes going from the table;

SURELY if the talented "Gail Hamilton" can find a worthy subject for her versatile pen in the hen-yard, and Mrs. Stowe make her dogs the heroes and heroines of such interesting articles, why may

any amount of clattering of these articles at any other time would avail nothing to stir him from his repose. As soon, however, as the daylight ended he was gone; like too many of the younger members of the human family, he got into the habit of staying "out o' nights." The excuse was, that the barn and yard after "dark" were under his especial care and protection.

Now I am sorry to hurt the feelings of his youthful owner, but I must tell the whole truth. Tom was in his later days not famed for either comeliness or uprightness, and the frequent exclamations of visitors was, "Surely you do not keep that cat for his beauty!" To such insulting remarks his master would always reply that he was retained because he was so old, for, for seventeen years "Old Tom" (without the adjective at first, I suppose) had slept and eat, and purred and prowled, and prowled and purred, and eat and slept in and around this very same house and lot. Of course, then, we all loved him, and treated him as a member of the family, entitled by age to all the privileges demanded by his honor!

Now Tom was not a fool by any means, I assure you; he had been through the dear school of experience, and learned some of its lessons. One thing I well remember he had attained to, viz., the use of the door-knob. For often when his majesty came in from a hunt, a fight, or a meal, he would find all entrance to the house closed; he knew that his failing voice would not be heard by those inside, so he mounts up on the wood-box, which stands on the back porch, and reaching

out his paw, rattles the handle of the door until some of us come and open for him. Often have we been startled of an evening, as we sat quietly reading, to see the door-knob thus suddenly turned around by an unseen hand. I am sorry, too, to say that Thomas' greatest and most prominent characteristic was his pugnacity. This was especially developed on our own premises, over which he claimed to reign supreme. According to his ideas, no other feline had the slightest right to a single bone or the smallest mouse-hole in his dominion. But our neighbors' cats, impelled by hunger, curiosity, or bravado, would at times trespass and noiselessly wander around the yard and into the barn. This fact would not escape his jealous eye, and an ignominious flight of the intruder or a pitched battle was always the result. Let the reader bear in mind that Sir Thomas came from a noble stock of large and courageous ancestors, so when he attained his full growth, he was not only of immense size but correspondingly strong and active, therefore a formidable antagonist. In his youth, and long after, he was nearly always victorious, driving the enemy in confusion from the field of strife. But as he passed the prime of life, his strength and activity began to wane, and although he would not acknowledge it by shunning the conflict, yet his appearance after the combat gave unmistakable evidences of defeat, or at least of a dearly bought victory. On three legs, with a blackened eye, a curtailed ear, and scratches innumerable off his valorous body, he would come hobbling humbly into the house. Alas! he would not take this lesson to heart, for as quickly as nature by the assistance of rest and warmth would restore him to fighting conditions, he

would sally forth to watch for the invaders.

In the summer-time, his chosen residence was in the grass, where the sun's full rays could beat upon him.

In the hay-loft of the barn, in the corner, you could always find a round hollow in the pile, and in this place you might always find him after bedtime, *unless on duty*. But in cold weather he pretended to much prefer the house as a lodging-place, and when he heard the mighty locking and bolting of doors and windows, he knew that his time to retire had come, and would slyly slip out from behind the stove and crouch away under the sofa or a chair, hoping that the last human retirer whose duty it was to turn him out would be deceived by the deserted spot and think that he was gone. This subterfuge succeeded several times.

All this while I have been writing of Tom in his older days—in fact, after he had pass'd his “majority” of years—or, rather, passed the age of the majority of the feline race—for, to tell the plain truth, I can not remember him in the days of his kittenhood; but I have no good reason to doubt that then he was as free from care, as sportive as any other kit. Doubtless he raced after balls of yarn, and chased his own tail, and climbed upon his mother's back with the greatest eagerness. In those days, too, I doubt not, he was the terror to all the rats and mice; but within my recollection his teeth had fallen out, and his smelling powers were somewhat impaired, so that we boys had to catch and kill the little animals before he could swallow them whole!

And now a new character must make his entrée, a distant relative of Thomas', yclept

“BILLY.”

It was the greatest blow that Tom's pride ever received when in his old age this upstart of a kitten (as he thought the new arrival to be) was allowed the use of our homestead. Now Billy belonged to a wild and wandering family, but, attracting the children's attention by his merry gambols, was enticed by gradual advances and plenteous bribes of meat and milk into the house and into our laps. His euphonious appellation was suggested by the name of an admirer of a certain member of the household. Soon, receiving naught but kindness, he was as much at home as you please, ransacking the whole house for something to play with. O what fun it was to the young folks to watch him roll and tumble and pitch, turn somersaults, and scamper away at a break-neck rate. He was a genuine, natural mouster, and woe betide the mouse that popped so much as its head out of its hole, for Bill was sure to be there then, waiting with throbbing tail and snapping eyes for a sight. Then, how he would torment his captive! Releasing from his month the half-dead creature, he would carelessly turn his back upon it, hoping that "mousey" would think to escape unnoticed; but no quicker did the victim commence a flight, than the little tyrant would pounce upon it again, flinging it sometimes high in air, catching it in its descent in his mouth.

Billy did not confine his hunts to quadrupeds alone; the birds of the air were all considered "birds of prey" for him. By stealthiness and activity he was enabled to seize many of them. He would crouch and creep along as near as possible to any of the feathered tribe who dared to rest its foot upon the ground, and when he saw his intended victim take flight to es-

cape, he would almost *fly* through the air after it. His fowling propensities were carried to such an extent, that our Jacko's (mocking-bird) cage had to be carefully watched. He would squat his slick gray body upon the floor, and eye with uncontrollable longings the prisoner-bird. Then his greediness overcoming all fears of the inevitable future punishment, a mighty flight would carry him like an arrow up to the cage. A frightened songster, the loss of a few tail-feathers, and a thoroughly chastised kitten were the only results, however.

Again, when he would be bold enough to attempt a frolic with Old Tom, and his indignant senior would turn fiercely upon him to inflict the merited blow with his paw, Bill would nimbly spring clear over his back and repeat his insults upon the other side. As I said before, Thomas felt very much injured when he thought our affections were turned from himself to such a wild scapegrace of a cat; and he showed animosity to the new-comer in every possible way. If the youngster ever dared to come upon his side of the stove, a growl, or a spat on the ears, or both, would quickly remind him of the rights of preoccupation and age. At the tri-daily eating-time, too, it was necessary to have two dishes of food, for the appearance of Billy's nose on the other side of his vis-à-vis platter was regarded simply as insolence, and rewarded with a scratch. But time accomplished wonders, and his youthful friend's forgiving temper won in a partial degree the affections of Mr. Tommy, so that at last if Bill would curl down beside him while asleep, when he awoke he would smile benignantly upon him (Bill) and let him remain in proximity — the lion and lamb together!

But with Old Tom's decaying vigor and energy my story must draw to its close. The sad time did come when the poor old fellow was too weak and bruised to walk, or see, or eat, or smell, or mew with any comfort. One day, when all the family but one were away, we found, upon our return, on the porch, an ominous-looking death-dealing weapon, and were briefly told that good Old Tom was no more; his earthly sufferings were at an end; he had fought many a good fight; he filled an honored grave.

The loss of his revered companion weighed heavily upon the kit he "left behind." The bereft William lost his joyousness. Tom's demise left a void that no other cat could fill, and in a short half year, he, too, left this sublunary sphere to join his departed playmate beneath the garden pear-tree. A broken heart (collar-bone?) and a fit (of grief?) were the apparent causes of his decease.

Over this doubly respected grave was erected a suitable memorial bearing this inscription:

"IN MEMORIAM."

Departed this life on the 5th day of December, Anno Domini, 1864,

GUELIEMUS MORETON E—,

Aged two years.

He was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, by the side of his aged compatriot,

THOMAS BROWN E—,

Who was interred but six months previous.

The feline race are requested to wear crape on their right fore paws for thirty days!

Requiescat(s) in pace!!

GRIMALKINSVILLE, Dec. 6th, 1864.



'MIDST a world of bright flowers
That cheer us, or please,
By beauty or fragrance,
On plants, shrubs, or trees;
Though all may be beautiful
To sense or the eye,
Yet few of the whole with
The lily can vie.

Sweet emblem of purity,
Meek flower of the field,
How few of thy fellows
Thy fragrance can yield!
Though tall flowers raise their heads
Close by thee with pride,
I love thee, sweet lily,
All flowers beside.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels, in the grave, will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deeds thou hast done while in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blest."

SELF-WILL will break the world in pieces to make a stool to sit upon.

DO YOU WANT A BOY, SIR?

"Do you want a boy, sir?" said George, a little fellow eight years old, to a clerk in a large office.

"Want a boy! Why, who wants to be engaged?" asked the smart-looking clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.

"I do, sir," replied George.

"Look here, gentlemen," cried the young man, speaking to his fellow-clerks, "here is a regular Goliath! Wants to be a porter, I suppose. Look at him!"

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood full of earnest purpose before them, and was therefore unconscious of any reason why he should be made an object of sport.

"What can you do?" asked one.

"You can post books, of course!" said another.

"Carry a bale of goods on your back, eh?" cried a third.

"Hush, young gentlemen," said the elderly book-keeper at the desk, after viewing George through his spectacles. "Hush! Don't make sport of the child. Let me talk to him." Then speaking to George in kindly tones, he said, "You are too young to be engaged, my child—who sent you here?"

"I came myself, sir. My father and mother are gone to heaven. My aunt is poor, and I want to earn something to help her. I am very strong, sir, and will work very hard. Won't you please to take me, sir?"

The simple story, told in a way that showed how earnest the boy was, not only checked the sport of the clerks, but brought tears to their eyes. They looked on the delicate child before them with pity and respect, and one of them placing a shilling on the desk, asked the others to follow his example

—they did so. He then took the money and offered it to George, saying:

"You are too small to be of any use here, my good boy. But take this money, and when you have grown a bit, perhaps we may find something for you to do."

George looked at the money without offering to touch it.

"Why don't you take the money?" asked the clerk.

"Please, sir, I'm not a beggar boy," said George; "I want to *earn* something to help my aunt to keep me."

"You are a noble little fellow," said the senior clerk. "We give you the money, not because we think you a beggar, but because we like your spirit. Such a boy as you will not easily become a beggar. Take the money, my boy, and may God bless you, and give you and your aunt better days."

I like George's spirit in this affair. It was noble, brave, and self-reliant beyond his years. It was the spirit that makes poor boys grow into useful and successful men. It made George do this; for in after years that little boy became a noted artist, whose praise was spoken by many tongues. All children should cherish a desire to do all they can for themselves, and to support themselves by their own labor as early as possible. Those who lean on father and mother for everything will find it hard work to get along by-and-by, as they may have to do when their parents die. Those who early learn to rely upon themselves, will have little difficulty in earning their own living. Learn, therefore, to help yourselves—always taking care to do so under the advice and with the consent of your good parents or guardians.



LUCY'S VICTORY.

LUCY WILSON sat by the window looking very earnestly at nothing. There were plenty of things to see—flowers in the garden, bright hummingbirds and bees flitting among them, lambs frolicking on the hillside, geese and ducks sailing about on the pond; but she noticed none of them. Her thoughts were too busy to attend to what her eyes reported, and a blank wall would have answered as well as

the pleasant landscape for her to stare at so vacantly. She was not thinking about her lesson, though her grammar lay wide open upon her lap, and there was "a hateful verb" to be learned through all its moods and tenses. No, her thoughts were following the heroine of a story she had been reading, who had passed through all sorts of dangers, overcome every kind of difficulty, fought and conquered des-

perate men, with revolver in hand rescued her lover from prison, and married him, of course, or was just going to, when, as she said, her "grandmother must come and take the book away and set her to work at her old school-books."

"I hate school, and lessons, and grand—" no, she could not finish the word—she could not help loving her grandmother; "but," she added, "I wish I was a woman, then I'd read just what I pleased."

Then her thoughts wandered away again after the heroine of the story.

"Why can't *I* be a heroine," she murmured half aloud, "and get into trouble, and get out again, and fight battles, and win victories?"

"Would you really like to try?" asked the pleasant voice of her grandmother, who had quietly come into the room behind her.

"To be sure I would," said Lucy; "but what's the use of me wishing for such things?"

"If I'll find you an enemy that will try all your courage and skill, patience and perseverance, will you try faithfully to be a conqueror?"

Lucy was half startled at her grandmother's serious air, but her pride was up now, and she answered—

"Yes, I'll try."

"My dear child, you will find Lucy Wilson the hardest subject to manage that you will ever meet; if you will gain a victory over *her*, it will be a greater triumph than all the ten-cent story-books ever recorded. She will baffle you at almost every step. When you want her to be patient, she will be fretful; she will be thoughtless when she should be studious, trifling when she should be serious, selfish instead of loving, and rebellious under every law you make for her. If you can

gain one victory over her, others will follow more easily, and at last you may cause her to be the most obedient, faithful, loving, lovable, and happy girl that ever blessed the heart of her friends."

Lucy's thoughts had run on a good deal faster than her grandmother's words, for she was both intelligent and affectionate.

"*I will* try, and I'll begin this very minute, and I'll have my first fight over this hard grammar lesson," exclaimed she.

* Lucy never did anything by halves, and the verb was soon mastered, and then her spelling and her geography. She felt happier already than she thought would be possible a few moments before; she was enjoying the first-fruits of victory over herself. But you should have seen her eyes sparkle when, on coming home from school a few days after, she brought in triumph to her grandmother a neat portfolio filled with sketches, which had been awarded to her as the best grammarian in her class; it was like a prize captured from an enemy; but even this brought her less joy than the satisfaction of knowing that she was overcoming the faults of Lucy Wilson, and making her a good girl.

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at its brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried, [tongues,
Had cooled ten thousand parching
And saved a life beside.

OLD SHAG.

BY REV. JOHN TODD. D.D.



SOME people have the great misfortune to have a very thin skin. Every insect that bites, every scratch they receive, every rub they get, makes quite a sore spot. You will sometimes see such chasing or hunting after some report that has been connected with their name, or some insinuation that has been dropped prejudicial to them, as they think. By the time they have one such creature fairly treed, another will be started. Such sensitiveness is a great calamity to a minister. There are so many watching him, so many who can not understand his duties and labors, that it is utterly impossible that he should not sometimes be misunderstood, and, of course, misrepresented. A young friend of mine was in precisely these circumstances. He was most anxious to do right, and tremblingly alive to every temptation to do wrong. When he first came to his field he was hailed as a bird just alighted from Paradise, and every movement was grace, and everything he did was perfect. But there's a teething time, especially to young ministers, and in about three years their people find them not angels, and they, in withdrawing their over-estimation, deduct too much, and weigh them too lightly. There was one man, never

professing to have much religion, and no hope, except that of running the blockade and getting into heaven with everybody else—this man found he could torment my young friend, and that he could fill his skin with nettles at any time, by setting this and that report in motion, sometimes insinuating that he was once in a certain place; under another name, or that his scholarship in college was very low, or that he never paid his washerwoman at all the while that he was studying theology, or that he lamed Mr. Hubbard's horse, and refused to pay any damage, etc. It was in vain to deny and kill one of these stories. By the time he had killed one, another was sure to be started. It was fighting hornets. While you killed one, two or three more would be after you. What to do he didn't know. And so in his distress he went to an old minister to ask his advice.

"So this Mr. Tims keeps you scalding in hot water, does he?"

"Indeed he does. And I don't know what to do. People think there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. Some of my best friends say I owe it to myself and to the people to bring him before a court of justice, and see if a jury will not shield me. I have thought much of this as the only thing left me to do. But I thought I would come first and ask your advice."

"Well, I am not sure that my advice will be grateful to you or to your people, and so I will give it in the form of a very simple story. When I was a young man I had occasion to go to a certain place, and, in fact, Newbury-

port was the place. Whether I was going on a courting visit, or for something else, is not material now. But I recollect that I was in a new 'Boston chaise,' with a new harness, a black, long-tailed horse, and a long whip. I don't remember about my hat and coat, but I do remember that my boots were very glossy. Well, as I entered the city, there came out a rough, shaggy, villainous-looking dog, and with a loud roar he began to bark at my horse. Then he would try to bite at his nose. I raised my whip and struck at the brute, but of course he was just out of its reach. This made him bark the louder, and turning toward me, vented his rage directly at me. It now became a regular battle. I tried to see if I could hit him, and he tried to see if he could torment me. My success was poor—his very great. He not only annoyed me, but by his roaring and jumping, and my trying to thrash him, we drew the attention of the whole street upon us, and every face seemed to say 'which is the greater fool?'

"Not to be outdone and shamed by a dog, I stopped my horse, got out, tied, and was ready for a regular battle. I was determined to show all the street that I was not to be beaten by the dog. Up went my whip, and for a moment the dog seemed determined to make fight, but he soon concluded that 'discretion was the better part of valor,' and ran just fast enough to keep out of my reach. He ran and barked, and I followed and struck, and the boys shouted. But as I pressed him too hard, he turned down into a narrow, dirty alley, where he was evidently at home, and I after him. At last he reached his home, and I fairly hit him, and made him screech and howl, and sneak into his kennel.

'There, now! you are whipped, fairly whipped, my good fellow, and I hope you will learn better manners next time!' By this time the owner of the beast came out, doubling his fists and swearing like a pirate, and every old woman in the street came out, and every one took the dog's part.

"'Pretty well, Mr. Shine-boots,' cried one, 'you have scared him, hain't you?'

"'At him again, Mr. Longwhip, for he won't remember you next time,' cried another.

"'Did I ever!' cried a third. 'To think that poor old Shag should be worth all this notice, and this chasing from the main street.'

"Just then a bucket of the dirtiest water was dashed into the street, and whether by design or accident I never knew, but splash it went on my newly-brushed boots, and on my pants! Their glory was dimmed! Very meekly I went dripping back, and resumed my seat. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'I have whipped the brute, and what then? Why, after all, it's only a dog that I have whipped! I have soiled my clothes, have been laughed at, have sunk in my own self-esteem, and I am the loser by that game!' But the lesson was not lost upon me. Ever since I have better understood the text, 'Beware of dogs,' and have been very careful not to make fight with them. I have often had them bark at me, but have found that if I go quietly along, and pay no attention to them, they soon become tired of barking, and go back to their kennels. Whereas, if I carried a cane or a whip, and made fight whenever one barked at me, I should have my hands full. Some dogs will even bark at the moon, and the fuller the moon is, and the brighter she shines, the louder they

bark. But the moon keeps on shining.

"Now, then, you have my story, and you have preached long enough to make an 'application,' have you not?"

"You advise me, then, to let the law alone, and pay no attention to my friend Tims?"

"Certainly I do. 'A good minister of Jesus Christ' need have no anxiety about his reputation. Let him *be* right and *do* right, and there is nothing that can hurt him. Your Master will take care that nobody hurts you. 'Be careful for nothing,' *i. e.*, not anxious. I once knew a most godly clergyman who was accused of a terrible sin. He had no way to disprove it. The air was filled with the echoes. Like the howlings of a single wolf, it had so many tones you would think there were at least a dozen. He had no course left but to keep his lips closed on that subject and go on with his work. But in the course of time God appeared for him. The wicked, abandoned woman who made the lie, on her death-bed confessed it of her own accord, and lifted the last of the cloud from the poor minister's good name. No, sir, I would not go to law, I would not snap my whip at any dog that barked at me. I would move right on in the path of duty, and no tongue of slander can hurt you."

The young man went home relieved greatly that he need not make fight for his own good name.—*Congregationalist.*

"ARE you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No; but I am going there." This world is the shadow; heaven is the reality.

SUCCESSIVE DEATHS.

DEATH hath a chain, as well as life,
Binding, in destined tie.
Those who, amid this earthly strife,
Successive fall and die.

God hath a purpose in the time,
Not less than in the way,
And joins the gone at morning prime
With those of closing day.

O thou, whose early doom appeared
Fraught with mysterious woe,
Another death since then hath cleared
The object of the blow.

Thou, for sweet company above,
Wast sent before to rest;
A welcome to prepare for love,
And make e'en heaven more blest.

HOOD'S POETIC PUNS.

"Of course a race-course isn't coarse,
A fine is far from fine:
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble pine-tree pine."

"A kitchen maid is often made
To burn her face and broil it;
A lady will do little else
Than toil-it at her toilet."

"A sea-horse is a sea-horse
When you see him in the sea;
But when you see him in the bay,
A bay horse then is he."

A TEN-YEAR-OLD Sunday-school boy was asked by his teacher, not long since, what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were. "Broad hems, such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that the ladies do, did they?" "O yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

THE OLD STORY OF THE FIVE PEACHES.

A COUNTRYMAN brought home five peaches from the city, the most beautiful that could be seen. His children saw the fruit for the first time. On this account they wondered, and were very much pleased over the beautiful peaches, with the rosy cheeks and soft down.

The father divided them among his four children, and one was received by the mother.

In the evening, as the children were going to their bedchambers, they were asked by their father :

" Well, how did those fine peaches taste to you ? "

" Excellent, dear father," said the eldest. " It is a beautiful fruit, somewhat acid, and yet of so mild a flavor. I have saved the stone, and intend to rear a tree out of it."

" Well done," said the father; " that I call prudently providing for the future, as it becomes a husbandman."

" I have also eaten mine up," said the youngest, " and thrown away the stone, and mother gave me the half of hers. Oh, it tasted so sweet, and melted in one's mouth ! "

" Well," said the father, " to be sure, you have not acted prudently, but very naturally, as children are wont to do. For prudence, there is still room enough in your life."

Then began the second son :

" I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and cracked it. There was a kernel therein that tasted as sweet as a nut. But my peach I sold, and have received so much money for it, that I can, when I go to the city, probably buy twelve."

The father shook his head, and said :

" Wise it was, but not in the least

childish or natural. May Heaven preserve you from becoming a merchant!"

" And thou, Edmund?" said the father.

Candidly and openly answered Edmund :

" I took my peach to our neighbor's son, the sick George, who has a fever. He was not willing to take it, but I laid it upon the bed and came away."

" Well," said the father, " who has, then, made the best use of his peach ? "

Then cried they all three :

" Brother Edmund has."

But Edmund remained silent, and the mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

'TIS DONE TO ME.

Go to the couch of pain,
Hear the weak voice complain,
His sorrows see ;
Whose lot it is to know
Heartache, and want, and woe,
There thy kind aid bestow—

'Tis done to me!

Go to the dungeon cell,
Where sons of sorrow dwell,
Waiting for thee !

Take in the stranger guest,
Compose the sick to rest,
And be the naked drest !

'Tis done to me !

SPEAK the truth on all occasions.
If you allow yourself to shuffle and
deceive in small matters, you will
soon do it in greater, till all reverence
for truth is lost.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



NCE more the gentle breeze of early autumn brings us nearly all home from our summer vacation and travels. Will some one call the roll, and see if all respond? Quite a number have already reported themselves, and others still are coming.

Since we last met we have been wandering over hills and under hills, until we almost became an *underwriter*.

Leaving the dusty city of New York on the beautiful new steamboat "Dean Richmond," on her first trip to Albany, in company with a large delegation of Sons of Temperance, bound for Schoharie, we bade adieu to the great metropolis for a time, and sought recreation and rest.

The travel on the Hudson River has increased so rapidly, that the largest boats can hardly accommodate the crowds who nightly pass up and down on its waters. To meet the requirements of this travel, the "People's Line" have just completed the "Dean Richmond," with accommodation for a thousand, or more, in her ample state-rooms and berths. It was built by those well-known ship-builders, John Englis & Son, and is one of the finest specimens of superior workmanship in the world. Our passage was a pleasant one, and in the morning our party took a special car for Schoharie. We passed a very pleasant time with the Temperance friends there, and spent several hours *under ground* in what is known as *Howe's*

Cave, though but little is yet known of its existence and beauties. It is about 40 miles west of Albany, on the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, and is really one of the greatest wonders of modern times.

It is a cave or cavern of immense proportions, extending back under the hills about ten miles, besides caverns of several miles in length running out on either side, and yet the cave is not fully explored. It would have answered very well for the "*Underground Railroad*," for it is more like a covered highway than almost anything we can compare it with. It was discovered by Mr. Howe about twenty years ago, who has since spent much time and money in exploring and developing it and making it ready for visitors who begin to resort thither as its beauties and attractions become known. Much remains yet to be done before its appointments can be made complete. We had but about three hours to spare, and only went in about two miles before we had to return.

On first entering the mouth of the cave the sensation is a little damp, but this soon wears away, and it is warm enough the rest of the trip. It will average about 15 to 20 feet in height, and about the same in width, though in some parts it narrows to three or four feet, while at others it is of much larger dimensions. In some places it is several hundred feet high, and you stand 1,500 feet under the surface of the earth. Each person is provided with a torch lantern, somewhat similar to those of "Wide-Awake" times; and when the company consists of twenty or thirty, it makes a splendid torch-light procession.

The ladies were attired in bloomer costume, the better to pass the narrow passages, and jump the rocks and streams

that abound all along the path, and explore the hidden mysteries of the numerous caverns on every side.

The guide points out Music Hall, the Bridal Chamber, Giant's Study, the Rocky Mountains, and other places of interest, while subterranean passages and fantastic formations of various sizes and shapes appear on every side, affording ample scope for study to the scientific and the curious. We shouted, and whistled, and sung, and the dark and dismal caverns echoed back the sound, reverberating through its unoccupied chambers. Music Hall is said to be nearly half a mile in length, and one cavern near it has a ceiling five or six hundred feet in height.

A mile and a half from the entrance to the cave is a lake 1,800 feet in length, occupying the entire passageway, which is crossed in a boat without oars, the guide using a pole instead. The width here is only about eight or ten feet, and the ride across becomes quite exciting, winding among the overhanging ledges of rock, mingling the splashing of the waters, the singing and the shouting of friends on the other side, the answering echo, and the twinkling of the lights from the many torches—like so many fire-flies dancing up and down upon the thick and almost impenetrable darkness. We have not time or space to enter upon a full description of this great natural curiosity, which we believe will soon become one of the most popular resorts in the country. Some other time, perhaps, we shall give an account of scientific discoveries of this wonderful freak of nature.

After we left here we passed a Sabbath in Watertown, N. Y., and attended one of the largest Sunday-schools in the place; but as no one came to take us by the hand, we did not get acquainted with any of our numerous family, though many of them reside in that place.

Returning to Saratoga Springs to the National Temperance Convention, we passed a pleasant week—found some of

the Merrys, through the medium of the Merry badge, and now find ourselves once more in the sanctum, ready for duty.

MURFREESBORO, July, 1865.

DEAR EVERYBODY:—Attribute my silence since April entirely to the irregularity of our mails. The few MUSEUMS we receive come a month after publication—entirely too late for us to do anything with puzzles, etc.

Many thanks to the Cousins who have extended the right hand of fellowship to the wayward sisters and erring brothers. May their shadows never be less!

Annie E. D. has never been forgotten, and I am glad she remembers me. As fast as the mails become reliable, Annie, our scattered band will gather again to their places in the various corners of the sanctum. Will you stand in front of us to hide us from Cousin Jennie's eyes, and excuse us if, when the hurrah goes round for the Stars and Stripes, we hang our heads and think sadly of the gray-haired man who in his lonely dungeon is suffering so terribly for our misfortunes or sins, call them which you will?

Uncle Robert has my address, Jasper; or, if you wish, you can write directly to me, Box 159. I will tell Busy Bee how anxious you are to hear from her, and shall advise her, and all Southern girls and boys, not to hold off at present, but to let the dead past bury its dead, make the most of the present, and *trust to God for the future!* Aunt Sue's mantle could not have fallen on worthier shoulders than Aunt (?) Fleta's.

Cousin Jennie, write out your "Amnesty," and let us see if we can take it without wry faces. Can't you receive us "with charity for all and malice toward none?"

TENNESSEAN.

We accept the motto; and "with firmness in the right, so far as God gives us to see the right," let us walk hereafter together in peace and harmony, forgetting the bitterness of the past in our united efforts to do good to all around us, and help to educate and elevate the poor and the oppressed. Please tell Busy Bee that our hearts are open to receive her once more into our circle of love.

WILLIAMSPORT, Aug. 5, 1865.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—Did any one comprehended in the above rather comprehensive title see in New York, the last week in June, a party of young lady excursionists, about sixty in number, with some six gentlemen as directors of the excursion? Now, if anybody did, I want to say I was among them, and if you had looked at the right person, you might have seen me. Only think what you lost! It was a trip from a college, and a jolly time we had, too. We were also in Boston, Providence, Newport, and sailed up the Hudson.

What are all the Cousins making such a fuss about Hattie and Eugene for? I must congratulate them too, I suppose, but I do not know what for.

Gertie, why do you not come to the Chat? I like your name, because the dearest and sweetest friend I have, who is also the most beautiful girl I ever saw, is named Gertie. Won't you come next time and say something to me?

Prairie Rose, I like long letters. Won't you write me, please? El Cubano also, and I will answer by return of mail.

Jasper, it's so nice to see you again.

Now, I will X with any lady who will treat me the same. If you wish a handsome picture, now is your time. I have some half dozen on hand. Don't all speak at once.

Jolly Jingle, I wish you would write me, but am almost afraid to ask you, for you scare me in the Chat. Be gentle, please, and I will answer.

Bright Star, come and sit by me in Juno's circle.

Lillie Linden, all the Flowers, Italia, and everybody—my love to you. Oh, oh, that horrid manipulator has cut off a piece of my finger! Good-bye.

ELFELDA.

And so you think "next time" will answer for Uncle Robert. However, the "manipulator" is on our side, and it is remarkably sharp this month.

Read "Adventures of a Merry Boy," in February number of the MUSEUM for this year in answer to your question in relation to "Eugene." He has been to the war since that, and has just returned again and been mustered out of service with his regiment, having been in the service through the entire period of the war.

Aug. 4, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Please just let me speak just a minute.

W. A. R., did my letter frighten you, and does "postponing doing better" mean "write no more?" I did not mean so.

"Cis," all your letters are received, read, and answered.

Stupid Harp, will you play us a tune? ROGUE KATE AND ODDITY.

August, 1865.

How are you all, 'way down in New York and Brooklyn?

With waving cornfields, a perfect forest of trees, abundance of barns in sight, and all the other beauties of the country to gaze upon, still my thoughts revert to my Merry friends, and a wish enters my mind to communicate with them once more, provided no one disputes my right.

Jasper and Geraldine (oh, I didn't mean to do that, Geraldine; but it is written now, and can not be altered. I humbly beg your forgiveness), Pocahontas, Tommy, and Hattie, I send you all a thorough scolding, from which you will suffer one of these days. I need explain no further.

Jasper, how is that "conspiracy"? You deserve to be betrayed.

Rubie Linden, please do not deem me negligent. I intend doing my duty very soon.

Kitty Clover, if you continue to conceal yourself much longer, I'll see if the clover is so high that no one can find you out and bring you once more among us. I'm sure we can all complain of neglect.

Uncle Merry, thank you heartily for your kind wishes regarding my brother, and I rejoice to say they are realized.

Merrys all, do not, I beg of you, treat me any longer as a STRANGER.

ONONDAGA VALLEY, July, 1865.

PEOPLE:—Be it known to "all, both great and small," that the classic plains of Homer no longer echo to the voice of "Romance." But the above-named "Merry" may be found at Onon Valley, where all Cousins who chance to come that way will be gladly received, and all epistles directed to Box 66, Onondaga Valley, Onondaga County, N.Y., will be hailed with joy. ROMANCE.

"Gone off mad," Aunt Sue? Who says I'm "mad?" Oh, no; I've only been trying to sober down and be a good girl, in which I flatter myself I have succeeded most admirably, as you would say could you see me in my "daily walks of life."

It is exceedingly, nay, *excessively* gratifying to me to know that I have not been forgotten during my long absence. I've been quite affected at times, Cousins, by your anxious inquiries after me; but to tell you the truth, I have refrained from chatting because I missed my old fellow-chatterers, and, being of a retiring, timid disposition, I feared that it would "harrer up my feelings" to such a degree as to make me speechless were I to attempt to give utterance to my feelings of forlornity! but when Aunt Sue's speaks, I'm only too happy to respond.

Romance, you asked for a seat by my side many months ago; how have you enjoyed my company? Haven't I kept "mum" and been as "good as pie?" You'll find me *morantic* than ever.

No, Annie, not "gone for *good*," though I hope I've come back *better*.

Aha! a literary coterie! Won't I spoil your fun, though? for we won't have any old musty-fusty blue-stockings in the parlor, will we, Teaser? Does the banister-sliding, whistling Juno sit at the head of the literary table and deal out the "feast of reason (?) and the flow of soul," while Jolly Jingle, at the foot, faintly *tinkles* applause? Titania and Robin Hood playing at *graces*; Grasshopper, in the center of the sanctum, "cutting a pigeon-wing;" a Mermaid, come down in an April Shower In the Corner under a Maple Shade, acting Coy toward Whaley, fearful of W. A. R. and Uno; Hero, emerged from a Snowdrift in the Forest, is helping Cis hunt for a Silver Ring which gave a Jolly Jingle; Tatler declares he saw a Sunbeam from an Evening Star, but the knowing Ray keeps Shada from Loyalty to Forestina, while Merry May and Roguish Kate are laughing so loudly, that altogether it's enough to deafen one. What a change in the once peaceful parlor!

But who is this masculine-looking bloomer, wearing the MacGregor plaid, stalking about and ranting in a stage-struck way of "a lasting habitation and a name?" I've a notion she comes from Yankee land, for there's a twang (like the scraping of a (wooden) nutmeg

grater) thrilling along the dulcet tones of her voice; it may, however, be an *echo* from that Jolly Jingle.

Welcome, Stranger, Sigma, Franc.

Uncle, I'll change my name from Saucy to Sober, if you think it more appropriate.

SAUCY NELL.

We do not consent to the change; the old one has too many pleasant recollections attached to it. Be *sober* as you like, but be "Saucy" still.

You must not provoke Iva to "wrath"—she is a particular friend of ours.

IVY DELL, July 28, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE, AUNT, AND COUSINS—and all the rest of the folks that live in the Merry dominion:—Methinks I see you seated in the parlor wondering if Fleta will put any puzzle into the Drawer that is too hard for you; but I guess she will.

Silver Ring, when you are going to ring again?

I see W. A. R. times have not ceased yet.

Romance, do you want to go to the tunnel again?

Prairie Rose, won't you come away up North here, and make me a call? or is it too cold for you?

Yours truly, NORTHERN STAR.

Well, Merrys, I want to chat a minute or two—will you let me? Here I am, beside Down-East Girl (if you wish to see me), ready to listen to the other Chatterers (when I get through, you understand).

Sigma, I like you—shall we be friends? I hope so. But I must close for fear of the "manipulator."

SNELL.

CLIMAX, July 31, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I read in the Chat the other day of a new Cousin that wanted to be pushed in, but you told her that they were not to be pushed in but charmed in. Won't you please to give me a charm to come in with, and not have me to shiver in the cold again this winter as I did last. I want only a small corner to sit in.

Won't you please to introduce me to some Merry Cousin, where I can sit and not let the time pass in silence?

C. C. B.

NEW PALTZ, Aug. 1, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I advance into the Chat a second time, feeling quite at home. Here is my contribution.

My little cousin, seeing a lump of sugar on the sideboard, was strongly tempted to take it. At length her better feelings triumphed. She ran to her mother and said, "Mamma, I saw a piece of sugar on your shelf, and Satan said, 'Eat that sugar, Katie, nobody sees you'; but I said, 'No, no, Satan; nary a bit of sugar for Katie to-day,' and ran off."

W. A. R., if I had a kingdom for sale, I would not display its deficiencies.

Mouse Merry, this Hero will defend you from Puss.

We truly mourn for Ella, but she is better off. Cousins, let us strive to follow her example. Yours, Merryly,

HERO.

August 4, 1865.

UNCLE MERRY:—When big brother Nat was a little boy, he was very fond of sweet potatoes. He could never get enough to satisfy him. One day he observed a tub of raw ones sitting on the cellar steps. He supposed them to be cooked, so of course he must go and get some. He went to the tub, stepped in, and over it went—tub, sweet potatoes, and Nat rolling down cellar in a heap together. He had enough of them that time.

James Conrad, we Merrys unite in saying, "All honor to the boys in blue."

Sigma, I've heard something about you which gave me a great deal of pleasure.

Iago, if, as you say, you have plenty more left (*i. e.*, cartes), you, as well as Em. Moore, Tiny Wild Rose, and any of the other Cousins, will please forward them, with address, to ADDIE W.,

Miller's Place, Long Island, N. Y.

SOURIS MAISON:

COUSINS MERRY:—One "local habitation and a name" I've established by Flib's feet; but I've not forgotten the sage little proverb, "A mouse with one hole is soon caught," so I appeal to your sense of justice. Should I not have another?

Most brilliant, gloomy Iva, do you trace your lineage back to Rob Roy? If so, I beg you won't deny me the privilege of gnawing a hole beneath that "lasting" and illustrious "*tête-à-tête*" of yours and Jolly Jingle's.

You'll not be cattish, will you, Highland Jolly? for we both ran about in the granite-bound State.

Do any Longfellowites, or other ites, love Tennyson? If they do, let them "speak out." Mouse Merry nibbles him with most exceeding relish.

HOME, July 17, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—There are so many seeking admission into the Chat, that I am afraid I will not be one of the favored ones, but I thought there would be no harm in trying. I do not think there are any Merrys in this part of the country, at least I am not acquainted with any.

I hope I shall be able, ere long, to send the names of eight or more subscribers, for I should like to get the badge, and so show myself to all as your Merry niece,

CLIP.

We can not send you the real names of those you wish, but will forward any letters to them you may send to our care. Stamps must be sent to prepay postage.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I have already tried twice, and my unfortunate letters fell into the basket one after the other; but I am going to try again, and, Uncle Hi, please spare this little missive.

Long live Queen Fleta, and may her reign be prosperous!

Jasper, hurra for the Stars and Stripes! I wish I had been at Fort Sumter.

Yours Merryly, COUSIN MAY.

PLANET VENUS, August.

Cupid will speak for himself. Cupid sprung into existence with the world. Cupid never hurls his darts in vain, as fair Hattie Lee must blushingly confess.

Proud Queen Fleta, I will not spare you!

Sigma and Prairie Rose, look to your hearts!

Sweet Kitty Clover, my dart has not missed Tennesseean!

Being controlled by none, I shall come when I choose, stay as long as I please, and leave as my mementoes a host of broken hearts! And now away-y-y.

CUPID.

You will soon learn, by sad experience, that you will hurl your darts in vain at the manipulator; that is invincible against your utmost endeavors—so beware!

Extracted Essences.

JACK HORNER, please take a seat in the corner. Your lines are good, but we prefer prose to poetry for the Chat.

M. E. A., I hope you will try the "half hour's talk" very soon.

Cousin May, we will send one copy free to any one who will send us five new subscribers and the money. They will be entitled to no other premium.

Coy, we greet you almost as one raised from the dead, and shall be glad once more to welcome you to our sanctum.

Ego Irse—sorry you could not find a better name, and do not wonder you forgot to send your real name. Pictures for any of the Uncles should be sent to the care of the publisher.

RUBIE LINDEN deserts the queen cause, and declares in favor of a republic.

SIGMA would write to Merry May if he had her permission and address.

WASHINGTONIAN—certainly we are always glad to hear from all the little ones of our household, and hope you will often write to us.

"God intrusts to all,
 Talents few or many;
None so young and small,
 That they have not any."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We desire to caution all our subscribers against paying any money to Adelaide Craven. She was an agent of ours some years ago, but for a long time past she has collected large sums of money for the MUSEUM and other magazines, without authority, and failed to pay it over to the publishers. If she attempts to pass herself off as our agent

in the future, or to collect money, we trust she will be arrested at once.

FIFTH NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The proceedings of this great Temperance Convention, held at Saratoga, are now published in pamphlet form, and will be found exceedingly valuable, as presenting the present view of this great reformatory movement. It contains the able essays in full, together with the resolutions and reports adopted, and also a digest of the discussions and speeches of such men as Rev. T. L. Cuyler, Gen. Neal Dow, R. G. Pardee, Rev. John Pierpont, and many others. Sent by mail on receipt of price—25 cents.; J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York, publisher.

THE IRVINGTON STORIES.—The fourth edition of this popular book, by that charming writer M. E. D., has just been issued, and we commend it to all the Merry family. It is one of the best juvenile books published. James O'Kane, New York city, is the publisher.

GOOD TEMPLARS GLEE Book.—This is a work containing the odes and music of the I. O. of G. T., and also a variety of Temperance glees and songs suitable for social practice or public gatherings. B. H. Mills, Upper Alton, Ill., publisher.

GOVERNESS.—A young lady—one of the "Merry" family—desires a situation as governess in a family to the young members, or as companion to an invalid lady. She has taught school several years, and is fully qualified for the place. Reference given, if required. Address "Governess," care of J. N. Stearns, 111 Fulton Street, New York city.

Eleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

THE PRIZE CONTEST, I much regret to say, must be deferred to next month! Meanwhile, you are requested to walk into the Labyrinth and make yourselves quite at home. I should be glad to hear from those who arrive at the center. Perhaps Uncle Merry will publish a list of their names.



head the list this month, having each answered correctly all but two of the

July puzzles. Fred took his *first* prize last month, and is now entitled to the second.

~~~~~  
Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

**218.** XLIID.

**219.** 1. A country in Asia. 2. A command to soldiers. 3. A fish. 4. A country in Europe. 5. A heavenly body. 6. A near relative. 7. A territory. The *initials* of these form the name of a great General; the *finals*, a stronghold taken by him. *Uncle Abe.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

**220.** Transpose a word of three letters so as to express the name of a State lately in rebellion. *Loyalty.*

**221.** Transpose a coin into a title.  
*Geo. T. McKinney.*

**222.** Transpose one fruit into another.  
*Forestina.*

**223.** Transpose "palmetto," "nicely," and "five" into one word. *Clepie.*

ANAGRAMS.

**224.** Not clean tin. *Adelbert Olden.*

**225.** Stir not! I beat A. N.!  
*Clite Clinton.*

**226.** Spoilt Rome. *Howard H. Jackman.*

**227.** A peer's tent. *Fred.*

Fill the following blanks with a word formed from the *italics*:

**228.** Are you and C. A. quite —?  
*Georgius.*

**229.** If it die, I can not be certain of its —!  
*G. N.*

**230.** Entire, I am an animal; behead, and I am used by artists; transpose, and I am often taken on a house; curtail and transpose, I am now a marine animal; transpose again, and I am part of a bargain; behead, and I am a beverage; transpose, and I am a meadow. *"Double you see."*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

**231.** Constellation grain. *Grasshopper.*

**232.** An ugly insect. *Violet Forest.*

**233.** Talk badly frequently. *Stupid Harp.*

**234.** My second is a kind of tree, and is composed of my first; my whole is my second, and is a recipe for my first. *Hickory.*

**235.** I am composed of 15 letters:  
My 10, 14, 5 is refreshing.  
My 2, 9, 1, 5 was one of Napoleon's marshals.

My 7, 6, 4, 3 is want.  
My 1, 7, 8, 4, 12, 13 is an exclamation.  
My 11, 14, 5 is worn on the head.  
My whole is looked forward to by many American children.

*Montrose.*

**236.** (Dedicated to G. T. McKinney.) I am composed of 18 letters:  
My 15, 3, 4, 12 is a plant.  
My 16, 17, 13 is a portion of the face.

My 10, 3, 18 is a household deity.  
My 7, 2, 11 we have all done.  
My 1, 8, 3, 9 is a shoot. [water.  
My 5, 6, 14 is a spring of mineral  
My whole we all love.

*James A. Robinson.*

**237.** Curtail an animal, transpose, and leave a thing you can not find.

*May of Irvington.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

**238.** A — deed is done without —.

*Sigma.*

**239.** These — are covered with flour —. *Ego Ipse.*

**240.** I went out to —, and met an —. *Remus.*

**241.** When she wore — in her hair, she was quite a —. *Vincent.*

**242.** Why should merchants, as a class, make the best of soldiers? *Alf.*

Answers to the above must reach me on or before the 8th of next month. None will be credited if received after that date.

I desire to call attention again, this month, to my change of address. Send answers, puzzles, etc., intended for the Puzzle Drawer, to F. F., DRAWER 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

~~~~~  
Answers to Questions in July No.

157. Hearthstone.

158. Indefatigable (in de fat I gabble).

159. Phantom (fan Tom).

160. Reconsider (rec(k)on cider).

161. Digit.

162. Fox, ox, x.

163. Heron, Rhone.

164. Great Expectations.

165. Petroleum.

- 166.** Barnabas.
- 167.** Pikrolite.
- 168.** Hornblende-schist. (I find, with regret, that this anagram was incorrect, there being two "o's" in it, whereas the original word contains but one.)
- 169.** Arrangements.
- 170.** Beaufort.
- 171.** Eastern Hemisphere.
- 172.** Abraham Lincoln.
- 173.** Anarrhichas.
- 174.** Lascars, rascals. (*Georgius* says, "Volunteers, tune lovers." *Tutler*, "parties, pirates." *Roguish Kate and Oddity*, "tars, rats," particularly if the latter are "wharf-rats !")
- 175.** Marble, ramble. (The following, as given by some, are also good. "varlet, travel ;" "charm, march;" "trail, trial ;" "drive, diver," etc.)
- 176.** Nigger, ginger. (*Snarlie* says "crony, corny." *Remus*, "siren, risen." "Mary, army," "male, meal," etc, are given by others.
- 177.** Rats, arts, tars.
- 178.** Sabre, bears. ("Sword, words," "sling, lings," "reed, deer," are sent by many.)
- 179.** Fork.
- 180.** Lexicon (L,X,I,C,O,n).
- 181.** But once—in Isaiah, 47th chapter, 15th verse. (One or two say "four times;" can they name the places?)
- 182.** Otter, tote.
- 183.** Gin, nadir, draining. (*Ois* and some others say "gin, subsoil, subsoiling.")
- 184.** When it is rifled. (*Tutler* says "when it is placed in the *breaches!*" *Remus*, "when loaded and discharged." *Ella*, "when it has a hole in it."—[Was there ever a cannon without one?] *Merrimac*, "when it carries a ball.")
- 185.** Wheat; for you can make it flour (flower) at any time! (Some think the answer is "maize, maze.")
- 186.** Deadly nightshade.
- 187.** Forget-me-not.
- 188.** DEFINITIONS.
1. Chagrin :
—Finding yourself aboard the wrong train. *S.*

—To reach out your hand cordially to your "city cousin" and find that she doesn't know you."

Tutler.

—Entering the depot with a rush, at one end, as your train disappears through the other. *Pred.*

—Having your letter consigned to the basket. *Julian A. P.*

—The soul's harrow. *Remus.*

—To guess all the enigmas but one, and find some Cousin ahead of you!

Remus.

—What the Cousins feel after passing through the manipulator.

Albert Wolf.

—Sending a good list of answers which do not arrive in season.

Aubrey.

—Tearing your pants getting over the fence in the presence of ladies!

Fred.

—Fishing your eye-glasses out of your soup.

Harry L.

—Making the discovery, while "out shopping," that you have somewhere picked up something which does not belong to you.

Clepie.

—Taking a seat deliberately, and finding just too late that your chair had been suddenly removed!

Uncle Ned.

—Losing of your waterfall!

Nelly.

—Chasing your hat down a crowded thoroughfare!

Benny.

—Finding you have "crammed up" on the wrong lesson!

Benny.

2. Unexpected Happiness :

—Coming directly upon a person whom you are trying to evade!

Alf.

—When a maiden lady, past the age of forty, receives an offer of marriage!

Albert Wolf.

—Getting the MUSEUM sooner than you expect it!

Fred.

—A "surprise party!" *Nelly.*

—Having ten friends, one after another, happen in to dinner on a—Monday!

Gertie N.

—To find yourself at the head of the list when in competition with the 20,000 Cousins!

Remus.

—Good luck!

Tiny Wild Rose.

Fred answers all but 168, 179.

"Double you see" answers all but 168, 182.

Remus answers all but 160, 168, 169, 185.

Tutler answers all but 158, 168, 178, 183.
"Keystone" answers all but 158, 160, 174, 175.
Aubrey answers all but 167, 168, 172, 173, 174.
Alf answers all but 168, 182, 183, 185, 187.
Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 168, 172, 174, 175, 182, 187.
"Cis" answers all but 168, 172, 174, 175, 182, 187.
Merrimac answers all but 160, 167, 168, 172, 173, 174, 176, 183, 187.
Georgius answers all but 167, 168, 169, 171, 172, 173, 181, 182, 185.
Snarlie answers all but 163, 167, 168, 169, 172, 173, 174, 175, 178, 181, 182, 185.
Tiny Wild Rose answers all but 158, 159, 161, 163, 167, 168, 169, 173, 174, 175, 182, 184.
Prairie Boy answers all but 158, 165, 168, 169, 172, 173, 174, 175, 180, 182, 183, 187.
Albert Wolf answers all but 158, 160, 167, 168, 169, 172, 173, 174, 176, 178, 181, 182, 183, 184.
Rubie Linden answers all but 157, 158, 159, 160, 162, 164, 165, 166, 178, 179, 180, 184, 185, 186, 187.
Hero answers 157, 160, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 177, 178, 179, 184, 185, 186, 187.
Vincent answers 159, 160, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 171, 175, 178, 179, 181, 187.
Julian A. P. answers 162, 163, 164, 166, 170, 171, 177, 178, 179, 181.
Allie answers 157, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 177, 179.
Eddie Richardson answers 157, 158, 162, 164, 165, 179, 186, 187.
Redding Ridge (?) answers 157, 160, 162, 164, 165, 166.
Cousin May answers 157, 164, 165, 166, 181.
"Ray" answers 157, 164, 165, *166, 175.
Etta answers 157, 165, 166, 181, 184.
Snowdrift answers 162, 164, 165, 166.
A Subscriber answers 164, 165, 166.
C. L. S. answers 166.

Answers to Correspondents.

Eddie Richardson, you are invited in. When you get too noisy, shall I just give the "pan handle" a shake?

* An honorable graduate.

Vincent, you make me feel quite elevated!

Cousin May, there is no telling what you may do yet!

"*Double you see*," it was not *indispensable* that you should answer 188, as although I numbered the "Definitions" in order to insure attention, they are not, strictly speaking, "puzzles!" "Definitions," I believe, originated with Aunt Sue. She gave us a taste of them in February and March, 1861.

Aubrey, your case shall be looked into.

Sigma, glad to see you!

Prairie Boy would like very much to know if there is *A. Wolf* anywhere within ten miles of him. Will the particular *Wolf* who writes for the *Museum* please say whether his *habitat* is in the vicinity of Rockford, Ill., as I have not his address.

Washingtonian, the answer you send is correct.

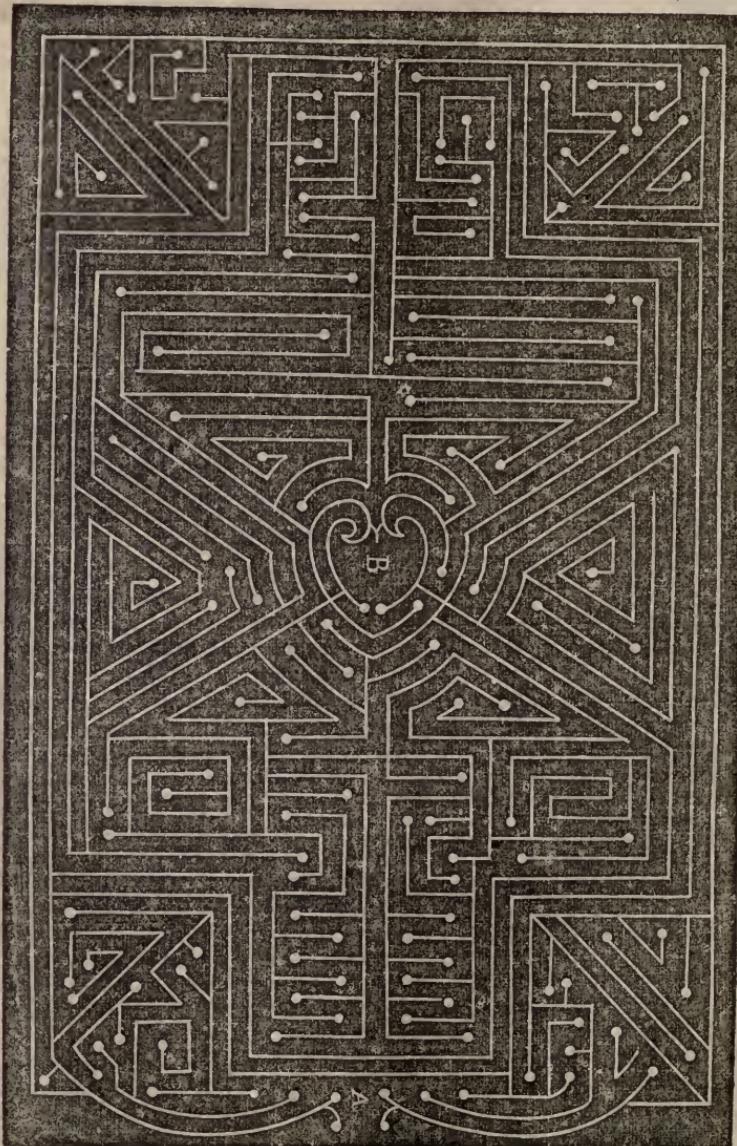
Sid, I am glad you can sleep under the circumstances—they are so peculiarly aggravating!

Tennessean, why did you try to answer August puzzles before the 8th of August? Why did you not wait until the 8th of "the following month," which, in this case, is *September*. Answers need never be sent until the month following that in which the number is received. You probably do not know that this very arrangement was made to accommodate those "living at a distance." I think if you understand it, and avail yourself of it, you will not be cramped for time. I will see what I can do for the "children and Southerners."

Brunette, how very sarcastic you are! "Fleetta, indeed!"

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, etc., to *Albert Wolf*, *Tiny Wild Rose*, *A Subscriber*, *Fred*, *C. L. S.*, *Alf*, *Sid*, *Prairie Boy*, *Aubrey*, "*Double you see*," *Cousin May*, *Hero*, *Bruce*, *Sigma*, *Clepie*, *Etta*, *Redding Ridge*, *Roguish Kate and Oddity*, *Snowdrift*, *Rubie Linden*, *Washingtonian*, *Minx*, *Tennessean*.

FLETA FORRESTER'S LABYRINTH.



THE PUZZLE IS, TO GET FROM THE ENTRANCE, A, TO THE CENTER, B, WITHOUT CROSSING ANY OF THE WHITE LINES.



LEFT ON THE FIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," "GO-AHEAD, AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," ETC.

IN the very midst of the glory of last autumn, when the farmers on the hills of the North were gathering in golden corn, and the prairies of the West were giving up to honest labor their burnished stores of ripened treasures, through one of the States of the South toiled in weary march a company of men.

There were men in that company of every grade and station, from the man who went because he had honor and gold and patriotism, to the man who went for want of gold, and whose country was wrapped up in a log-hut on a barren hillside far away; but, for once, the men were met on a level,

their one hope and aim to reach a distant river and cross it ere the autumnal night should let fall its shield of darkness. To this river every man is pressing on with his whole energy. How they march and tramp! on and on, over fields and along dusty highways—wherever their feet can find room to tread, behold they go. There is a movement along the line, a hurried, restless feeling runs from man to man and sweeps over the little army like a strong wind and sways them for a minute to and fro, and then they stand like a forest suddenly let down on the land. From the advance a herald flies backward crying that "the enemy is

in possession of the river at the point where they would cross."

On the farther side of that river lies all that these men hold precious, but they may not go over without a contest, and they prepare for it. How weary is the little army from a long and rapid march! and for two days the men have been on half-rations. All this they bore with hearts upheld by the promise of security and bounteous plenty when they should have crossed over the river; but now comes the sudden change, of terror, fire, and death.

They are brave men, banded together in a brave cause, and they fight through the ripened glory of the autumnal afternoon, through the twilight, and into the vail of night.

At midnight it is sounded through the camp that "the enemy is fled," that "the river is clear," and the flood waiting to carry over those who may be able to cross.

Ammunition is nearly spent, and it is not deemed safe to risk the return of the enemy, and leaving the battle-ground, the army goes down the river-bank and fords the stream. Wounded men are borne over by the hands of willing comrades, and dying men and dead men are left on the field, and the sun of the next day shines down on them as it shines down on the streets of our peaceful cities, as it shines on the golden corn and the treasures of the prairie; and ere that day's sun is gone, kind hearts from over the river have recrossed, to bring sustenance to the living, if any there be. Night is coming once more, and down close by the river's brink is one living soul in strong agony. He had crawled away, moving slowly and with torturing pain, trusting to reach a human habitation; but he saw the band of brave men

come back to the battle-field; he saw them go to the fallen and tend them one by one, lift a few and carry them away, and there was he, looking on from a distance, without the power to signal them and cry, "Here am I—come to me!" It seemed as if his earnest soul must make itself heard, as if his poor human nature could and would assert itself; but, alas! he was wounded so that he could not cry aloud; he was wounded so that he could not even wave his arms in air, if by that means he might have been seen. He lay on an eminence under the shade of a tree to which he had gone for rest, and saw the little band disappear from his sight, and knew that he was left to his fate. One sigh escaped from his full heart, and then he wept—wept tears that pain and hunger and mortal suffering could not draw from his eyes. It is so hard to be left alone, to see the last fragment of humanity disappear, and know not but that it may be forever!

The intense thirst that comes with hunger and wounds came to this man, and in two hours he had crawled on his hands and his knees to the river and drank of its water; not the clear springing freshness of our Northern streams was in its flow, but the liquid allayed his thirst; and under the covert of bushes on the bank the soldier lay down. No march that he had taken in three years of hard service had wearied him so. His wounds were bleeding afresh, and the drops of his life-blood fell upon the leaves as he lay. Tormenting visions of his home, of a white house outgleaming through a grove of gorgeous-hued maples, of his wife and children; and he saw in the vision the stove in the kitchen, and heard the roar of the wood as it burned, and the singing of the tea-kettle.

The very odor of the tea floated down from the North and gave momentary comfort to the famished man.

But he turns, and the vision vanishes. It is not the crackling of the burning wood away in the North, at his own home, that fills his hearing, but the dry twigs are bending and breaking very near, and the soldier holds his breath to listen.

"'Twas down here that he came; don't you know we watched this tree and saw him go by it?" said a voice.

"I know; but, may-be, he went into the river; the bushes are so thick in there I can't see, and I am afraid," said another voice.

"Let me go past you, then. I won't be afraid; may-be he's dead down in here," said the first speaker; and the undergrowth was speedily parted, and a face peered down where the soldier lay, close beside the water.

"Oh, poor man! here he is, now; you won't be afraid—come with me;" and the little pioneer held back the branches to let her companion through, and in a moment the two little girls were kneeling on the ground, and one of them had the soldier's hand in hers.

"We've been watching you all the afternoon," she said, "and we wanted so to run down and tell those United States men where you were, that they might get you away, but we were afraid; we knew the folks up in the house near us would see if we did, so we kept close watch, and as soon as ever we could we came with our nutting baskets; but we've something better than nuts in here;" and out of the nutting basket came a tiny tin pail, and when the cover was off, the pail was held to the wounded man's lips, and he drank of a gruel that was nectar to him.

"There, now!" said the child, "that

is nice. Aunt Helen made it, but she said it would spoil, it took so long for it to grow toward dark. Don't you think you'll get well now?"

"Pray tell me who you are," said the man.

"Why! can't you speak out loud? We wondered why you didn't call out to the men this afternoon," said the second child, who had watched her sister with something of courage and admiration, but thinking all the time that she should be afraid to hold the pail for the man to drink, and to take his hand in her own; but not afraid was Lucy, not one mite, as she seated herself on the leaves that had fallen, and talked to the soldier.

"We are Lucy and Helen East, and our father is dead; he was a rebel soldier, not a real one you know—but one that they made go and fight for them; but we, Helen and I, knew all about it, for we heard papa talk about it one night, and he meant to get away to the North before they came for him. But our mother was sick, very sick, so sick that papa wouldn't go away without her and leave us here; and while she couldn't speak, not even to say good-bye to him, the soldiers came and forced him away, and we never saw him any more; but we take care of all the Union men that we can—but what a funny time we have of it sometimes to get—"

The child was interrupted by a moan from the soldier, and in an instant her own story was forgotten.

"Oh, Helen, how careless we are!" she exclaimed; "only see! the blood is all on the leaves here; dear me! what can we do?"

It was very shadowy in among the bushes, for the night was near, and Helen could only see the marks of the soldier's blood on her sister's apron,

but in a moment her own was off and rolled up compactly to press upon the wound wherever the blood had come.

"You are very kind to me, little girls. Is there any way for me to get across this river?" was the whispered response.

"Across the river!" was the astonished exclamation of the children. Don't you know that the Confederate troops went over? You could not get through now, not for a long time; you must just lie still here; now don't try to move, and wait until the light is all gone;" and with these words the children went away.

If they had stopped to listen, they would have heard a whisper of prayer from the wounded man; but they made all haste to reach their home. The entrance door was open, and cautiously the children peeped in to assure themselves that no strangers were there.

"Did you find him?" was the eager question of a lady.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Helen; and the reason he couldn't make those United States men hear was because he couldn't speak aloud. He drank the gruel, but he can't talk much—he is hurt pretty bad, I think. Don't you hope he won't die? I guess he's got a little girl somewhere up in his home, 'cause he said something about Mary."

"Come Helen, come Lucy!" called their mother, "come and get your tea now, and then I think it will be dark enough."

Never was night more eagerly longed for, and it seemed as if it stayed away with a purpose, the twilight lingered so long.

"Mamma, we won't have anything for our supper but some bread and milk, will we, Helen? We'll save the other things for the soldier; may-be

he will be sick a long time," said Lucy; and Helen joyously assented, so that cake and sweetmeats were put aside, not so much for the benefit of the unknown man, as for that of the children who were early learning the joy of sacrifice.

"It is dark enough now," said Aunt Helen; "you stand at the door, Helen, and you, Lucy, run down to the gate and tell us if any one comes near."

Away the children went; and from underneath a safe hiding-place between two beds, a curious stretcher was produced and rolled up to represent a set of quilting frames, and given into the keeping of a woman whose face was darker than the night.

"Now, Huldah, you go on, and be careful how you answer, if questioned. We will follow, and when you get near the river, wait until we come up with you."

Huldah proceeded to perform the bidding, and quietly, under the calm October night, Mrs. East, Aunt Helen, and Lucy followed her. Helen East was left at home with directions to put a candle in a certain room, if any one should enter the house.

An hour went by; the little clock struck eight strokes, and the party had not returned. Helen went to and fro from the house-gate to the door every five minutes, listening intently, but not one sound greeted her listening—and the river was not more than half a mile away.

The moments seemed to be hours to Helen. She thought the time must be near to midnight, and yet the clock had not told that it was "nine," when a slight sound attracted her attention. It came from the carriage-gate which was slowly moving on its rusty hinges.

"Creak! creak!" cried the long-

unused iron, and in a moment Huldah's voice was heard.

Assured by the sound of it that all was well, Helen ran out and held the gate to let the little procession pass in.

Huldah was carrying one end of the stretcher whereon the wounded man was laid; Mrs. East and Aunt Helen were doing their best to take proper care of the other end; Lucy had been acting in the capacity of courier, spy, and guard during the entire march. Helen began in her eagerness to question regarding the long absence.

"Do not speak, not even one word, until we are in the house," said Mrs. East; "we may be watched even now."

Within that Southern house was a small hidden inner room in which more than one loyal soul had found refuge from persecution, peril, and pursuit since the sad Saturday when Sumter's flag fell. Into that room this soldier, utterly exhausted from flowing wounds and his creeping march to the river side, was carried.

Hands, whose very touch carried with them healing, ministered to his wants; his wounds were dressed as skillfully as possible, and ere long the sufferer had forgotten all pain in sleep. During this time Helen waited patiently for the story of the long absence, and the adventures that befell the party in their search.

She was at last rewarded by learning that Huldah, who had been sent in advance, had reached the thicket along the river bank in time to hear sounds from a party of men recrossing the river.

Quickly concealing the stretcher that she carried beneath the shelter of the friendly thicket, Huldah began to work in the character of a wood-gath-

erer. She gathered up whatever came to her hands, dry twigs, broken branches, singing the while a wild melody that always indicated danger by previous agreement.

Mrs. East, Aunt Helen, and Lucy heard the song of Huldah, and taking warning concealed themselves in time to avoid the company of men.

"What's the matter, aunty?" asked one of the men; "are you so poor that you have to rob the bank for firewood?"

The old woman ceased her singing and answered,

"Missis is purty poor like since master was took off and killed by the Yankees."

"There won't be much use then in asking for supper to-night if you've nothing but that stuff to burn."

"I reckon not, massa," said Huldah, pulling away at a bent branch as if it was of especial importance.

The company of men passed on; Huldah followed them at a safe distance until she knew that they had not made Helen a visit; then she ran quickly to the place where she had hidden the quilting-frame, and with it joined the party waiting for her in the thicket.

It was a long time ere they found the wounded soldier, for he was utterly unconscious and made no moan to guide them to the spot where he lay. At last he was secure, and with friends who would let him want for no good thing their hands could offer.

The stranger did not progress satisfactorily toward recovery, and it became needful to procure medical advice. There was no physician near to whom any application could be made with any certainty of assistance.

Miss East was the possessor of courage that always arose to meet an

emergency, and she proposed a journey to a city forty miles distant.

In that city she knew that there lived a surgeon who was noble and true in the olden time of peace, and she resolved to trust him entirely. Scarcely a tremor of fear or anxiety possessed Miss East as she told the surgeon of the man to whom she was giving shelter in the very heart of the Southern country, the poor wounded soldier of the Northern army.

"Truly you are a courageous young lady to come forty miles to tell me that you are secreting a Yankee! Do you not know that it is my duty to consign him to yonder prison?"

"I know you will not do so, Dr. Hall, but will return with me this very hour, and attend him like a Christian and a kind gentleman, as I know you to be."

"Verily, your faith constrains me; but how do you know the band who lately paid you a visit may not return at the very moment and make me a prisoner?"

"I will myself be responsible for your release—will offer myself as hostage, if need be."

In an hour's time the surgeon and Miss East were on their way to M—.

Hulda had been keeping very close watch on the highway, and announced the arrivals by saying, "There, now, he's a comin' 'long o' Miss Helen; I knew he'd come if she fetched him; but, missis, what'll folks say 'bout his comin'? You'll have to be took sick pretty fast, or some on 'em'll be comin' in, just as soon as they sees him."

"Mother, I'll tell you what we can do—Helen and I will get the doctor to *vaccinate* us; you know that will be a good cause for his coming, and then we shan't have to deceive anybody about it," said Lucy.

"What's that I hear about vaccination? Nobody with the small-pox here, I trust," said the doctor, who heard Lucy's suggestion; "but it's fortunate that I came provided."

And the invalid having received his full and careful attention, Dr. Hall actually proceeded to vaccinate Lucy and Helen; and as Hulda had predicted, in the midst of the operation their Confederate neighbors entered the house to learn the cause of the celebrated Dr. Hall's arrival.

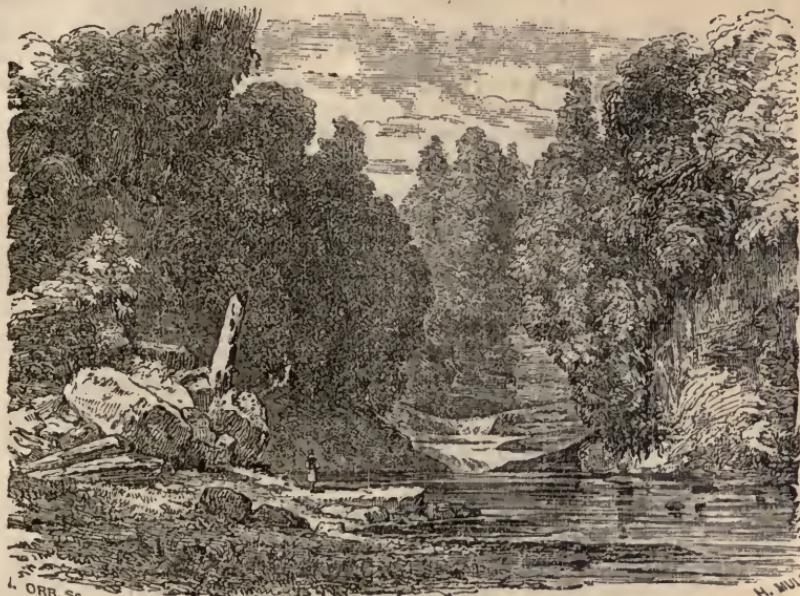
"You'd better all be vaccinated, my friends—there's no knowing what infection the Yankees brought with them," exclaimed the doctor, well knowing what had induced the visit; and he not only advised the measure, but insisted upon its performance.

The neighbors were unusually attentive for a few days, and even nights, on the plea of "seeing lights burning so late, that they knew somebody must be sick," which last attention led to carefully screened windows during the night-watch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"CAME HOME AS GOOD AS WE WENT."—"When my brother and I went away to the war," said a young Western soldier who had fought at Stone River and Chickamauga under Rosecrans and at Chattanooga under Grant, and had made the great march under Sherman, "we promised mother to come home as good as we went, and we'll do so, too; we have not learned to smoke, or chew, or drink, or play at cards. I guess she'll be glad to see us back again safe and sound."

A SURE way to have everything we want, is to want nothing we can't get.



ORR. Sc.

H. M.

THE LAKE.

I STOOD beside a lake,
Whose waters, calm and still,
Reflected from its surface bright
Each form of rock and hill.
A little pebble smooth
I threw upon its breast;
All ruffled was its gentleness,
All broken was its rest.

And thus the human heart,
Untouched by grief or care,—
Seems placid as the silvery lake
With only brightness there.
But oh! a little word,
A trifle strangely light,
Will ruffle all its peacefulness
And dim the surface bright.

Then trouble not the heart
With needless care or woe,
For full enough of bitterness
Its hidden depths must know.

KRUNA.

DARE AND DO.

DARE to think, though others frown ;
Dare in words your thoughts express ;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down ;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.
Dare from custom to depart ;
Dare the priceless pearl possess ;
Dare to wear it next your heart ;
Dare, when others curse, to bless.
Dare forsake what you deem wrong ;.
Dare to walk in wisdom's way ;
Dare to give where gifts belong ;
Dare God's precepts to obey.
Do what conscience says is right ;
Do what reason says is best ;
Do with all your mind and might ;
Do your duty, and be blest.

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

ADAM'S ALE.

BY ABEL SUNNYSIDE.

I SING about a boy who dwelt, some fifty years ago,
 Where forests spread for mile on mile, and mighty rivers flow.
 He labored on his father's farm by Mississippi's shore,
 With sturdy arm he swung the axe, and plied the bending oar;
 None better knew to guide the plow or wield the rattling flail,
 And when athirst or faint he drank a draught of "Adam's ale."

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so sparkling, pure, and free,
 It cheers the heart of bird and beast, it gladdens flower and tree;
 It brings no pang unto the breast, it makes no cheek grow pale,
 Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink! Hurrah for "Adam's ale!"

For many years this noble boy gave all his strength and might
 To help his parents, and to make their heavy labors light.
 His food was of the homeliest kind, but it was ever sweet,
 For toil and industry give zest to anything we eat—
 And while he ate his humble meal in forest, field, or dale,
 He freely took from stream and brook a draught of "Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale, so sparkling, pure, and free!
 The cornfields drink it till they wave in gold along the lea;
 It makes the grass and flow'rs grow fair on mountain and in vale,
 Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink! Hurrah for "Adam's ale!"

Years pass'd; this boy from home at last resolved he should depart;
 With many blessings, prayers, and tears, his parents saw him start;
 But yet they did not sorrow long, nor sorely, for they knew
 Heaven's promise unto all who give their parents honor due.
 They knew temptation's many wiles not easily prevail
 'Gainst him or her whose strongest drink is Adam's good old ale.

There is no drink like Adam's ale, so sparkling, pure, and free,
 The sunbeams drink it from the lake, the river, and the sea,
 It feeds the dappled clouds that drift before the summer gale,
 Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink! Hurrah for "Adam's ale!"

The once poor boy rose step by step until he came to be
 The ruler of a mighty realm beyond the western sea,
 And when men said, where feasts were spread, "Come, pledge us in the wine!"
 He answered,* "Nay! for fifty years it ne'er touched lips of mine;
 Water alone has been my drink and kept me strong and hale,
 And I owe half my rise in life to drinking Adam's ale."

* President Lincoln at his inauguration dinner.



What drink is like to Adam's ale, so sparkling, pure, and free?
Where'er it goes, where'er it flows, it beareth health and glee;
Although we travel every land, o'er every ocean sail,
We'll find no drink so wonderful, so old as Adam's ale."

Let all who wish through life to keep a bright and stainless name,
Who'd rise, by dint of steady toil, to honor and to fame,
Shun every drink of man's device that steals the brains away,
And drags its victim to the brink of ruin day by day.
Good resolution in the end is certain to prevail,
Then make a firm resolve to drink no drink but "Adam's ale."

Oh! what is like to Adam's ale so sparkling, pure, and free?
While clouds shall gather in the skies and rivers seek the sea,
While day and night divide the light, the store shall never fail
Of that, the oldest, best of drinks, the far-famed "Adam's ale."

*There is no drink like Adam's ale, so sparkling, pure, and free,
It cheers the heart of bird and beast, it gladdens flower and tree ;
It brings no sorrow to the breast, it makes no cheek grow pale,
Hurrah, then, for earth's oldest drink ! Hurrah for " Adam's ale !"'*

—Band of Hope Review.



ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER X.—NEW FRIENDS.

JANE TOWNSEND removed Elva's hat, and smoothed the child's long golden curls.

"Pray tell me," said she, "how you happened to be walking about the streets with so much money in your pocket? Did your mother send you out shopping?"

"Oh, no," said Elva, "my mother knows nothing about it. She lives at Woodford. I have run away from home."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the young lady in surprise. "That is very strange! Here, sit down on this ottoman, my dear, and tell me how such a nice little girl happened to run away."

Elva seated herself, and made a great effort to dry her tears, that her voice might be clear and distinct. She thought herself the most wretched child that ever lived; still, was she not a heroine, just like young ladies in books? and was it not a glorious thing to be a heroine and carry a heart full of grief?

"I suppose you never mistrusted that I'm very, very unhappy," began Elva, in a pathetic tone.

Jane Townsend remembered how joyfully Elva had eaten an ice-cream only a few minutes before; so she replied:

"Really, I did *not* notice that you looked sad, my child; but if you have any trouble worse than the loss of your purse, I am very sorry."

"Oh, I don't mind much about the money," said Elva with a burst of disdain, "money is nothing at all when anybody has real trouble! Now

I suppose *you* never had any real trouble, did you, Miss Townsend?"

"Never mind about that," replied the young lady, a little amused; "let me hear your story, please."

"Dear me, I don't know how to begin," said Elva, smoothing the skirt of her dress and feeling very important.

"In the first place, Miss Townsend, my name is *Laura Belmont*, though I am *called* Elva Newell! I am a gentleman's daughter. My father always rolled in gold. He lives on Tremont Street, right here in this city, and his name is Mr. Clarence Belmont. Did you ever hear of him?" said she, suddenly interrupting herself. "No," replied Miss Townsend, trying to recollect, "no, I never did."

"Well," continued Elva, slightly disappointed, "I didn't know but you had, for he's a great lawyer. My father and mother—"

"Oh," said Miss Townsend, "I beg pardon, but I thought your parents lived at Woodford."

"My *foster* parents," replied Elva, with a little toss of the head. "I was going to tell you: One day, when I was a baby, a cruel beggar-woman crept into the house on tiptoes and wrapped me up in her red cloak and carried me off. I cried as hard as I could, but she gave me a teaspoonful of laudanum and a teaspoonful of opium and paregoric, till it put me to sleep."

Here Miss Townsend, being seized with a fit of coughing, was obliged to bury her face in her handkerchief.

"That was certainly a powerful

dose for a baby; but how can you remember it so well?"

"Oh, I don't remember it at all! But my mother (that is, Mrs. Newell) has told me many a time that I was kept stupid with drugs all the while I was a baby. This wicked beggar-woman took me to the orphan asylum and sold me, I suppose, for there they found me all black and blue, when I was three years old."

"Who found you?—Mr. and Mrs. Belmont?"

"Oh, no; they were hunting me all over the wide world, but didn't find me. It was Mrs. Newell who took me out of the asylum, and dressed me up in her little dead child's clothes, and cured me of the opium and the whippings."

"Very kind of her. How long did she let you stay with her?"

"How long? Oh, forever. She adopted me for her own child and named me Elva for the little Elvira."

"Very noble and good of her," said Miss Townsend, with emphasis. "Such a sickly baby must have made a deal of trouble."

"Yes, she was *pretty* kind," Elva reluctantly confessed. "She used to take care of me and pet me ever so much. Well, I don't think she was so awful cross to me till after our baby was born. You see, ever since that, she has made me work, oh, so hard! I love the baby, but I have to get up in the morning and feed the chickens, grind the coffee, and set the table just as tight as I can spring. Then, every other week, there's the brindled cow to milk, and, dear me, to strain, and the pans to wash. And there's butter and cheese to make, and the baby to rock, and the floors to sweep! If you never lived on a farm you don't know!"

"Did you go to school?"

"Yes, to those little miserable district schools where you don't have to pay! Wendeline says it's a shame I can't go the Academy and learn *accomplishments*."

"Who is Wendeline?"

"Oh, she's my bosom friend, and a lady. They live in a stone house with lions in the yard, and a housekeeper. Wendeline has gone this very day to Philadelphia, to boarding-school. She wanted me to go too; her father would have paid half the money, I guess; but my mother never would consent—she's not a lady at all, she doesn't know anything about music or French."

"Is it possible? It must be hard for you to live with such an ignorant woman."

"Yes, and it isn't my duty. Wendeline has often begged me to run away, and to-day mother imposed upon me and insulted me till my heart just broke, and I said it's the last time! I won't bear any more!"

"There's one thing rather odd," interrupted Miss Townsend: "why don't you live with your real father and mother?"

"Just what I'm going to do," said Elva, with sparkling eyes; "why, I'm right on the way to them this day! They don't know I'm coming. I never heard who they were, nor where they lived, till last night. But they've poured out money like water for the sake of finding me, the medium said."

"The medium?"

"Yes; I saw her at Mrs. Perkins'—I can't stop to tell you about the table and all that, but it's enough to make your hair stand on end!"

"And is this all you know of your parents, merely what a medium has told you?"

"Yes, that is all—but she is a very good medium."

"Do you know," said Miss Townsend, taking Elva's hand, "I think your errand is a foolish one? As likely as any way, there is no Mr. Clarence Belmont in Boston."

"But the spirit of my aunt certainly said so!"

Miss Townsend procured a City Directory. The desired name was not to be found within its pages.

"Now," said Elva's new friend, "here is proof positive. The story about Mr. Clarence Belmont is all a silly falsehood."

It was some time before Elva would be convinced. "Oh, dear," said she, with a fresh burst of tears, "I can't bear it at all! I had thought it all over how they would look and what they would say. It just breaks my heart."

Miss Townsend waited patiently till she supposed Elva's broken heart was mended; then told her, very kindly, that the wisest thing she could do was to go directly home.

"But I have no money."

"I will lend you some."

"But I don't want to go!"

No; this romantic idea of seeking her fortune had been revolving in Elva's mind for several weeks; she could not easily give it up. Besides, though Mr. Clarence Belmont might not be her father, some one else was, and if she only lived in the "great world" she would be likely to meet him, or, at any rate, some other wonderful thing would certainly happen.

Miss Townsend reasoned with the little girl for some time, but to no purpose. Setting aside her ambition to be a great lady, Elva was too proud to return to Woodford. Her anger

was not yet cooled; and she wished, if possible, to make the whole Newell family wretched.

"No, no," persisted she, "I'll never go back till I can wear silk dresses and be as great a lady as Wendeline."

"I can't help liking you, Elva," said Miss Townsend, kissing the child, "but your brain is sadly whirled. How in the world are you to stay in Boston without any money?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten that! My purse! my purse! Haven't you any mayors and policemen? How romantic it is! Doesn't it make you think of the young ladies in stories who are robbed by the banditti?"

"It makes me think," said Miss Townsend, laughing, "that you'd better go home with me and spend the night. After a good sleep, perhaps you'll come to your senses."

There was no other plan possible for Elva, so she was glad to accept the young lady's hospitality. Miss Townsend lived with her mother on an obscure street up three flights of stairs. Mrs. Townsend was a benevolent, affectionate old lady. When her daughter had made known to her the particulars of Elva's history, she smiled and said:

"Well, Jane, if we can not persuade the little girl to go home, we will do the next best thing—write to this Mrs. Newell and set her heart at rest. She will send for the child at once."

So Jane, unknown to Elva, wrote a letter, which she directed to "Mrs. Daniel Newell, Woodford, Mass."

It was well for our heroine that she had fallen among such kind friends. In all her waywardness an unseen Father was guiding her rash footsteps. Her sleep that night was full of troubled dreams. Her imaginary father, Mr. Belmont, patted her on

the head and called her his "dear daughter!" but next moment he proved to be a thief, and not long after, a big gray cloud. Then she dreamed that the baby was very sick, and that when she tried to take it, her mother frowned and ordered her away. It was not strange her dreams should be painful, for she bore a troubled conscience.

"It seems to me," said she, next morning, "that I've heard wheels all night. When do the Boston people go to bed?"

There was a coal-grate in the room, but no fire; Elva wondered how a breakfast could be cooked, but asked no questions. Jane bustled about, aired the bed, and removed the pillows and coverlets from the sofa where Elva had slept. Then she built a tiny charcoal fire, and set over it the coffee-pot, in which she had put ground coffee and hot water from one of the pipes in the bathing-room. People in Boston have usually plenty of water, both cold and hot. Then she drew out a little table, and covered it with a cloth, putting on dishes from the closet, a pat of butter, a pitcher of milk, and some slices of beef. Afterward, she threw on her bonnet, and bade Elva to watch the coffee while she tripped down three flights of stairs and crossed the street to the baker's. She purchased some hot rolls and a sheet of gingerbread, and was back again before the coffee had boiled. To Elva, the breakfast looked rather meager; still, it had the charm of novelty.

When it was over, Jane read a chapter in the Bible, and her good mother offered a prayer. These words occurred in the chapter, and Elva had an uneasy fancy that Jane read them with emphasis: "Be cloth-

ed with humility, for God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble." It was strange, she thought, that Mrs. Townsend should make in her prayer such a feeling allusion to the prodigal son, asking God to give His wanderers a better state of mind.

As soon as Jane had made the bed, she started out again, leaving her mother to wash the dishes.

"What an easy time you have," said Elva, "so little work to do!"

Jane might have replied that her daily labor was really beyond her strength.

"Where would you like to stay today—with mother or me?"

Elva concluded to go to the confectioner's. Jane, in the midst of her cares, kept a watchful eye over the child, fearing that she might stray away; and at night took her home again.

Next morning, it was time to look for an answer from Mrs. Newell; but none came. Two or three days passed, and still no letter. Mrs. Townsend did not know what to think.

"Can it be, Jane, that the child is deceiving us?"

"Oh, no, mother—I can trust her open face. She is artless and truthful, I am sure."

Elva, meanwhile, was growing uneasy. She knew she had no claim upon these kind but poor people. Whither should she go? Jane searched the newspapers for the advertisements: 'Little girl wanted.'

"Elva," said she, on Monday morning, "I believe I have found a place for you; that is, if you would like to be a nursery maid."

Elva clapped her hands. "Now, surely," thought she, "my fortunes have begun!"



FISH AND FLOWERS.

Two boys in sporting humor went
Down to the river bank to play;
While George was all on fishing bent,
James sought the flowers which
marked their way.

James spied a flower far in the stream,
Of purest white, a water-lily;
“Oh,” sighed the lad, half wish half
dream, [Willie.]
“I want that flower for brother
George saw the fish in sportive glee
Swim round his hook and sharply
eye it;

“You cunning rogues, you all are free
To snap my hook, take hold, and
try it.” [win]
Each then with outstretched hand to
A fish or flower, and try their luck;
But luck proved false—both tumbled
in! [duck.]

For fish or flowers each caught a
‘Tis thus through life we toil and try
To grasp our wishes on the streams,
But find at last we come so nigh,
We lose the wish, but keep the
dreams. UNCLE TIM.

“NEDDIE AND ME;”

OR, HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP ON THE MISSIONARY WORK.

I WISH to speak a word to my little readers.

I dare say some of you are saying, “Neddie and me! what can this have to do with missionary work?” Wait awhile, dear children, and you shall hear.

You all like a story, I know, and you shall have one.

I think I hear some of you saying, “How can I help on the missionary work? What can I do? I am too young.”

Oh, no, dear children! you are not too little; it is true you may not be able to leave your happy homes and cross the seas; but you can be *home missionaries*; you can be *closet missionaries*. Think of this, dear children. Do you know what it is to be a *closet missionary*? I will tell you. It is to remember other missionaries at the throne of grace.

But there are other ways in which you can try and collect money from your neighbors and friends, and I will tell you how you can do this.

And now for our story, which I heard related by a clergyman, at a missionary meeting some time ago, in the neighborhood in which I lived. It was about a little boy who once attended a missionary meeting. He was an attentive listener; he did not look about the room, as some little boys and girls do, I fear; he heard about the little black children, and came home and told his mother he must do something for the missionaries—he must give something to buy Bibles for the heathen. But what could he give? he was so very poor.

At length he thought of a nice plan. He had a favorite donkey—he was re-

solved that he should do something in the work; so what do you think he did? He put a saddle on him, and panniers, and then went from door to door, calling out, “Do you want any door-stones?”

How much do you think he raised in this way? I think it was nearly \$15.

The speaker told us that after a few days had passed, a knock was heard at his door, and a little boy stood before him, and put a packet into his hand, saying,

“Please, sir, give this to the missionaries.”

“Oh,” said the clergyman, “but, my little man, I must have a name to acknowledge it.” On seeing him hesitate, he repeated, “You must tell me your name.”

“Oh! well, then, sir, please to put down *“Neddie and Me,”* that will do, sir, won’t it?”

Perhaps some of my little readers may be saying, “I should like to do the same, but I have no donkey.”

Still, dear children, you can do something. A friend of mine, on hearing this anecdote related, procured a Dutch toy, which he dressed up, and placed it on her drawing-room table. The first-fruits of it were \$25. What do you say to this?

Now, dear children, let me ask you a solemn question—“Have you given yourselves to the Lord?” Remember who has said, “My son—my daughter—give *Me* thine heart.” Jesus said, “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Believe me, dear children, your affectionate friend,

IOTA.

LIGHT-WING AND BRIGHT-EYE.



WE will tell you a story about two little birdies, Light-wing and Bright-eye. They were not a year old, but they had made good use of their time, and were full grown and very pretty birds. Light-wing had the finest feathers; he was all glittering with purple and gold, and had on his head a handsome top-knot of red and green.

Bright-eye was not quite so fine, but she had handsome feathers too; and her bright eyes sparkled like diamonds in the sunshine.

It was a fine morning in spring, and a very busy time with all the birds; some of them were building their nests in trees or bushes, some were building in high banks, and some low on the ground. Other birds, who had finished their nests days or weeks ago, had their little nestlings to feed and keep warm; some of the hen-birds had their eggs to sit upon and hatch, and their partners brought food for them in their beaks, and then perched on branches not far off, and sang their sweetest songs. All were busy except little Light-wing and Bright-eye, who had

been so taken up with sporting about and amusing themselves and each other, that they had forgotten all about serious business.

"Heigho! Bright-eye," said little Light-wing on that fine spring morning, "don't you think it is time we had a nest, like the rest of the birds, little Bright-eye?"

Little Bright-eye had no objection to a nest; she thought it would be well to have a nest, and she said so.

"But how shall we build it? I do not quite know how I mean to build it; you know I never did build one yet, little Bright-eye."

"Nor I either," said Bright-eye; "but we shall never know if we never try; I think we shall manage it very nicely; we must remember as well as we can how our old nests were made, that we lived in when we were little ones, and had not got feathers to fly with."

"Tut, tut!" answered Light-wing; "I would not give a thank-you for such a nest—a little bit of a thing! Only think, little Bright-eye, how brothers and sisters were crowded together so that there was not room to move, and how poor mother got the cramp in her leg by being crumpled up so in that silly nest."

"That is true; it was a very little nest, certainly," said Bright-eye.

"Too small by half," said Light-wing; "there was not near room enough, and father could not get into it at all, but was obliged to go to sleep perched upon a twig."

"All father-birds do so, I think," said Bright-eye, with a toss of her head.

"I do not mean to do so," said Light-wing, turning up his beak; "I should like to snuggle in the nest."

"That would be very pleasant, certainly," said Bright-eye, "but perhaps you would break the eggs."

"No, no!" said Light-wing, "how can you think such a thing, little Bright-eye! I would be very careful indeed; but we must have a large nest—that's settled."

So Bright-eye agreed that a large nest would be best, for then they would not be obliged to turn out the little ones to take care of themselves and to get their own living so soon.

"But then," said Bright-eye, "we must set about it at once if it is to be so large, and I do not know how to begin."

Just then a great crow flew over them, and Light-wing was after him in a minute; for a clever thought had all at once popped into his head. He came back clapping his wings with delight. "I have done it," said he.

"What have you done, Light-wing?"

"Ah, see what it is to have a good head-piece!" said Light-wing proudly; "Billy Crow will come and show us how to begin our nest; I went after him and asked him."



"Dear, dear!" cried out Bright-eye, all in a fright, "how could you do such a thing? Such a great ugly-looking

fellow as that! I shall be afraid to be near him."

"Tut, tut," said Light-wing, "I was not afraid, and he did not hurt me, you see. Billy Crow is a very good-natured bird, though he is not a beauty, and he has promised to help us make our nest, so you must be very civil to him."

So the next morning Billy Crow, who had finished his nest a week ago, and had a little time to spare, came to the tree where Light-wing and Bright-eye were roosting among the young leaves, and flew around them with a loud "Caw-caw, caw-caw."

"Bless me! what is that?" screamed poor Bright-eye; and Light-wing was almost as much frightened at first. But he soon found out what the noise was about.

"Now, then," called out Billy Crow, in his hoarse way, "now, then, up with you, Light-wing, and tell me where you want your nest to be."

"Where shall it be, little Bright-eye?" whispered Light-wing.

"That is a nice thick bush just below us," said Bright-eye, "I should like to have our nest in the middle of it; it looks like the place where our old nest was built."

"Caw, caw, caw—go away with you," said Billy Crow, when he heard about the bush; "do you think that a proper place for a nest? If you want your nest there, you should have asked the sparrow to teach you to make it. No, no, that will never do; you must have it up here;" and he flew to the top of the highest tree he could find.

"Here's a famous place for a nest," said Billy.

There was no help for it. If Light-wing and Bright-eye chose to have a nest of Billy Crow's making, they

must have it where he pleased ; so up they flew to the top of the high tree, and looked on very curiously and wonderingly while Billy set to work.

Stick after stick did Billy Crow fetch in his beak, and lay them across and across the forked branch he had chosen for the nesting-place. At first, Light-wing and Bright-eye tried to help, but they could not make anything of it ; they only got in the way, and puzzled their great black friend by their awkwardness and the chirping and twittering they made over it.

" I tell you what, Light-wing," said Billy Crow at last, " you and Bright-eye had better go and amuse yourselves, while I get on with the nest, then you won't hinder me."

The two little birds were glad enough of this. It was a capital thing, they thought, to have a nest built for them without any trouble of their own, and such a large one, too, as Billy would be

sure to build. So off they flew, and did not come back until it was time to go to roost, when they fancied their nest would perhaps be finished.

But they were mistaken about that. They did not know how long it takes to build a nest. When they reached the top of the high tree, there were a great many sticks, to be sure, but no nest yet ; and Master Billy Crow was gone home about his own business.

" Never mind, little Bright-eye," said Light-wing, " he will come again in the morning." And so he did, with his " caw, caw, caw—aw."

" Dear me ! " cried out poor little Bright-eye, " I wish he would not make such a great noise."

" He can not help it, darling," said the other birdie ; " he is a great bird, and has a great throat, and he is building a great nest for us, you know."

But there was a great disappointment that morning. Master Billy Crow



could not give up any more of his time, he said; Mistress Crow did not approve of his staying away all day; she wanted him at home. "But you can soon finish the nest now," he said, "if you work hard, Master Light-wing. You must just put some more sticks in so, and so, and so; and then you must pick up some wool—there is plenty to be found if you look after it—you must lay it on smooth and neat, and then your nest will be finished. Good luck to you, Mr. Light-wing, and to you, Mrs. Bright-eye," said Billy Crow, and then away he flew.

"This is a troublesome job," said Light-wing, after he had been poking about the sticks until he was quite warm and flurried, and all to very little purpose. "Dear, dear, I can not make the sticks fit at all nicely; and I think it was selfish and ill-natured of Billy Crow not to finish the nest after he had begun it."

"Ah, I told you I did not like him," said little Bright-eye; "I knew how it would be; but you would not take my advice, Light-wing. A nasty, great, black, ugly bird he is!"

"Tut, tut! little Bright-eye," said Light-wing, and rather cross he was about it. "Tut, tut! you did not advise me at all about it."

"You did not ask my advice, Mister Light-wing, you know you did not," piped poor little Bright-eye.

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about it," said Light-wing, "and it's of no use to scold; suppose you try and help me now. There, I've got as many of those ugly sticks as I shall want; so while I am putting them as straight as I can, you go and pick up some wool."

So Bright-eye flew away and picked up a bit of wool, and then back to the nest; and she did this so many times, that at last she got quite tired, and

perched on a twig to rest herself. All this time Light-wing was pulling the sticks about, and putting in a bit of wool here and there; but do all he would, he could not fit it well, and there were great holes in the nest.

"It will not do at all," cried Bright-eye; "why, if my eggs were there, they would slip right through those great holes; it might do very well for such great eggs as Mistress Crow's, but not for ours. Besides, it is hard and lumpy." And poor little Bright-eye piped again.

"I tell you what, Mistress Bright-eye," said Light-wing, "if you do not like it, you must try and make it better yourself, for I will not have anything more to do with it." And he flew away quite angry.

Poor little Bright-eye tried and tried again, till she thought the nest would do; but it was very long before she could make it at all to her mind; and though Light-wing came back, he was so out of humor that he would not have anything to do with the nest. And when at last it was done as well as Bright-eye could do it, Light-wing would not share the nest with her, but roosted in a branch quite sulkily.

By-and-by there were three eggs in the nest, and Bright-eye was very proud of them; but one day when she and Light-wing were abroad, there was a great storm and wind, so that they were glad to fly to the nearest shelter; and when they got to their nest, they found it all blown and battered to pieces; and the three little eggs were at the bottom of the tree, smashed and good for nothing.

Poor little Bright-eye! she flew round and round the tree, and cried so mournfully, that Light-wing's tender feelings were quite touched. "Never mind, darling," he said, "we will have

another nest. I think this was rather too large; we will do better next time."

"It was all your fault," said Bright-eye, "for going to that ugly Billy Crow, and being persuaded by him to build our nest in that great high tree."

"So it was, little Bright-eye," said he, very kindly; "we must build our next nest lower down. Oh, dear, dear! I wish we knew how to build a nest properly!"

"We ought to have it like the one we were brought up in, and we could build one like that," said Bright-eye.

"Tut, tut!" said Light-wing, "we could do better than that if we try;" for his failure with Billy Crow had not yet cured him of his wish to have a great and grand nest. "There is Mistress Blackbird now; she has a nice snug nest in a bush—let us ask her how to begin such a one as hers."

"Nonsense, Light-wing; that shows how much you know about such matters. Mistress Blackbird has a large family to feed; and besides, I won't have anything more to do with black birds. Was not Billy Crow black? I won't have a nest like any black bird; I am not black, I hope?"

"No, no, to be sure you are not," said Light-wing, coaxingly; "but we must have a nest, little Bright-eye. Well, there is Larry Lark up in the air, ever so high, and a very good-natured bird he is, and he won't advise us to build our nest at the top of the tree; let us ask him how to set about it."

Bright-eye did not object; so up they flew after Larry Lark, who was so high in the air that the little birdies were almost out of

breath before they could reach him at all.

"Were you not brought up in a nest?" asked Larry, very gravely, when Light-wing had told him what they wanted.

"Yes, to be sure," said Light-wing.

"And your mother, was she not brought up in a nest, too?" Larry asked again.

"No doubt of it," said Light-wing; and Bright-eye turned away her head, for she looked quite confused, knowing very well what Larry meant, and that he was right.

But Larry did not seem to notice Bright-eye's confusion, and quietly asked them, "And can not you build a nest like those?"

"Yes, yes, Larry," answered Light-wing, "of course we could; but then, you see, that is not it: they had such little nests—so awkward, you know, and so ——"

"Oh! that's it, is it?" chirped Larry; "come down with me, then, and I will show you how I managed mine." And before Light-wing and Bright-eye knew what Larry Lark was about, he was falling straight down like a stone, until he nearly reached the ground; then he spread his wings a little, and



reached his nest gently and softly, without any manner of hurt.

"Now, then," said Larry, "this is how my nest was made." So he showed the two little birdies how to look out for a nice snug hole in the ground, among the grass; and how they must get stalks of anything they could find, and twist them round and round, and in and out, until the nest was big enough, and then if they got some nice, fine dry grass to line it with, the nest would be finished.

"That will do famously," said Light-wing, "won't it, Bright-eye? There is no fear of having such a nest as that blown away with the wind, nor of the eggs dropping through it—and so easy to make, too! What a pity we did not think of Larry Lark at first!"

So the two little birdies soon found a hole in the ground, and began to build their nest as Larry had told them. In a few days they had finished it; and Light-wing was so proud of his work that he could not help fetching Larry to look at it.

And Larry came. He was too polite a bird to laugh at them; indeed, he tried to praise the nest the two little birdies had built; but he mounted away as soon as he could, high up into the air; and when he was quite out of sight, he piped out such strains of jokes, all to himself, about Light-wing and Bright-eye—to think that they fancied themselves such grand birds, that they could not be content to build their own proper sort of nest, but must be trying to imitate their neighbors, so that Mistress Lark, who was just then busy in her nest, and could hear Larry piping his jokes, wondered what could have amused him so.

But Light-wing and Bright-eye were well pleased with their nest, and put

their pretty little eggs there, and hoped soon to have a young brood. But before long they found out it was such an awkward nest! It was too big for Bright-eye alone, and it was not big enough for Light-wing to snuggle beside her; and then he was so clumsy, that, when he tried, he broke two of the eggs in one night, and Bright-eye had to peck him away, or else he would have broken them all.

There was not a tree or a branch near, so poor Light-wing was obliged to roost upon the cold ground, and this gave him a worse cramp in the leg than ever his mother had by sitting in her small nest. He got a cramp in his wing too, and could scarcely fly at all when he first got up in the morning.

And this was not the worst; for when two little featherless birdies were hatched from the eggs, poor Bright-eye could not keep them warm; they tumbled about in their queer nest, and gaped and gaped, and twitted and twitted more pitifully every day, until at last they died.

How very sorry poor Bright-eye was! She flew about over the nest, and filled the air with her mournful cries.

Little Light-wing said all he could to comfort her, but she could not be comforted at all, until one day he said, "I know what we will do. Let's have a pretty nest just like the one we were brought up in, not any bigger and not any smaller, and then you shall have your young ones quite safe another time, Bright-eye."

Then little Bright-eye clapped her wings for joy, for she saw that this plan was likely to be the best, after all.

And they soon built such a nest; and by-and-by there were eggs in it; and then there were little young nest-

lings; and Light-wing and Bright-eye
were happy as the days were long.

And now if our readers have been
pleased with hearing of the silly lit-
tle birdies, they must mind and not be

like them in wishing for things finer
or larger or different from what their
parents or teachers think proper for
them, even though other children
should have them.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

I come, sang Spring, when my herald,
the sun,
Has scattered the snow from the
earth,
To bid the many flowers bloom forth,
To scatter joyousness and mirth.

I clothe the trees in leafy robes,
I call grass blades from wintry
graves,
I break the ice-chains of the streams,
And bid them dance in rippling
waves.

I call the song-birds from the south,
And bid them go prepare their
nests,
Then step aside, and the grassy turfs
By Summer's languid feet are press'd.

SUMMER.

And I, sang Summer, bid the sun
Send forth his hottest rays for me,
And when his noon tide glances fall,
E'en the bright song-birds hush
their glee.

The corn, which Spring called from
the earth,
I change to a golden grain,
And nurse it till the reaper comes
To gather it home from the plain.

I bid the bright-hued flowers retire,
And call forth fruit in their place,
And then my task is done, for I
see
Brown Autumn's sad, sweet face.

AUTUMN.

When I come, sang Autumn, the sun
recedes,
Oft veiling his face from sight,
While cool winds fan the earth by day,
And sigh low music by night.

I paint the green leaves yellow and
red; [brown,
But when they have turned to
I call my subjects, the autumn winds,
And bid them scatter them down.

I crush the few bright flowers that
are left,
And send the song-birds south
again; [retire,
Then the ice-mailed warrior bids me
While the winds sigh for me a
mournful strain.

WINTER.

I come with the storm-winds from
the north,
And I laugh while the storm-fiends
rave, [groan,
For they make the bare trees bow and
Like skeletons just from the grave.
I bind the streams with a magic spell,
And bid their waters be still;
I breathe on the clouds, and the white
snow falls
O'er woodland, meadow, and hill.
The tall gray mountains are robed in
white,
By the mantle I around them fling,
Till my icy charms are broken at last
By the breath of the beautiful
Spring. MYRA E. GLOVER.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE would call the attention of all the Chatterers to the Prize Contest offered in the Puzzle Drawer this month, and invite all to enter the lists and compete for the prize. We offer it, not so much for its value as for your own improvement and pleasure in preparing and sending in answers properly written out and directed. This is one of the objects of this part of our MUSEUM. The members of the Chat and Puzzle departments form a social and Merry circle for mutual improvement, to hold familiar chats, and cement friendships.

All subscribers to the MUSEUM are members, with equal rights and privileges and corresponding duties.

It is the privilege of all to write, and their "equal duty" to quietly submit to all the operations of the manipulator, and write the more when they feel its cuttings most severely.

The art of letter-writing is acquired only by practice, and we feel that you all are preparing yourselves for the active duties of life when engaged in these pleasant exercises.

Let all enter heartily into this Prize Contest, and see how interesting and profitable it can be to you.

EAST ROCKPORT, Sept. 11, 1865.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—I find myself feeling no longer a stranger to your Merry circle, having been received by you with such cordiality as one expects only from old friends.

Uncle Merry, I have learned your "local habitation and name," having recently met with a dear friend and classmate who is a near neighbor of yours.

I would offer the hand of friendship to Juno, who has so recently lost a darling brother. We can indeed sympathize with each other in our great affliction.

Tennessean, my charity shall never be withheld toward those who repent of and forsake their ways of wrong-doing. But I should not be true to my country,

or to the kind Father above who receives none of His erring children "except they repent and do works meet for repentance," if I extended the hand of friendship to those who still uphold the principles which have deluged our fair land in blood. If your heart is so filled with sorrow when the glorious old Stars and Stripes are cheered, I would fain remind you, that had that "gray-haired man" been true to the flag under whose protecting folds he had passed his life, he might to-day be an honored citizen among us, instead of an inmate of a dreary "dungeon." And while I still say "NEVER! NEVER!" to the profilers of friendship from all who are yet rebels at heart, I would, God helping me, extend a forgiving hand even to that one, were he truly penitent, who sent the fatal ball which has made me brotherless and laid that noble form and bright young head which I loved, to molder beneath the soil of your own sunny Tennessee. A stricken sister can offer no different "amnesty" to those who have deprived her of her heart's most cherished treasure. Yours truly, COUSIN JENNIE.

DEAR COUSINS ALL:—Though late in the day, I thought I would inform you that I had seen a "lion," or, rather (to me), two "lions"—General Grant and Uncle Robert; with the former I shook hands, and stared at him with the rest of the crowd; and the latter I not only shook hands once, but many times, and had some pleasant "chats." Now, don't you envy me, you that never have seen, or expect to see, the "lions?" Aint I entitled to a reserved seat—a front one—where all can see me?

Pontiac, did you ever hear "promises are like pie-crust," etc.? I have, and begin to believe it.

Yes, W. A. R., what does "doing better" mean?

Admiral, won't you exchange?

Teresa, aint you good-looking enough to make a photo yet?

Leslie, where are you this summer?

A. Van. A., "what can the matter be?" Are you "miffed?"

Cousin Jennie, you have my sincerest sympathy.

Cupid, your darts are not hurled in vain, as a fair cousin this way must con-

fess, for Cousin Marian has left the Chat and home, and gone "West" to brighten another's existence, and I am left alone. Do, some one, write to me and offer me some sympathy, for I think I need it.

Uncle Robert, please to "don't."
MAMIE.

OUAQUAGA, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been spending the summer with an aunt who lives on a very large farm, far away among the green hills of C——. Oh! such an innumerable lot of pets—lambs, chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, kitty Tabby, old Watch, and last and dearest of all, sweet little Cousin Olive. Oh, Uncle Robert, you've no idea what a dear, interesting child she is!

One day kitty fell from a sofa (on which she was lying) to the floor; off runs Ollie for the camphor-bottle and holds it close to kitty's nose, for fear she is faint. Merrily yours,

EVENING STAR.

If you should step in to a little "home" I know of, you would think I had *some* "idea" of what is "dear and interesting."

Our little Nellie can soon speak for herself.

We shall look for a "ray of starlight" in the album soon.

No. "72."

UNCLES AND COUSINS:—"Once on a time," "a still, small voice" came from "Point Green;" but Leslie lies silent on the shelf, listening to the echoes that come from "those happy shores" he used to inhabit. Do let's hear your voice, thou still one!

W. A. R. had a kingdom, but he fell from his kingly seat, and
Oh! *wat-er-fall* was there, my Merry men.

Rubie Linden, we are citizens; why shouldn't we be friends?

Em. Moore, receive my best thanks.

Saucy Nell, are you stark mad? The way you conglomerate names is enough to melt the Snowdrift in the Forest, and make the predictions of W. A. R. about a *fresh hit* come true.

I move for a republic, and I am sure Rubie L. and Cousin May will second my motion for Jasper as President. None so loyal as the "boys in blue."

Stranger, Roguish (Kate) and Odd (ity), Teunessean, Cis, Rubie Linden, and Juno, please write, and I'll answer.

Was any Merryite at the Catskills this summer? I didn't see any badges. Please let me know if there was there was anybody enjoying themselves as hugely as

IN THE CORNER.

SYLVAN RETREAT, Sept. 6.

DEAR COUSINS:—As I feel in a particularly chatty mood this evening, I will avail myself of the welcome given me a year or two ago as a pass to get into the parlor. There! what a magic effect it seems to have! Now I am in I will just say a few words so as not to wear out your patience and my welcome. First let me say, dear Cousins, you need not be afraid of the W.A.R. now raging in the Chat. "Barking dogs never bite."

Sigma, here is a verse for your private ear—listen attentively:

"I love you *more* than pen can tell,

"And if you love me half as well," send your photo to Box 138, Farmington, Illinois, and I will quickly reciprocate. All who have any "picture" cartes which they would like to dispose of, can send one to me, and receive in return a very handsome (?) photo.

BLUE-BELL.

HOME, Sept. 2, 1865.

UNCLE MERRY:—I have won a prize (also your everlasting gratitude) for letting my pen be idle for so long a time, and I'll warrant that none of the Merry Cousins can show such a record of monthly self-denials as I!

But I've been mad! Rather a dangerous confession during dog-days. And Uncle Merry, and sympathizing Cousins, I'll tell you why! In all the galaxy of stars, not one particular star has spoken to me—has asked me for my picture—nor asked me to correspond with them. Isn't that enough to make any one with a well-balanced head go crazy? Add to that the effects of that "manipulator," and you'll wonder when I tell you I am not a raving maniac.

Merry Cousins, can't we get rid of that horrid manipulator in some way? I'll take it as an A. No. 1 *Clip-per*. And as remorseless as a guillotine! Here is a case in point. The last time I wrote, a sentence, which I had cherished for a whole month, was missing! nay, two, three! the whole half of my letter was extinct! It doth its work well!

What has become of all that Merry crowd who assembled one evening in May last to make night hideous—and succeeded—at Phene F.'s? Have they sought oblivion, and found it? I have not seen your "shadders" since!

Saucy Nell, I wouldn't like to provoke *your* wrath; it might be a dangerous experiment for an unprotected individual like myself! Know all ye Cousins that I ask your sympathy. Sid.

A Jingle from the STATE OF EXCITEMENT.
Aug. 25, 1865.

UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS, AND EVERYBODY INCLUSIVE:—"I come not here to talk!" (?) I've been assaulted, battered, and otherwise maltreated! I ask for "justice—pure, equal justice, not revenge!"

First I will say a few simple, and I hope forcible, words to Iago, who, from all appearances, is laboring under a *slight* delusion. I will never, voluntarily, as long as I live, deny myself the privilege of using my tongue when and at what places I choose—never! never!! and I challenge you (backyard and pistols!) to prove that I *did* so far lose my senses as to vow perpetual silence toward you or any other Chatterer.

Juno, if the worst comes to the worst, I pray for your assistance! a woman's tongue, you know, is more powerful than the sword—ahem! As for the assault upon "the immortal bards" (into what deep affliction said bards must be plunged!) I say nothing—and "do justice to the subject." What think you, Juno, Sid, Cousin Forestina, and all "ye company?"

Sir Jasper, what tale of horror concerning me could you unfold? "Well acquainted?" That it should come to one's not knowing one's friends! Isn't your knowledge confined to my *name*? "only this and nothing more?" and—"what's in a name?" About missing Winnie—oh, horrors! what does it all mean? The mystery deepens! "By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes!" My hair stands on end! I'm frightened—not to say, *curious*! I would admire a strictly private "confab."

Bright Star, thank you for that "ray of greeting." I'll try and keep it, though it's difficult to preserves *shines*.

Wild Rose, do you "bloom for me?" If so, you must be a *bloomer*.

Iva, have I forfeited my share in

your "lasting habitation"—alias *sofa*—and your friendship? (Please don't insinuate that I never had it, by my—to say the least—peculiar conduct.) If not, here's my love. You know "a cat can look at a king!"

Master Bob O'Link, what do you mean by that "philippic" against poor J. Jingle, the burden of whose lay was the heart-stirring cry "yet i' the bud?" In aforesaid oration you were pleased to call me "jovial, joyous, and jocund"—is that all? "Look upon this picture, and now look on *this*!" I can be horrid, disagreeable, and generally abominable! BEWARE! Now I'm done.

JOLLY JINGLE.

MOUND CITY, Mo., August 31, 1865.

DEAR MERRYS:—"Once again I am with you."

Le Magnet, I think that, if it comes to the pinch, I can bear up under the disappointment.

Tommy, I do not know you, but I would like to know one thing, and that is, are you any connection of Japanese Tommy, who made such a stir when he was here a few years ago?

Nameless, have you dropped the Chat? I hope to see you soon again. "Cis."

DOG-DAYS, NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

UNCLE MERRY:—May I speak?

Ray, shine this way a moment! Uncle says, "that every ray that comes to earth is appropriated for future use"—has any one appropriated you yet? Hope you won't be absorbed by one of those "pumpkin blossoms" he mentioned.

Juno, is Jupiter pretty well?

Jas. Conrad, you are a soldier, and perhaps a match for W. A. R. at fighting, for as you say you were "*mustered*" on the 4th of July, you must be pretty *sharp* yet, and could, no doubt, *pepper* him.

ALBERT WOLF.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

COUSINS:—Don't you wonder who it is that speaks to you from this part of the world? Do you think it one of those who left our band four years ago returning penitent? If so, you are mistaken. I am indeed a "veteran," but I did not enlist so long ago. You see I have only "changed my base." A few months ago I wrote to you from the "Athens of the West;" now my voice reaches you from the central regions of "Dixie," even the "City of Bluffs!"

And are there none here who will extend the hand of fellowship and welcome to a stranger cousin? Surely among so many thousands there ought to be some who are "Merry."

Sigma, your retort has not yet "come to hand;" doubtless it will be a *stunner*.

Rubie, No. 1 has been received, and No. 2 is expected.

Dear Cousins, if any of you grow suddenly communicative, just send to Lock Box 341, Memphis, Tenn., and it will be gladly received by

FRANC.

Sept., 1865.

UNCLES AND COUSINS:—You may naturally suppose me (a new cousin) to be very bold to write to the Chat the third time during the first year of my introduction—but, really, the Chat has an enchantment in it which I can not resist.

Sigma, may I hope to hear from you again soon?

Silver Ring, your letter is received and answered.

Carrie of the Mountains, we are both strangers to the Chat—may I take a seat in your corner?

VINCENT.

Cousins All:—I am no stranger. You have all known me at some time in your life. I have helped you pass away many weary and idle hours, and often restored you to good-humor when a little vexed. I am a part of your nature, so it is of no use to try and throw me off, for I *won't go*. So far, I have been talking to the Merry family, now I must speak to some of the "bright particulars."

Your High and Mighty Majesty, Queen Fleta, I may visit your department some time.

Wanderer, you seem to have taken up your abode in the *heavenly* regions of late. Whither bound? On a voyage of discovery from the mountains of the moon to —, borne rapidly along on the flying wings of some blazing meteor?

Daisy W., write to me and send your photo—Allie Frank, the same to you. I should not wonder if you had heard quite enough from me by this time, so I will close by signing myself FANCY.

July 31, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Long ago, when I was a little wee thing, a messenger entered our home, bearing the title of "Parley's Magazine." Years have rolled away since then, and under another name it has ever been welcomed at our fire-

side, and all through childhood's days the beloved *MUSEUM* has been my dearest companion, and as we grew up together, nothing gave me more happiness than to spend hours over its magic pages. All these years I have been with you, till your names and faces are become as familiar as those of my friends. I have been with you unseen, when the circle re-echoed with joy and gladness; and when the shadow of the "dark-winged angel" has fallen heavily upon you, I, too, a sincere mourner, have been with you in your grief.

And now, dear Uncle, I come timidly seeking admittance to the hallowed circle, and if there are found none among my Cousins willing to add me to their number, it will give me pleasure only to linger quietly in the charm of their presence. Your loving niece,

BERTINA.

There are many such silent, unseen members of the Chat whose names never have appeared in its columns, but who joyously welcome its monthly visits and dearly love its varied but genial messages of mirth and friendship. All such shall be welcome to speak, even if the manipulator falls more heavily upon our "bright particulars."

IN THE WILDWOODS, Aug. 21, 1865.

MERRYS ALL:—Here's a tiny bunch of Mignonette, peeping out from behind an ancient forest tree. Oh! it is gloriously warm, and the cool breezes from over the hills are very refreshing. 'Tis a long time since I have visited the Chat before, and now the weather is so warm that I can only stay a little while.

Uncle Robert, here is a fac-simile of my homely face for you; I hope you will prize it, not for its beauty, but for the sake of the original.

Prairie Rose and Sans Souci, please accept thanks for your letters, which shall be answered soon.

Lockwood, I was agreeably surprised to hear from you, for I had thought you didn't mean to write to me.

Now all adieu, from

MIGNONETTE WILDWOOD.

Accept our thanks for the "face," which we have so long and patiently expected. Our flowers are blooming with "a fresher and more charming fragrance."

September 1, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE:—I'm dreadfully afraid you won't let me speak again if I am "pinned to the circle," for I have been in New York and didn't call on you; I was there only two days, and could not find time. I am really very sorry; forgive me this time, won't you, Uncle?

I have just reached home after an absence of six weeks; traveled through all the New England States but Rhode Island; spent some days at the sea-side, also visited Niagara Falls, wore my badge most of the time, and didn't meet a Cousin. I would like to know where you all keep yourselves?

Spoil our fun, indeed! Saucy Nell, you and Teaser had better be careful, or Jolly and I will take you in hand.

Uncle has my address, Jolly—will you write to **JUNO?**

Served you right, Juno; every Merry should pass you by "on the other side" as well as the "sea" side. To think you should be here two whole days in the midst of a multitude of Merrys and not report to headquarters! Some of the Merrys do such things because they think they will be forgiven as a matter of course. If I ever pass through your city, you will have but little opportunity to "speak again," I shall have so much to say.

MERRYS ALL—UNCLES ESPECIALLY:—Can you—dare you—will you admit another Western coz? Where? Why, to the parlor, of course. I'm no "kitchen company." Uncle —, spare this child and save the clipper.

Forest Hill is a fit place to search for A Wolf. One of the Merry boys is trying to discover his "habitat." Prairie Boy, I call on thee for aid. Help, quickly!

Mouse Merry, I "speak out"—dost thou hear? With *interest*, NANCY JANE.

We "dare," "can," and "will" admit you, Miss Nancy, into the parlor circle, and introduce you at once to the "clipper's" edge. Shake hands; the Merrys all involuntarily "shake" when they see the clipper's outstretched hand.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 17.

DEAR UNCLE AND MERRYS:—Here I sit in Chicago, the Garden City of the West. I have not seen a Merry badge yet, and I have been here two weeks.

Mamie, I will be very happy to exchange photos with you, provided you send first.

Albert Wolf, I am "wery feroshious" just now; but I trust those who are more fond of gunboat generals will get me a position in the regular service.

As Fleta Forrester is now occupying the Puzzle Drawer chair, Aunt Sue will have to return to her Scrap Bag.

El Cubano, welcome to our circle. Wilt thou X? also Snowdrift, Em. Moore, Sans Souci, Golden Arrow, Rubie Linden, Sigma, and others?

ADMIRAL.

Extracted Essences.

Again we are called upon to mourn the loss of one of our Merry group. While you were reading the letter from Stranger, in last month's MUSEUM, she was passing away from earth.

Loved in the Merry circle by all who knew her, she was still more loved in the circle of friends and home, where she was no "stranger." She lived to see her brother safe home from a Southern prison, and then, as if her joy on earth was full, she gently passed away to brighter scenes and, we trust, to a better home.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—We wish to earnestly request all those who have not yet paid for their magazine, to send the amount to us by return mail. It is a small matter to each one of you, but becomes a serious one with us when all do not pay promptly. Will you not ask your friends also to subscribe for the magazine, and commence with the Prize Contest in this number? That in itself will be worth more than the price of the magazine.

PS We are requested to say that Lillie Linden and Rubie Linden are entirely different individuals. Our little sprightly friend Rubie used the name of Lillie, not knowing that it belonged to any one else; but when she learned there was another, she changed to Rubie. The original Lillie Linden has written for the press for many years, though not for the MUSEUM.

LITTLE SPARK strikes up its light in the chimney-corner, defying the "keen, shining blade," and darts out of sight in an instant.

LONE STAR, St. Louis, says he is "a new beginner," and desires the Cousins to write to him. Address, care of the Memphis and St. Louis Packet Company.

MISSOURI BOY comes from Fox Creek to join the circle of Merry ones. Give him a hearty shake all round.

IVA, so long, and yet so silent! Shall we also be "silent" when we again visit your village?

JESSIE BELL, ? † .

FORREST, did you forget the rule?

WHALEY has permission to change name to PEACE. We hope you will smile upon us often. You had better write first to those mentioned in your letter, and we presume they will answer speedily.

JASPER, we hardly think it advisable --do you?

GEORGE H., we will send a complete set of the Babbittonian Penmanship by mail, post-paid, for \$1 50. It is well worth the money.

CERTIFICATES FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—This certificate consists of a beautiful

picture of Christ blessing little children, printed in six bright and attractive colors. It is suited to any school, a blank being left for the name of the school and its superintendent, and is furnished at the low price of \$3 per dozen. J. C. Garrigues & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

LLOYD'S BATTLE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION, published by Messrs. H. H. Lloyd & Co., 21 John Street, N. Y., the celebrated map publishers, is advertised in this number. It looks like a capital book for agents and the people.

OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT. Voices from the Pulpit of New York and Brooklyn on the Death of Abraham Lincoln. Published by Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

This timely volume presents the religious utterances of the mouth-pieces of the people, as their chosen leader was borne to his final resting-place. It is worthy of being read again and again, and handed down to future generations as a precious memento of the times that "tried men's souls." The sermons of such men as Cuyler, Tyng, Beecher, Porter, Thompson, Bishop Simpson, and others are given in full, and should be in the hands of every family in the country.

Ella Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

The Prize Contest.

DID any of "our" Merrys ever try to count the number of words in the English language into whose composition the vowel "e" only enters? As for instance, *December, freshet, essences, cheerlessness, gentlemen, effervescence, greet, need, messenger*, etc. I undertook lately to do it, and at N I dropped my dictionary in sheer surprise and fatigue, for I had reached almost a thousand, and I was but little more than half through at that! I want to ascertain, now, as a matter of curiosity, how many there actually are!

and I know what "headquarters" to apply at when any undertaking that requires more than ordinary patience and ingenuity is on foot.

Won't you all, little Merrys and great ones (!), get your Websters and, if you choose, your Geographies, and see who can send me the longest list of words, and names of countries, places, and people, containing only the vowel "e."

But that is not all. A larger prize is offered to those who will go further, and frame these selected words into sentences. Due regard must be had to grammar, sense, and spelling, and any of

them that are "found wanting" in either particular, will not be allowed to weigh in the scale when the decision is made.

The sentences may be long or short; the principal idea being to bring into use the *largest possible number* of words! With this object in view, and considering the large number of words available, it is considered but fair to make the following limitation:

1 A word once used must not again occur either in the same or any other sentence.

2. The following are necessary exceptions to the above: *me, he, she, we, thee, they, them, these, her, herself, themselves, when, then, there, where, here, ere, else, even, yet, and lest.*

As specimens of the manner in which words are to be worked up, some sentences are here given:

Senseless she fell—her neck severed!

The West's fresh cheek reddened when Even's deepest eye greeted her.

When the Greeks needed rest, they stretched themselves where the dense evergreens grew.

Stephen, thee resembles Ebenezer, Zebedee Brewster's freckled nephew!

The reckless crew seemed deferent when the revered elder knelt.

The mettled steed threw the keen-eyed Jewess ere she went three steps.

J. Please state, when forwarding lists and sentences, the number of words you have found and claim to have used.

The amounts offered for first, second, and third prizes are as follows:

The 1st PRIZE will be valued at \$10.

The 2d Prize " " " 5.

The 3d Prize " " " 3.

J. The 1st and 2d prizes are offered for the largest number of words formed into sentences. (Words allowed as "exceptions" in 2 do not count.)

J. The third prize is offered for the longest list of words alphabetically arranged.

J. The decision will be announced in the number for FEBRUARY, 1866. Every list, etc., must be prepared and sent in before the 1st of January, 1866.



answers correctly all but two of the August puzzles, and wins his first prize.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

243. I'm wonderful, marvelous, all that's uncommon,
Sometimes I'm a man and sometimes a woman;
When whole, I'm always a subject for wonder,
So now please to guess at my parts when asunder.
In the fens I'm an insect, in barns a small beast,
To birds I'm a house, and I'm none of the least;
I catch fishes, make leather, hear all that is said,
And many a pair come to me to be wed;
Though with science oft coupled,
I'm grim and look wild,
And yet you will own I am far from a child;
My passions you see by what falls from my eyes,
And my wrath is two-fold, though I'm known to be wise;
In revenge I'm a goddess, in the forest a deer,
To one point of the compass I'm sure I can veer;
In the north I'm a bridge many travelers see,
And nuns in the convent are guarded by me;
On board ship you may smell me and see me all round,
And then in your wake I am sure to be found;
On the lace of your stays I'm on one end or both—
I'm the emblem of industry, symptom of sloth;
What the enemy sowed while the husbandman slept,
What at dinner you do, and where fire is kept;
You ride in me, ride on me, ride at me—nay, more,

You sometimes ride through me,
I'm just half a score;
I'm in dress like a Quaker, and
always at hand,
Beneath you when sitting, but
not when you stand;
Each morning you take me, each
quarter you pay,
To sailors at midnight I oft show
the way,
While blest with my presence you
quietly lay;
I'm dispatched, I'm dissevered, a
gift of crowned land,
In what boys do by heart, and
what men do by hand;
The sun is like me, when he
makes you his bow,
And I'm sure 'twill be strange if
you can't guess me now.

Harriet A. Parmenter.

244. TOWNS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

1. A leap.
2. An animal.
3. A vessel and a weight.
4. Frugality.
5. Recent, and a fortress.
6. A State. *Geo. T. McKinney.*

245. Behead a boat, and leave that to which nations have often looked for guidance. *Franc.*

246. Curtail a river in Asia, and leave another in the same continent.

Howard H. Jackman.

247. Behead a noun, and leave an adjective; transpose, and make a bird. *Clara.*

248. ANAGRAMS.

1. Tin coating. *Tommy.*
2. Real thugs. *A. O.*
3. I search up. *Bruce.*
4. O, despair! *C. C.*
5. Pat Garmin. *In the Corner.*

249. My first is a nickname; my second, a range of mountains; my whole is unassumed. *Rhoda of Guilford.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed:

250. I perceived the — a — from the —. *Georgius.*

251. — fearlessly entered the — at one —. *Fred.*

252. I am composed of 10 letters:

- My 4, 5, 9 is an animal.
- My 6, 7 is a pronoun
- My 3, 10, 4, 8 is a vegetable.
- My 1, 2, 6 is a boy's nickname.

L. P. Coon.

253. I am composed of 28 letters:

- My 3, 6 is a verb.
- My 21, 24, 22 is a small house.
- My 1, 7, 17, 10 is a bird.
- My 5, 24, 25, 28 is a boy's nickname.
- My 23, 18, 2, 11, 8 we all have, if we think.
- My 12, 27, 14, 19, 16, 6 sometimes crosses rivers
- My 4, 26, 12, 15, 20, 9, 4 is the kind of stone set in Aaron's breast-plate.
- According to the papers, my whole should be in every family.

Fred W. C. C.

254. How can you make a racer out of any old, lazy, or broken-down horse? *Alf.*

[?] Answers to the above must reach me on or before the 8th of November.

[?] Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for the Drawer, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

[?] CORRECTION.—In Puzzle 234, September number, for "recipe" read "receptacle."

Answers to Questions in Aug. No.

- 189. Wheat, heat, eat, at, t.**
- 190. Moonlight.**
- 191. Stenography.**
- 192. Necromantically.**
- 193. Incognito. (This is generally answered "Cognition.")**
- 194. Telegraph.**
- 195. Politician (Pol,-I,-Titian).**
- 196. Petty-chaps.**
- 197. Rebus. (*Florence*, "rebato [re-bateau]." *Aubrey* and others, "rogally [re-galley].")**
- 198. Landshark (lands, hark!). (*Rubie Linden* and others, "landseer (lands, hear !).")**
- 199. Thyme (thy, me). (Many say "ewry (your, I)" which is very good. *Tiny Wild Rose*, "yourself." Passable.)**
- 200. Mus-qui-to.**
- 201. Wan-horn. (*Aubrey* sends "White Corners" as the answer.)**
- 202. Pond-i-cherry.**
- 203. Piaster, a priest.**

- 204.** Rag, gar.
205. Tach, chat.
206. Aspire, praise.
207. Bertha, bather, breath.
208. Bachelor's button. (*Fred* says "hem-lock.") Prove that the Romans laid a tax on "hems," Fred, and you will be entitled to your *third prize!*)
209. Spring - beauty. (I also credit "summer savory," as sent by several.)
210. China-aster (Astor).
211. Geometry.
212. When the cat's away, the mice do play.
213. The Sanitary Commission.
214. Row, wo.
215. 1, Cat. 2, bat. 3, fat. 4, mat. 5, rat. 6, hat. 7, vat. 8, sat. 9, pat. 10, oat. 11, eat. 12, Nat. 13, zat. 14, dat.
216. Cicatrix (C,I,C,eight,r,IX).
217. Be beforehand (B before &).
Forrest answers all but 205, 207.
Fred answers all but 205, 206, 217.
Sigma answers all but 196, 205, 217.
Florence answers all but 205, 207, 217.
Aubrey answers all but 196, 204, 205, 207.
Anna H. C. answers all but 197, 203, 205, 206, 207, 208.
Keystone answers all but 195, 197, 205, 206, 207, 217.
Violet Forest answers all but 198, 205, 206, 210, 212, 217.
Quaker answers all but 196, 198, 201, 204, 205, 206, 207.
Remus answers all but 196, 197, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207.
Merrimac answers all but 196, 197, 199, 201, 204, 205, 207, 217.
Tiny Wild Rose answers all but 192, 194, 195, 197, 204, 205, 206, 207, 217.
Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 196, 197, 201, 203, 205, 206, 207, 214, 217.
Euclid answers all but 192, 195, 197, 198, 201, 203, 204, 205, 207, 209, 217.
Lillian answers all but 192, 196, 197, 198, 199, 201, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207.
Saucy Nell answers all but 192, 195, 196, 197, 201, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 209.
- Blue-Bell* answers all but 191, 192, 196, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 214, 217.
Rubie Linden answers all but 192, 196, 197, 201, 203, 204, 295, 206, 207, 208, 216, 217.
Howard (H. J.) answers all but 191, 192, 195, 197, 198, 201, 203, 204, 205, 207, 209, 217.
Shell answers all but 191, 192, 196, 197, 198, 199, 201, 203, 205, 206, 207, 214, 217.
C. W. J. answers all but 189, 191, 192, 195, 196, 201, 203, 205, 206, 207, 208, 215, 217.
Tennessean answers all but 191, 192, 195, 196, 197, 199, 201, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 217.
Georgius answers all but 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 196, 197, 198, 201, 203, 204, 205, 207, 217.
Cis answers all but 196, 197, 198, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 214, 217.
Prairie Rose answers 189, 190, 195, 202, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215.
Le Magnet answers 189, 190, 195, 202, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215.
Ella answers 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 200, 202, 211, 212, 213.
Black Hawk answers 189, 199, 201, 202, 203, 208, 211, 213, 214, 215.
Ego Ipse answers 189, 200, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216.
Hero answers 189, 190, 200, 211, 213, 214, 215.
Roys answers 189, 200, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215.
Eugene A. Conner answers 211, 212, 213, 214, 215.
E. P. L. answers 189, 211, 212, 213.
C. L. P. answers 211, 214.
Washingtonian answers 189.
C. L. S. answers 235.
Michiganander answers 235.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS are crowded out this month.

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, etc., to *Forrest*, *Violet Forest*, *Fred*, *Hero*, *Merrimac*, *Florence*, *Roguish Kate and Oddity*, *Sigma*, *Prairie Rose*, *Le Magnet*, *Cis*, *Rubie Linden*, *E. A. E.*, *Belle Brunt*, *Verbena*, *Howard (H. J.)*, *Quaker*, *Keystone*, *Euclid*, *Ego Ipse*, and *Saucy Nell*.

* An honorable graduate.



I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

BY KRUNA.

I CAN fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—

For I am the family cat.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XX.—9

I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and shower—

For I am the family cat.

From a gooseberry bush,
 Or where bright currants blush,
 I may suddenly spring
 For a bird on the wing,
 Or dart up a tree,
 If a brown nest I see,
 And select a choice morsel
 For dinner or tea,
 And no one to blame me,
 Berate me, or shame me—
 For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,
 When the ground is all white,
 And the icicles shine
 In a long silver line,
 I stay not to shiver
 In the moonbeams' pale quiver,
 But curl up in the house
 As snug as a mouse,
 And play Jacky Horner
 In the cosiest corner,
 Breaking nobody's laws,
 With my chin on my paws,
 Asleep with one eye, and awake with
 the other,
 For pats from the children, kind words
 from the mother—
 For I am the family cat.

But I once, to be frank,
 Came near losing my rank,
 Because of a cruel and mischievous
 prank;
 It was, I remember,
 A day in December;
 The bitter winds blew,
 And the whirling snow flew;
 Not a robin was out,
 Not a snow-bird about,
 Nor could there be found,
 The plantation around,
 A sign of a mouse;
 Yet, all over the house,
 Did the richest of odors abound,
 For pastry was puffing,
 And turkeys were stuffing,

And roasting and baking,
 For some merry-making;
 But this was no reason;
 I plainly could see,
 Why all had forgotten
 A tid-bit for me—
 Since I am the family cat.

So, watching my chances,
 With keen, quiet glances
 From under my half-asleep eye,
 I spied, hanging lower
 Than ever before,
 Sweet Katie's pet bird through the
 half-open door
 Of the parlor, where all such a pleasant
 look wore,
 I would just venture in on the sly.
 Poor "Cherry's" sweet song
 Did not last very long,
 For I sprang on a stand
 Of gay flowers, just at hand,
 Nor stopped, as I should with a mouse,
 to have teased him,
 But right in the midst of his music I
 seized him,
 And darted away and escaped from
 the door,
 While verbenas and roses rolled out on
 the floor,
 And the crash
 And the dash
 Brought dear little Katie her loss to
 deplore.
 I heard her sad shriek,
 And ran off in the snow,
 All trembling and weak,
 Feeling sure I should go
 To a future of woe,
 And behind me be leaving
 Forever, for thieving,
 The rights of a family cat.

The morsel was rare,
 But I truly declare
 'Twas a dinner that never would
 pay,

And I freely engage
That a bird in a cage
Shall tempt me again nevermore!
After days of disgrace
In cold hiding-place,
Half famished with hunger I sought
for their grace,
And mewed my repentance with pitiful face,
As I stood at the old kitchen-door.
How I loved them all then,
As they took me again,
With no harsh word or blow,
That I truly might know
I was once more the family cat.

One thing more I recall,
The saddest of all
That in all my long life has or yet can befall,
And this was the day
When they carried away
Sweet Kate to return not again to the Hall.
I know a green mound
'Neath the willow's soft shade,
And many long days
Close beside it I laid.
I still long for her voice--
How my love it would stir!
I long for her hand
Running over my fur.
But her hand or her voice--
I shall not hear or see;
She never again
Will show kindness to me--
Though I am the family cat.

But others who loved her,
Are kinder to me,
And my home is as pleasant,
As pleasant can be;
So all the year round,
Contented I'm found--
No matter to me whether white or
green ground;

And I never shall fear
That trouble is near,
But go on in good ways,
And purr out my praise
All the rest of my days,
Still asleep with one eye, and awake
with the other,
For kindness shown me from one and another--
For I am the family cat.

DOING OUR DUTY.—There is no satisfaction equal to that arising from knowing that we have done our whole duty to our God, our country, our neighbors, and ourselves. When we can feel that this has been accredited to us, the heart requires no more to put it at rest, and heaven no better offering as a passport to its eternal joys. Let us think of these things. They are easily done, and life, as we daily live it, will be all the sweeter for the assurance that we have done and are doing the whole of its great duty.

“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.”
“Dust thou art, to dust returneth,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

“So you are going to teach school?” said a young lady to her maiden aunt. “Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children.” “I would prefer that myself,” was the quiet reply, “but where is the widower?”

THE young lady who can sing three songs is “accomplished.” The young lady who will play waltzes all night long for her friends to dance to, is “a dear obliging girl;” but the young lady who has an opinion of her own on matters of philosophy or history, or who thinks beyond whalebone and camelias, is an “unfeminine creature.”



THE HART AND THE WATER-BROOKS.

THE fierce mid-summer heats seemed to have drunk up all the old water-courses. So beautiful Brightie thought, as he bounded over the crisp grasses and parched earth in search of a cooling spring where he might slake his thirst. He came to the little brooklets which were wont to ripple on so cool and refreshing under the shady elms and maples—

“But now were dwindled one by one
To stony channels in the sun.”

There was no refreshing in the parched herbage, and the noble hart

was ready to perish with thirst. Oh, how eagerly his keen ear listened for the distant splash or ripple of the water-brooks! how wildly he scented the sweeping winds to catch a breath of the welcome moisture! But while strength and life remained, his course must be onward, and at length the joyful music burst upon his ears. With new life bounding through his veins, the panting hart pressed on, and a little later the cool waters laved his burning feet. Oh, what refreshing draughts he quaffed from that deep

rivulet, which was fed from an unfailing spring! The clean, white pebbles of its bed were never dry. There was no disappointment here to the thirsty seeker.

Oh, this world is full of fainting souls ready to perish with thirst, who seek for a cup of cold water in vain by a thousand springs of pleasure. There is only one that is never failing, only one which never disappoints. It is a blessed day for such a soul when it can sing:

"As the hart with eager looks
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul athirst for thee
Pants the living God to see."

J. E. McC.

THE YOUNG MAN'S COURSE.

I SAW him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a fair young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by sordid indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own kind, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent pleasure.

I met him next, late in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.

I saw him next, reeling in the street; a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more—he was pale, cold, and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession

that followed, every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow. His mother wept to think she had ever given birth to such a child.

I thought of his future state. I opened the Bible, and read—"Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of Heaven!"

OUGH—AN ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,

They're better than meat for my cough;

Pray let them be boiled till hot through,

But not till they're heavy or tough. Now I must be off to the plough,

And the boys (when they've had enough),

Must keep the flies off with a bough,

While the old mare drinks at the trough.

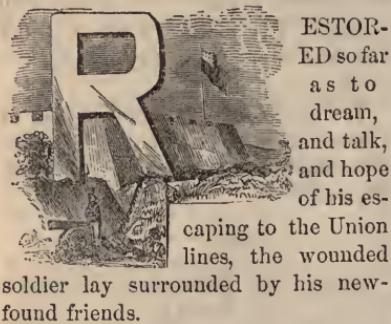
A CAT caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it; but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he has washed his face." The cat, struck at this remark, set the sparrow down and began to wash his face with his paw; but the sparrow flew away. This vexed pussy exceedingly, and he said, "As long as I live I will eat first, and wash my face afterward," which all cats do, even to this day.

OLD TREES.—The elm has been known to live more than 350 years; the chestnut, 600; the cedar, 800; the oak, from 1,000 to 1,500; and some of the woods of the tropics, 3,000, 4,000, and 5,000 years.

LEFT ON THE FIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR," "GO-AHEAD, AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN," ETC.

[CONCLUSION.]



Helen and Lucy East were the happy owners of a tiny boat that lay securely housed, and had been so kept since the war began. This boat was the object of very serious attention. It had been promised the soldier as his means of escape; but it must be thoroughly repaired, and through the long night hours he worked at it, carefully tightening every seam; then he painted it, and at the last all was ready for his departure. In this boat he intended to make a voyage of one hundred miles, trusting to gain a temporary encampment of U. S. troops.

Helen and Lucy had learned the geography of a certain village in Vermont, with all the details of house and home. The features of two children who called this soldier "father" were painted clearly in their imaginations, and they almost longed to go with the adventurer and find this village, home, and children.

They gathered together all the stores that they could find for the accommodation of the voyager. There was one busy day in that Southern house. Treasures of wheat were brought forth, and the oven did duty nobly. On the night of that day, when all was made ready, a procession moved out from

the "big gate." Again the stretcher came into active service, and Huldah insisted upon carrying her end of it, as she had once before.

"Don't it look funny? I should laugh if I wasn't so frightened and afraid somebody would happen along. Who ever thought *our boat* would have such a ride?" whispered Lucy, as, laden with merchandise, the party moved onward through the midnight to the river.

The closest silence was enjoined—not even in a whisper were words spoken, as they neared the place of embarkation.

The night was very clear and without a moon, and the stars looked on the enterprise with eyes as kindly as to stars are given.

"Huldah! there's a man standing on the bank," breathlessly exclaimed Mrs. East; and the party stood still.

There he waited, just where his entire figure could be seen, and as motionless as stone.

"Don't be frightened, missis, it's only Davy. You see this man couldn't circumnavigate this river that goes all sorts o' ways, all alone, and so Davy is jest goin' 'long with 'em."

"But how will he return?"

"Missis, *he's my boy, and he don't want to 'turn*; he'll go right on—no 'turn 'bout him."

"Huldah! I thought you loved him more than everything else; you may never see him again."

"Oh, yes, missis; 'twon't be long afore we're all goin' the same road. Davy'll be waitin' alongside o' some mile-stone till we come up to 'em. I ain't fear'd."

"Dear me! Davy's going to run away," said Lucy.

"Oh, if they should find him, how they would kill him!" said Helen; but no word was spoken above a whisper, and even then the boat was launched from the stretcher, and floating with the current. The cargo was soon in, for Davy worked as by sudden inspiration.

"Missis East will be busy fixin' a place for ye up North a ways, and you'll be comin' long pretty quick."

"I do not know, Davy, and mind, I do not advise your going away—I have been kept in entire ignorance until now."

"I don't ask ye to be 'sponsible, and I ain't goin' to say ye helped me off, if I does get brought back."

The little group upon the river bank trembled with apprehension as the oars were taken in and the farewells spoken. Huldah held Davy in her clasp with the affection of a Hercules, then suddenly putting him from her with an impetus that sent one foot into the river, she bade him "be gone."

There were tears in the soldier's eyes, that none but God and the night could see, as he took the hands in his for the farewell grasp, which had so tenderly ministered to his needs through the days that were gone, and the children who had found him in his extreme agony down by the river bank clasped his neck and whispered messages for the children in his Northern home. In utter, breathless silence the farewells ended, the voyagers were in the tiny boat, and the oars caught the water of the river, and the shore was left.

Down, down the current, into distance, fainter and farther the boat was rowed, until, at the last, it went out

into utter darkness. A little rush was heard on the river sands, and turning to look, Mrs. East and Aunt Helen saw Huldah on the ground. She was uttering sighs that had no voice, and prayers that had no words for mortal hearing.

Huldah was aroused from her prostrate condition, and the party went homeward. The night was very still, one of those intensely quiet nights that typify death and bring forth tears, we know not why. Helen and Lucy East clung fast to their mother and aunt, while Huldah carried her "quitting frame," and put whatever emotion of affection might be wandering out of her heart in search of her boy into it.

As the party were nearing home, they saw a figure move with seeming stealth away from the house, cross the garden, and disappear. Had it been watching their movements, or why was it come near them at the midnight hour?

Watch was held for a time, but with no farther signs of a spy, and putting carefully out of sight every vestige of the late soldier's presence, the family retired to listen and think of the voyagers in the little boat, and so listening and thinking fell asleep.

At daylight Huldah was alert. It could not be long before Davy's absence would be made known, and she was trying to reconcile to her own mind a statement that she might be called upon to make before many hours would pass.

The family were not awake when a swift messenger arrived from Davy's master, to learn if the missing boy were with his mother.

"Has that foolish boy o' mine gone right and killed he'self?" exclaimed Huldah; "he comes to me yesterday

and hugs and kisses me in a strange and curous sort o' way."

"What time?" asked the messenger.

"Just about time we have dinner, nigh past twelve o'clock."

Huldah's words were true, but the twelve was night instead of day, and as Huldah declared that that was the last time she had seen her boy, the man was compelled to depart without further information.

The days and the weeks of winter went on and nothing was heard of the soldier or of Davy, but a dark suspicion of Unionism hovered over Mrs. East's home. Her old-time friends and neighbors whispered, held secret consultations, and made frequent demands upon the widow of supplies for Confederate uses—which supplies were granted, with the secret wish that they might by some process meet the wants of loyal men.

With a wide, rushing, warning sound, that seemed to threaten the whole country with a trip to Southern seas, came Spring's ear, driven on by the winds of March, and it met an army marching northward.

A flying division of the rebel forces went before it and swept Mrs. East's home from the face of the earth. A whisper to the commanding officer, and it was given to plunder and the flames.

Night came, and by the lurid light of the smoking embers Mrs. East, Miss East, Helen and Lucy, with Huldah, were guided from the covert of the forest to which they had retreated at the first rumor of the approaching army to behold what the men of that army had left to them.

Not a sound was on the air but the tired crackling of the timbers worn weary with the fire as in utter silence

the little group stood where once had been a happy home.

"Where shall we sleep?" was a question that must be answered.

Mrs. East looked about upon the homes whose twinkling lights told that within all was well, and for a moment a thought of seeking shelter with an old friend was entertained, but Mrs. East declared with an enthusiasm that caught the group in its grasp, that she would live in caves and hollows, she would beg of the squirrels before she would ask help of any American who gave allegiance to any other flag than that of the United States.

"Hush, Miss Helen, who knows what ears be round a harkin," said Huldah, who, now that the silence was broken, began to draw charred brands from the burning and to lay them together. How weary the family were! All the previous night they had (with a presentiment that their home might not be spared) gone to and fro with food and movable articles to a place of concealment.

On a stone for a table, Huldah laid the food that she had brought from its concealment, and lighting the fire from the embers, she prepared the tea. It was their last meal near their old home, for on the morrow came another army. Sherman marched across the land, and an officer in that army sought the cottage of Mrs. East, and found only blackness of ruin and blueness of smoke.

He knew that it had been but lately laid low, and himself sought out the old hiding-place where in fear and trembling Mrs. East and her family awaited the passage of the forces. They could distinctly hear the tramp of many feet and the rolling of wheels.

They believed no one in that army would know of their true devotion to the flag, for all put on the mask of loyalty when loyalty was the emblem of safety.

Now and then Huldah crept cautiously out from her hiding-place to take note of the passing army. She suddenly sprang back from one of her out-looks and gave warning of the approach of a party of men. It was too late for retreat, too late for escape, and to seem to hide would not improve appearances.

"Let us go and meet them," said Miss East, and taking Lucy by the hand she impulsively led the way. She drew back an instant as her eyes fell upon the military array before her. The score or two of men and their leader seemed an army, but surely they were in search of some one, or they had not turned back from the march to come thither.

"Oh, mamma!" shouted Helen, her face brimming over with joy, "don't you know him?"

Mrs. East did not know him, not even when he, the leader of that little band, was caressing Lucy, who seemed not in the least afraid of beard or uniform. Helen clapped her hands and was wild with joy at seeing again their soldier from Vermont.

"Oh, mamma! don't you know him?—it's our soldier," said Lucy, when released from durance; and Major Acker was duly recognized.

Huldah surely lost her years and her "manners" at the same moment, for, learning that Davy was in Major Acker's service, and even then looking about the ruins of their late home, she started to search for her boy by an air-line that the cleverest engineer might look upon with envy.

Major Acker insisted on knowing

the history of the late burning, and finding that it had been done by Confederate troops, he instantly ordered the destruction of the neighboring dwellings. So stern was the commander, so filled with indignation at the condition in which he found Mrs. East and her family, that he only countermanded the order after the most earnest entreaty, mingled with tears, that he would not send forth more women and children to be as houseless and homeless as they had been for one day and night.

The homes around were, for their sakes, left in peace and security, and with a fragment of Sherman's victorious army for guard. Mrs. East and her little family passed by the still smoking ruins of the home which had been so dear.

Helen and Lucy could not forbear seating themselves for a moment in their dear old seat on the stone step, but Mrs. East resolutely closed her eyes, that she might not part from the present blackness and call it home in her memory.

The signal to move onward was given, and the line was just in readiness, when Huldah appeared from a hedge near by. A burden to bear seemed a necessity to her, and she carried a large old-fashioned wooden cradle, and Davy followed with a rocking-chair. Huldah had taken the cradle and chair from the house, in anticipation of the destruction, and hidden them where the hedge was thickest, and thus they had escaped destruction.

"You see, missis, old Huldah couldn't get 'long 'thout this yere chair, not in any wise; she rocked Miss Helen in it long time ago, and these here childers, 'sides my Davy. I can kerry it, and won't give nobody no

trouble; and this 'hogany cradle, I heerd tell when I was young that the great big waves o' the ocean rocked it when 'twas a vyging over here to this Ameriky, and, laws me! no nobody can't tell how many Easts have been put into it since then—do let it go 'long too."

Major Acker held in vivid remembrance the night wherein Huldah had carried him home from the river-side, and to the astonishment of his men, he ordered a cradle and chair added to the stores. Huldah was made happy—she divided her interest between her master's family and what she held to be the family treasures, during the march of the army, and notwithstanding many anxieties and fears, both cradle and rocking-chair reached the city into which triumphant entry was made, and where, for the first time in three years, the eyes of the East family were made to brighten with the sight of "Our Flag." Davy made of himself a hero, in words, as he narrated the many perils encountered and the safe conduct out of them all which his own cunning hands and tongue had achieved, during the voyage down the river, and Helen and Lucy gladly heard that their tiny boat was safe at a distant point, and might one day come to them again,

Mrs. East was houseless and alone. Her relatives were Southern in heart and in deed, but the true spirit of her residence in the North during her school-days never deserted her, even under bondage.

Little did Lucy and Helen East imagine, when they stole down the river bank to find the wounded soldier, that that soldier would so soon send them to his own home in the North, until such time as their fathers' friends might be found.

It is not many days since one of the good steamships that seem to come northward with especial good will when bearing refugees from Southern durance, brought, as passengers, from Savannah, under other names, our friends.

It is not many days since up and down the pier at which that ship would come to land, a man paced the narrow space through the hours of a moonlight night, peering down the river at every turn.

The early dawn brought the object of his waiting. He sprang on board, and nearly ran down a huge rocking-chair that seemed very carelessly to have been left in the way, without the least thought that in that chair his first lullaby was heard. Huldah was standing guard, with a vague idea that New York was full of robbers, and that it would require all her skill to protect her treasures, and, when she suddenly looked up at the stranger, expecting to find a thief, *she found her old master*. One look, and, affrighted, she sprang backward into the cabin, where were waiting the little group.

"Oh, my! Mrs. East!" she exclaimed, "the Lord *ought to know* I wasn't stealin' old master's tings and not let him come and look at me so, right out o' de heabenly country."

A flash of light illuminated Mrs. East's face, light that was not permitted to go out into utter darkness, for ere it vanished she had met her husband. It required every mile of the distance between New York and the little town in Vermont to tell the long history of suffering and imprisonment that had been endured; and in listening to the thrilling story of her master's escape, Huldah quite forgot Davy's glory and the family treasures.

The March wind is blowing its



loudest, shaking the piny hair of the mountains and dusting the moss from the rocks, but it is in the free land of the North that the welcome is prepared for the wanderers; it is Mrs. Acker, whose soldier-husband was taken into a home in a weary land, who has made her little house to glow from foundation stone to chimney top in honor of her guests. For days she has known that she must make ready for another visitor, for a letter from Major Acker traveled toward the Green Mountains telling its own story, over which the little wife wept, but now she weeps no more, for her guests are at the door, and at a glance Lucy and Helen recognize the place. Fancy and imagination having traveled that way, as photographers, long ago.

March has sighed itself almost to

death, and yet neither Mrs. East nor any one in the family has been able to comprehend by what height or depth of God's good care the poor soldier had been preserved to them, but the days as they come and go make the debt of gratitude more. Huldah likes the family of heroes so well that she has decided never to leave it, and she is waiting until her own hero, Davy, shall have come home in brilliant blue and gold, when she vaguely promises herself a visit to Qnam-krone, in Senegambia, to show off her soldier-boy to the African grandees that she sometimes dreams are thinking of her as they tread their golden sands.

SMALL COURTESIES.—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him. And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is still to please, and which manifests themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.

A NEAR lantern is better than a distant star.

C O R I N T H .



CORINTH was one of the most important cities of ancient Greece. It is situated on an isthmus between the Ægean and Ionian seas, convenient for commerce, abounding in riches, and furnished with all the accommodations and elegancies of life. This city was destroyed by the Romans 146 years before the Christian era; but it was rebuilt about a century after by Julius Caesar, who planted there a Roman colony. New Corinth soon regained its ancient splendor, and became famous for its commerce, schools, and the riches and voluptuousness of its inhabitants. The Roman colony suffered the same terrible calamity as the Greek city, from Alaric the Goth, the savage destroyer of Athens and universal Greece.

In 1459 it was besieged and taken by Mohammed II., after which event the country became subject to the Turks, except such maritime places as were in the possession of the Venetians. At the conclusion of the war between the Turks and Venetians in 1698, Corinth with the Morea was ceded to the republic of Venice, by which it was again yielded to the Turks in 1715.

Modern Corinth is thinly peopled, but of considerable extent. The houses are placed wide apart, and much space is occupied by gardens. The chief productions of the surrounding territory are corn, cotton, tobacco, and oil. The climate is very bad, and the inhabitants abandon the place during the summer and part of autumn. The former glory of this ancient city, however, has departed; once so vain of

its high reputation, and so world-renowned, but now comparatively obscure and little known.

The Acropolis of Corinth, which is seen in our engraving, is one of the finest objects in Greece, and if properly garrisoned would be a place of great strength and importance. Before the introduction of artillery it was deemed impregnable, and it has never been taken, except by treachery or surprise.

THE FLAG THAT GOD MADE.—As one of the brigades of the reserve corps which came up to the rescue of General Thomas at Chickamauga was marching through Athens, Alabama, a bright-eyed girl of four summers was looking at the sturdy fellows tramping by. When she saw the sun glancing through the stripes of red, and on the golden stars of the flag, she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "Oh, pa! pa! God made that flag!—see the stars!" A shout deep and loud went up from that column, and many a bronzed veteran lifted his hat as he passed the sunny-haired child, resolving, if his good right arm availed anything, God's flag should conquer.

LEARNING AND SOCIABLENESS.—Deep learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable in all companies.

IMPATIENCE.—In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.



ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER XI.—A NEW HOME

THE house where Elva was to seek a situation was on Springfield Street, not far from the place where the imaginary Clarence Belmont was supposed to reside. Elva's heart beat high as she saw Tremont Street cars plodding up and down. In spite of the City Directory, she still had a lurking faith in Mr. Clarence Belmont.

Arrived at Mrs. Lincoln's on Springfield Street, the servant ushered Miss Townsend and Elva into the back parlor, where the lady of the house was seated sewing. Back parlor, indeed! It seemed to Elva like a room in a castle. She looked around her upon the magnificent pictures and ornaments, rapidly deciding in her own mind that Wendeline Gilman's house was *not* the most elegant one in the world after all.

"I think you may remember me, madam," said Jane to Mrs. Lincoln, "I once did plain sewing in your family; my name is Jane Townsend."

"Ah, yes, Jane, I recollect you very well," said the lady smiling graciously; "I hope you would like some more sewing, for you did your work nicely, nicely, Jane!"

Jane explained that her visit was in behalf of her young friend, whom she now introduced as "Elva Newell, a little girl from the country."

Mrs. Lincoln folded her white hands in her lap and looked keenly at Elva, who cast down her eyes and twisted the fingers of her gloves.

"Are you accustomed to children, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, 'm, I've taken a great deal of care of my little sister."

"Where do you live, Elva?"

"In Woodford, ma'am."

"Have you any references?"

Elva gazed at the lady in blank amazement, having no idea what a reference meant.

"No matter, my child. Are your parents in the city?"

Elva stammered out a guilty "No, ma'am."

"Then how did you happen to come to Boston?"

The question was a natural one. Mrs. Lincoln had no idea of calling such warm blushes into Elva's cheeks.

"I didn't like to stay at home, ma'am."

Mrs. Lincoln looked at Jane.

"Really, madam," faltered Jane; but got no further.

"Elva," said Mrs. Lincoln, reproachfully, "do you mean to say that you have run away?"

"I didn't mean to," said Elva, in great distress. Then, like Father Adam, she cast about for somebody who should bear part of the blame. "Wendeline was the one that teased me into it." Here Elva stopped, for really she could think of nothing better to say; and more than that, her voice was choked by tears.

"I will tell you all I know about the child, ma'am," said Jane, when she found that poor Elva's tongue was tied in a hard knot. "I am one of the waiting-girls at Vinton's, and last Wednesday this little girl came in and called for an ice-cream. I noticed her particularly at the time, and wondered if she was not from the country."

At this remark Elva wineed a little.

Jane went on. "By-and-by she returned, and it seems that somehow on the street she lost her purse, with quite an amount of money in it—so I asked her to go home with me, and there she has staid ever since."

"Quite like you, Jane! You would divide your last morsel with a stranger."

"I think," continued Miss Townsend, "that the poor child has had her head filled with romantic stories. I should judge, too, that her associates have not been well chosen. She fancies that her foster-parents treat her cruelly; though I can't see any ground for such a notion, ma'am, from anything she's told *me*. But I do believe she's well disposed, and if she could only get a good place"—

"Ah, yes, Jane, I understand the case. You must do *something* with the child, that's certain. But excuse me if I say I do not care to take any little runaways for servants."

Mrs. Lincoln's voice was sweet, but the words were really a little cruel. Elva could not, by the strongest effort, keep back her tears.

"If I were in your place, Jane, I would persuade the child to go home. Indeed, it is your positive duty."

"To tell the trnht," replied Jane, "after I had talked to her till I was tired, I wrote to her mother."

This was the first knowledge Elva had ever had of the unanswered letter.

"Oh, Miss Townsend," she sobbed, "you never told me!"

"No," replied Jane, "I have been waiting to hear from your mother. I wrote to her on Wednesday night, but have received no answer yet. Do your parents live near the post-office?"

"Oh, yes, 'm, only half a mile, and father or Perley go every night."

Elva was trembling violently. What Mrs. Lincoln had said about runaways was very humiliating; and now to learn that a letter had been sent to Woodford, telling the whole story of her foolishness!—oh, it was dreadful! She had meant and tried to be a heroine; and it turned out that she was only a *runaway*! She had fancied her parents mourning her loss, and Perley tearing about the country wild with grief. How different was the reality! They were actually laughing at her! They wouldn't even take notice of Jane Townsend's letter! She could imagine Seth saying, "Let her alone till she gets ready to behave herself. Guess she'll get sick of her bargain!"

Elva shed tears which had all the bitterness of gall and wormwood. The tables were turned. She had thought to cast off her parents, and now they had cast off *her*!

"Oh, Jane," she wailed, as they found themselves on the street again, "where shall I go? what shall I do?"

"Dry your eyes, the first thing," said Jane in as severe a tone as she could command. "I know of two more places where we can apply; but if you cry so, your face will not be presentable."

"There, I've—I've—stopped, Miss Townsend; but my heart is broken, it is truly. Did you notice how that lady spokc of me as a *servant*? I didn't know they called nursery-maids by *that* name!"

Jane laughed. "Well, my child, if you object to the name of servant, I don't see what I can do for you; we need go no farther. Do you know I am taking half a day right out of my time for your sake?"

Heedless Elva had never thought of that.

"Listen to me, my dear, and start for home this very afternoon."

"Never," said Elva, whose feelings had been sadly wounded by her mother's indifference. "I'll never go home! I'd sooner die!"

It must be confessed that Jane Townsend's long-enduring patience was rather tried. It is not probable that when she first took it upon herself to befriend little Elva she had expected such a tedious task of it.

The second lady they visited had just obtained a nursery-maid. The third, a physician's wife on Shawmut Avenue, catechised Elva severely, but finally consented to take her. Elva did not like the settled frown on this lady's face; but as she must enter on her duties at once, she was forced to bid a hurried good-bye to the faithful Jane, who promised to come around and see her in a day or two.

Fortunately for Elva she had found a very disagreeable place. She needed severe discipline, and at Dr. French's she was sure to find it. She really knew nothing about the care of children; but here she was expected to sooth and entertain two naughty little girls, aged five and seven, both of them suffering from hooping-cough and spoiled tempers. Not only this, but she must answer the door-bell and make herself generally useful. She had no time to read, no time to be absent-minded or indolent.

"Ellen," said Mrs. French, who would not remember to call her Elva, "Ellen, take Miss Nettie in her little coach down to Dwight Street, No. 8. She is crying to see her auntie."

"But, I don't know the way to Dwight Street, ma'am."

"My patience, Ellen, what do you know? Here you've been in the house a whole day, yet can't go from

the nursery to the kitchen without blundering."

The second day of Elva's weary servitude she was ordered to give Miss Nettie a spoonful of castor-oil. As a matter of course a fearful struggle ensued, during which the contents of the oil-bottle were poured in nearly equal parts upon the carpet and upon Elva's dress. Owing to her own carelessness and the rude behavior of the children, a week had hardly passed before Elva's few dresses were all untidy. Mrs. French, not reflecting that she was but a child, scolded her severely.

Never before had Elva known any real cause for unhappiness, her troubles had been purely imaginary; but now she began to weep in sober earnest. Her bright spirits deserted her. She was always tired, always discouraged. When she tried to laugh or sing, the sound was drowned in tears.

"Pretty doings, indeed," said Mrs. French, "if she had employed a girl who only gave her children the blues! Such a moping simpleton never was seen!"

Elva began to think that her mother's brisk scoldings were rather pleasant to remember.

"I used to think mother was cross, but she wasn't; she's no more like Mrs. French than honey is like vinegar, Miss Townsend."

The poor child wrote a letter to Wendeline, pouring out all her griefs; but as she gave Wendeline no clew to her address beyond the word "Boston," no answer was received.

One little scene at Dr. French's will show my readers what Elva had to bear. The cook had gone away on a tiff, and Mrs. French was busy in the kitchen.

"Now, Ellen," said she, "as she



slowly insinuated a custard pie into the range-oven, "of all the provoking children you are the coolest! Cutting your finger this morning just at the time I needed you most! I verily believe you did it on purpose, Ellen, for our bread-knife is as dull as your wit! Hark! there's the door-bell!"

Up stairs ran Elva to answer the summons, hastily seizing a towel on the way to stanch the blood oozing from her wound. She returned breathless, saying Mrs. Blair's baby was in a fit, and where was Dr. French?

"I'm sure I've no idea," replied Mrs. French, as she deliberately filled the tea-kettle. "He may be at Mrs.

Bond's, on Dwight Street. I see one of her little boys passing by the back-yard, Ellen—run to the east door and ask him!"

High fences and paved yards were still mysteries to Elva.

"The *east* door, did you say? Oh, the baby 'll be dead and gone before I can ever remember that my right hand is east."

But Elva in her hurry chanced to open the door indicated, much to her own surprise.

"Oh, are you a Bond boy? Is your name Bond? There's a dear little baby over to Mrs. Blair's, and it's rolling up its eyes and throwing up its hands—so."

But Elva's speech was cut short by the appearance of Mrs. French, who asked the wondering boy if the doctor was at his mother's house.

“Then,” said she, “run home as fast as ever you can and tell him he's wanted at Mrs. Blair's. Now, Ellen Newberry, you've lost a case for my husband, do you hear? Of course the Blair boy has gone for another physician. If your intellect isn't entirely befogged, perhaps you hear my little Nettie crying. Then go up stairs and attend to her—that is, if you remember the way to the nursery!”

“Oh, dear, dear, dear—I wish I was

dead,” muttered Elva, hiding her face in the stained towel.

“What's that you say, Ellen Newberry?”

“My name is Elva Newell. I said I wished I was dead; and so I do,” retorted the child, goaded to desperation. “I can't please you, Mrs. French, and I guess I'll go home!”

“Indeed you'll do no such thing, your impudent chit! I never hire a girl for less than a month; and stupid as you are I'll not give you up *then*, till I find somebody to take your place. Do you hear, Ellen Newberry?”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

“WHAT IS TO-MORROW?”

THIS question was asked by a little girl, so little that her father could not make her understand how it is that *to-morrow* is always one day forward, and we can never overtake it.

But the children who read this understand this. You know that *to-morrow* is all the while changing to *to-day*, and *to-day* is all the while slipping away into *yesterday*. The time will never come when you can say, “Now it *is* *to-morrow*.” It is like trying to run upon your shadow, that lies along the ground before you; it moves on just as fast as you move, and keeps just so far off. Or, it is like going to the end of the rainbow; as soon as you are there, you see the rainbow in another place, as far off from you as it was before. They used to tell me, “If I would go to the end of the rainbow, I would find a bag of money.” They knew I could never go to the end of it.

Just so you never overtake *to-morrow*. As soon as you come to it, it will be *to-day*, and then what is now *to-day* will be *yesterday*.

Children, the time to do anything is not *to-morrow* nor *yesterday*, but *to-day*. We can make no use of time, except “while it is called *to-day*.” Think how fast *to-day* is slipping by; how soon it will be gone, and you will call it *yesterday*. When it has become *yesterday*, you can put no more good deeds into it. Be quick, and put them into *to-day*. Fill it full of them. Fill every *to-day* with kindness and prayer and study and love and duty; and then every *yesterday* will be pleasant to look back upon; and then no matter how fast the *tomorrows* come.

A SHOEMAKER was, the other day, fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was, that the soles were a little too thick. “If that is all,” replied the maker, “put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away.”

WHAT did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? His foot.



BE KIND TO THE BIRDIES.

"There came to the garden, one morning in
spring,
A sweet little robin; she came there to sing—
And the tune that she sung was prettier far
Than ever was played on a flute or guitar."

THE leaves were not all out, but
The robin was no lazy bird, willing to
wait until the jays and wrens and
thrushes had pre-empted all the de-

sirable building lots. So she took up her quarters as near to the door-yard as was convenient, choosing a snug and cosy spot in the shrubbery for her summer residence. It was not as secluded as many a bird would have chosen, but then little Bobby wished to keep an eye on the kitchen-door,

with a view to sharing the daily crumbs with the guinea-hens and bantams. Very likely she chose to be near the great cherry-tree on the lawn, for nobody in *that* house grudged her one little cluster of the ruby fruit for her meal whenever she chose to take it. There was little promise of cherries yet, however, except a few precocious buds which were losing their waxen coverings in the warm mid-day sun. To tell the truth, Bobby had been a little unwise to venture out so early. As "one swallow does not make a summer," so one warm day does not make a spring-time. When the little nest was about two thirds finished, and Mrs. Robin was beginning to decide on her new carpeting, whether it should be of pure feathers, or moss and horse-hairs interwoven, what should overtake the poor birdie but a furious snow-squall. The tender grass was all buried, and the heads of the currant-bushes, which were all in bloom, were weighed down to the very earth. Everybody was taken by surprise, and Bobby was glad to hie away to the shelter of the barn and tuck her cold nose under her wing.

It did not last long, however. That is one comfort about spring snow-storms. The cheery old sun was too much for it. It quickly wept itself off in beads and little rills of chilly tear-drops, sinking away quietly into the earth, and giving a fresh start to the world of life wrapped up in the old earth's mantle.

Robin came out of his snug retreat in the hay-mow, and chirped away as loudly as ever. She was a brave little bird, and would never say die for one little flurry of snow. She worked away more diligently than before, first to repair damages and then to

complete her work. And a dainty piece of work it was as ever was seen. The children were welcome to take a peep at it whenever they liked, but the good "home-mother" had taught them never to touch a feather of the nest "for fear the old bird would be disturbed and forsake it."

Little Harold expected nurse Esther to lift him up for a sight of his birdie every morning in their walk through the garden, and it was a hard lesson for the little fellow to learn to keep "hands off."

Robin well repaid her kind friends for all their consideration for her comfort—first, by her beautiful cheery song, and second, by her diligence in destroying some five or six hundred hurtful insects daily. • It always pays to be kind to the dear birdies.

WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.

THERE is no little child too small

To work for God,

There is a mission for us all

From Christ the Lord.

'Tis not enough for us to give

Our wealth alone,

We must entirely for him live,

And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be,

Christ will not slight

The lowliest little one, so he

With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old,

Are round us still,

God does not always ask our gold,

But heart and will.

Father, O give us grace to see

A place for us,

Where, in thy vineyard, we for thee

May labor thus!

WHAT THE "LITTLE THRONE" SAID.

TWO little girls were sitting cosily together up in an old plum-tree. Laura's brother Harry, who had an eye to nature's attempts in the way of cabinet-making, had long since spied the beautiful seat between the wide-spreading limbs of this old tree, and neatly woven a wicker back and floor, so that Laura's name of the Little Throne was not altogether inappropriate; at least, she was as happy as a queen, many times, while seated there. It was no narrow, pinched-np seat, either, but a good, generous one, holding not only Laura, but two or even three of her very best friends. But I am sorry to say that on this particular afternoon the Little Throne witnessed something besides happiness, and that was because some feelings besides good ones stole into the little queen's heart.

"This is a beautiful one!" said Flora, holding up a little paper doll's frock which Laura had just cut for her.

"Yes, that is my very prettiest paper-pink with a little gold star all over it. Mother gave it to me when I begged her for something to make my doll a fancy dress for fairs."

"Oh! I wish I had such beautiful things as you have, Laura, and knew how to cut such lovely dolls and sofas and chairs."

"There!" was Laura's triumphant reply, as she poised on her bright little scissors a pattern doll's body. "Isn't she cunning? Now for a dress of the pink and gold."

And very quick, to Flora's inexperienced eyes, was the little doll arrayed in frock, sash, and jaunty little black hat.

"Here! take my scissors, Flora—yours are too large and blunt to cut nicely."

"Mother doesn't like me to use very pointed ones," said Flora with a sigh as she threw her scissors into her box of papers and held up Laura's bright pair, delicately pressing her pink finger on the sharp point. "Now I will try and cut a doll."

Just at this moment there was a slight rustle at the foot of the old plum-tree, and a very trimly dressed little girl was seen motioning with a half frown to Laura.

Flora looked down just in time to see a look of scorn or displeasure cast upon herself by Ida Invern, who was calling Laura from the Little Throne.

Laura hesitated a moment, and then, with a carmine blush spreading over both cheeks, she said to Flora:

"There is Ida come to see me—I must put up my dolls and play with her."

Flora took the hint, for once before she had had the same sort of lesson from Laura, whom she really loved very tenderly; so giving back the scissors, she took up her box and followed Laura down from the Throne.



"Come, Laura," said Ida, "let us have a game with grace hoops."

Flora stood still as Laura led Ida to the side piazza and took down two handsome hoops fringed with scarlet and green.

"She needn't play," said Ida, quite loud enough to cause Flora to hasten home, and without a word of good-bye from Laura.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" said Mrs. Marvin, a little while after, to Flora, down whose cheeks she had been watching little tears rolling, as she stood very silently in the window.

"I didn't mean to tell you, mother, but she's done it twice, and I couldn't help feeling bad;" and poor Flora quite broke down and sobbed aloud. Her mother waited a moment, and Flora, brushing away the tears, found her voice, and said, quite bravely,

"You know how I love Laura—we do have the best of times together, only when Ida Invern comes."

"And what then?"

"Ida don't like me—she laughs at my gingham dress and white apron. She asked me why I didn't wear a sash like hers, and why you didn't curl my hair."

"Well, Laura wears a gingham dress, and her hair is short and straight," replied Mrs. Marvin, smiling.

"I know it; but Ida does think the most of Laura; and then Laura has so many nice things, and she gives Ida a good many of her toys, and gives her nuts and candy."

"And is that what troubles you, that Ida loves Laura more than you?"

"No, mother, not *that*. But what makes me feel bad is to have Laura leave me, and not notice me any longer as soon as Ida comes up. I thought she really loved me."

"That is hard," said Mrs. Marvin, "and I am sorry Laura can do so, yet I think she *does* really love you."

"No, mother; I am sure I could not do so by her."

"I hope you *would* not; and very likely Ida will treat Laura in the same way as soon as she finds some one who has more 'playthings,' or will 'give her more' than she does. It is not right to treat any one badly, and especially those we profess to love, because we are afraid or ashamed to show our love before others; and it is not safe, either. Persons who do so are very apt to be treated in this way themselves before very long. Do you remember the Golden Rule, Flora?"

Flora repeated it to her mother.

If all obeyed this rule, there would be no such little troubles among children, and greater ones of the same sort among older people. If you are tempted at any time to do wrong to a little friend, just ask yourself, "Is that what I would like if in her place?"

This pleased Flora very much. The thought of doing right was pleasant to her; and she determined to adopt for her motto this beautiful rule.

A little while after, Flora heard her name called softly, and looking out saw Laura under the window.

Her first thought was, "I will not go out now and play, just because Ida has gone, and she wants me again"—but then the Golden Rule—it must suit *her* case now, so she went out to Laura, who said, pleasantly,

"Don't you want to cut more dolls, Flora?"

"I thought *you* didn't want to," she replied.

"Yes I do. Ida has gone, and I can play till tea-time."

"Laura," said Flora, with quite a

little effort, "I've been thinking about Ida and you, and about right and wrong in play."

Laura, blushed, though she answered, "What about it, Flora?"

"Don't you know the other day, when you were taking up the flower-roots for me, and Ida came, you did not finish getting the roots, but went to walk with her."

"Well?"

"And to-day, when we were cutting dolls in the Little Throne, and—"

"Never mind, Flora; you know I love you—but Ida is so particular."

"I would not leave *you* for Ida."

Laura started a little, and said, "There she goes now, with Mabel Gray. Wait a minnute, Flora; she left her parasol here, and I will run and give it to her."

Ida gave Laura a cold look as she took the parasol hastily, and without a word passed on, busily chatting with Mabel.

Flora thought of what her mother had said, but did not appear to notice it; but Laura said,

"There, Flora! don't feel bad any more; I didn't do right, and I shall not treat you so again. It is worth a great deal to have a *true* friend, as I know you are."

And so the two little girls finished their afternoon in the Little Throne, cutting dolls and talking about the Golden Rule, and really happier than many true queens on greater thrones.

KRUNA.

You needn't have such a reverence for truth as always to stand at an awful distance from it.



LUCY AND DAISY.

LAUGHING,
And quaffing
The fresh morning air
In many a ramble
And frolicsome gambol,
What knows little Lucy of care?

Come, come, pretty Daisy,
Pray do not be lazy,
Just give my sweet dolly a ride;
You may trot, pace, or rack,
As she sits on your back,
And I will keep up by her side.

Now, if you are idle,
This blue ribbon bridle
Shall have a right neat little pull;
Or if you should stumble,
And make Susie tumble,
Look out for your pretty soft wool!

So laughing,
And quaffing
The fresh morning air
In many a ramble
And frolicsome gambol,
What knows little Lucy of care?

KRUNA.

THE greatest objection to those who mean well is, that they seldom find time to carry out their intentions.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



WHILE chilly Autumn winds are all about us, and frosty bearded old Winter hovering near, we meet again in our cosy Merry parlor to chat over the past, and form plans for the long winter evenings before us.

Winter evenings are much more profitably spent around the warm fireside among the loved ones at home than in any other place. How shall these long evenings be made entertaining and instructive is a question the Merry family can easily solve.

There is enough in Fleta Forrester's department to occupy a large part of your leisure time pleasantly and profitably, and we trust all will enter the lists for the prize trial in the last number of the MUSEUM.

Then there is the Chat arena open to all. Some, who have no fear of the manipulator before their eyes, suggest that inasmuch as the evenings are growing longer, the Chat should "grow longer;" but we must remind all such that the Chat has every month been "longer" than the law or the manipulator allows.

Let no one stay away, however, or neglect to write, for all are welcome, and shall be heard as far as possible. We are asked many times whether all the letters in the Chat are really written by subscribers to the MUSEUM where names are signed to them. In answer to all such we say again, that they are all written by real live boys and girls, subscribers to the MUSEUM all over the land, whose real names and residence

must be sent to us before they can enter the circle, and we have not room to publish one half the letters which are received; and hence the hatchet and manipulator have become essential ornaments (?) of the sanctum.

To be sure, some of the "boys" are old boys, and sometimes WARlike; while some of the "girls" are "children of larger growth;" yet all are welcome and Merry. Of course, some are rejected, or made over into "Extracted Essences," while others are "manipulated;" still, we would not have our little ones hesitate for a moment to write to us, for if one letter is not printed, the next one may be; and all gladden our hearts, and cheer us on in the work before us. Our Merry Album, too, containing the photographs of all who will exchange with Uncle Robert, is one of our treasures, and is open and free to all.

But so many are ready to speak, that we will listen.

DEAR UNCLE:—I switched off the track for a while, but once again "all right." I'll try to be the merry Coy of old. 'Tis a fact, my spirits have been down cellar too long (don't misinterpret), but I now repent, and to the blues say "scat!"

Saucy Nell, that mince-meat would bring a premium at the fair, I'm sure.

Tennessean, I'll shake hands. I know I have charity, and am *minus* malice.

Flib, please light the gas, and search for that long-promised carte. Don't "pray cream, and live skimmed milk" any longer.

May Clayton, I don't know your present address.

Cupid, the dart you hurled at me was poisonous. For information, write, and I will explain.

Uncle, if you abridge this, it will be a cruel addition to past afflictions. Proverbs xi. 24, last clause, bids you beware.

Hattie, I love you still.

TROUBLESOME COY.

We have read your quotation with fear and trembling, and have concluded

to make "a bridge" for your benefit to unite Ecclesiastes v. 2, first and last clauses, with Matthew vi. 7, last clause, and hope you may be edified.

Another dark plume has fallen from the pinions of the Destroyer. Again do we miss and mourn the departure of a loved one. Death has again entered our circle and borne away another of our number. As month after month passes by, we will turn the pages of our valued book; and ever and anon, when we hear, as it were, the voices of beloved ones, there will be some whose voices and well-remembered words of welcome and affection will never gladden our hearts more; their mission on earth is completed; their throbbing pulses have ceased to beat; their warm, generous heart-throb is stilled forever.

Who, who shall be the next? May each one of us so live, that when we hear the final summons, "Child, thy Father calls!" we may be as ready to obey as Stranger was; and when we have all crossed over the billows and surging waters of the dark river, may we be gathered safely together in the fold of the Good Shepherd, nevermore to suffer, nevermore to die.

Cousin Sid, would it be strange if some of that "Merry crowd" that you refer to, had veiled their faces and sought a hiding-place?

May Clayton, you shall hear from me soon. If any one else has been neglected, let it be known.

Cupid, I think I am proof against your darts, if you did call me
"SWEET KITTY CLOVER."

BELLE HUEST, Sept. 30, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE ROB:—I can not allow another month to slip by without a reminder of troublesome Sans Souci's continued existence.

I have been ruralizing on the banks of old Seneca, or Seneka, the Indian, and I think prettier name; also putting to a practical test the pleasures of a gallop "over the hilis and far away."

What say you, Belle, to a ride of forty miles in one day? the homeward trot of twenty miles by moonlight without one pause?

Addie W., are you ready to ride with me?

Coy, I wrote to you a short time since, directing only to B. L. I. the address

you gave me in your last; did you receive it?

Uncle Robert, I looked into the Sanctum when passing through the city; your small representative informed me, "Every one's gone to a picnic." I shall go home soon, and will try again.

Not having seen the last two magazines, must defer messages to the Cousins.

Love to Aunt Sue and all the Merrys from
SANS SOUCI.

Try again. We do not go to "picnics" often, but generally "all" go at once, and have a good time.

HARRISON, O., Sept. 14, 1865.

MY DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—After an absence of more than one year from the Chat, I thought I would come again and see whether Comet was gone. If he is out of sight, I'll just twinkle a bit, and say that I have run a pitchfork through my foot, and being "laid by," I accordingly feel in a corresponding mood.

Fletta, what a comparison!—a "verie war-horse!" If you only knew how cowardly I am, you would never expect to see a laurel *reef* on dis brow.

C. F. W., don't you think comparisons are sometimes odious?

Alpha, are you still at the Cultivator office? I claim acquaintance with Cult.

Uncle Hi, I'll be brief, and conclude by saying that I trust you will have more mercy than the pitchfork, for it has only succeeded in making me *pitch* in for a chat. One steel instrument is enough for me at a time.

And now, for fear Comet might suddenly return, I will retire with all modesty and prudence.

Cousins, and Merrys all, adieu.
Yours truly, HARRY BOWLES.

LINDEN FOREST, Oct., 1865.

DEAR EVERYONE:—Now, Uncle Merry, do let me talk just a *little* while.

Aunt Sue, did you receive my letter?

Admiral, In the Corner, Verbena, Sid, and Tommy, please write. I'll answer immediately.

Jasper, are you offended? I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it.

Nameless, what is the matter with you? Is Tennessean a rebel sympathizer?

Yes, In the Corner, I will second, and third you, if need be. Jasper for President. Vote, everybody.

Hurrah for the Merry republic ! Nameless, I have partly succeeded. Fairy Bell and Tiny Wild Rose, won't you write to me ?

Uncle Merry, pray where did you find your definition of me as "little and sprightly" ?

Good-bye, people. RUBIE LINDEN.

BROOKLYN, October, 1865.

I am glad, Uncle, that you did not think it best. I thought that way myself very soon after the deed was perpetrated. You see that some one "In the Corner" anticipated my Republic-an feelings. Thank you, cousin ; but really my ambition does not soar to such a dazzling height.

I, too, am tired of Kings and Queens, and desire something American. Years ago Oliver Onley offered a Presidential platform, and now I wish to revive the old proposition.

Fellow-citizens, and citizenesses, hear my nomination. "I come not here to talk" (Uncle will not permit it), so I can not expatiate on the talent and patriotism of "our ticket," nor tell you, in the language of A. Ward, "that we will stand by you all to the end, if it takes the last dollar you have."

Uncle Merry will, of course, be President ; and as Aunt Sue has been hiding away for some time, we must tempt her out with the Vice-Presidency. (We shall all be equals, you know.) Wanderer, Secretary of State ; Oliver Onley, the War Department ; and I—pardon my modesty—will be content to control the Navy ! The girls shall all have post-offices—Hattie Lee (that was) to be Post-mistress-General ; and we will send W. A. R. as minister to South America, won't we, Flib ?

Now, Merrys, let us hear from you all.

Uncle, why can't we have a convention this year ? We used to talk about it, but something always prevented. The war is over now, and all the boys home (except those, poor fellows ! who never will come ; yet we should feel their presence in spirit). We Merry boys in town will make all the necessary arrangements, and as we know you are in favor of such a gathering, it can not help succeeding.

Now, Merrys out of town and in town, will you not, during the holidays, on some day and evening which shall be agreed upon, meet together in Brook-

lyn or Gotham, as we city folks shall arrange.

To the "out of towns"—just tell them, Uncle, what a splendid set of folks we are here, and how we can do the "honors." And do you say a word for us, Saucy Nell, Grasshopper—and if my voice would only reach there—Winnie, too. Uncle, please tell us what you think.

Jolly J., I haven't a line to spare. Let us meet in December.

Sid—I, one of that party, still live—why should we not repeat it !

A welcome to Nancy Jane and all new comers, from JASPER.

We say "agreed" as to the convention, and appoint Jasper, Leslie, Tommy, In the Corner, and Loyalty to make all necessary arrangements, "with power to add to their number." So go to work at once, keep away from the manipulator, and send in your programme in season for the December number.

CLAREMONT, MINN., Sept. 3, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE WILLIAM :—As I have kept away so long, I thought I would just step in the door. Now please, Uncle, introduce me to some of the Merry Cousins ; I want to get acquainted and have a pleasant talk with them. I think you are a very good-looking gentleman, Uncle W. I like your MUSEUM very much indeed—I should always like to take it. I will close by wishing to become a member of the Chat. Give my love to all the Merry Cousins.

PATRONIA.

BATAVIA, ILL., Aug. 10, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT AND MERRYS GENERALLY :—It is a long time since I have been in the parlor, and I suppose I have been forgotten, but I still remember the familiar faces, many of which I have in my album.

Illinois Merrys ! I want you all to send your addresses to me. My address is Drawer No. 11, Batavia, Ill.

I would like the addresses of the other Merrys, if possible, but I am more particular about the Illinois Cousins.

My object in requesting this is at present a secret, but if the request is complied with, will soon be made public.

Please respond as soon as possible.

Your Merry Cousin, LOCKWOOD.

DEAR MERRYS ALL :—Won't some one give me a welcome ? Will some of my Cousins send me their c.'s de v. ? Uncle Merry has my address.

Dear Uncle, like Kate M., I should like to have a peep at the Album very much. Your Merry Cousin,

BRIGHT STAR.

Come and "peep."—R. M.

Three distinct raps, a whispering of the watchword, "M. M.," and here is another of the Western cozes, one who has not said a word since May. What have I been doing—eh ? Why, traveling, to be sure !

To Chicago "on the (not a) rail," thence by boat 'way up Lake Michigan, through the Straits of Mackinac, the Sault Ste Marie Canal, and Lake Superior to Marquette. Oh, what grand scenery, weather, riding, sailing, boating, *berrying*, fishing, etc. ! Into the iron and copper mines, "stamp" mills, and burnt pine forests where the wild deer abound and the clear Escanaba feeds its beautiful speckled trout. Then homeward by the delightful Green Bay route.

August 17th, called to see A. E. D. Where wert thou, fair cousin ? Why did you not see my badge ?

Admiral Lockwood, it was too bad that I could not give you a visit.

Blue-Bell and Addie W., I have sent some horrid photos to you.

Dear Franc, you know how I mourn with you the loss of your truly Christian father.

Cousin Jennie, I want to give your hand a hearty shake for your last message to Tennesseean.

Saucy Nell, will you indorse your welcome by corresponding and Xing ?

Snell, of course.

Cis, G. G. are O. K.

Le Magnet, thanks for regards.

I am afraid to say any more, though I am not half done. SIGMA.

Your fears saved you this time. Read reply to Coy, and be wise.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 5, 1865.

UNCLE MERRY :—I don't know but you'll frown upon my audacity in appearing again so soon ; but noticing a *howl* in your October number, I should like to send a shot in that direction, just to let that young Wolf know that I am not so fully absorbed as to prevent my

giving due attention to prowling beasts of prey ; for I am a jolly young hunter, and my gun is always primed.

Should he, "Cis," or any of the other Cousins, have the presumption to address me, care of Uncle Merry, they might hear directly from "RAY."

IN JERSEY, Oct. 4.

Ho ! all ye Merrys who are numbered in the devoted band of teachers, I claim admission into your ranks.

In which corner do you assemble, Waif, Marian, Migionette ? May I join you, and compare notes ? Mayhap I can profit by your wisdom and experience.

Migionette, I have the country school, but minus the "boarding round." By the way, Migionette, I've taken a particular fancy to you, in proof whereof I last June sent letter to your address, as given in the February MUSEUM. Strange to say, it was, by-and-by, returned to me "unclaimed." Won't you take "the will for the deed ?"

Elfeda, are you still at the "E. F. C.?" and were you present at the last Commencement ? I admired "Approximations;" did not you ?

"Quisque," from what part of "between the Lakes" do you hail ? I spent an afternoon in August on the beautiful Seneca, now idly borne along by the waves, now swiftly carried over its blue expanse by two stout oars. I envy the dwellers near that lovely lake.

Tennesseean, permit a new-comer, to welcome you back. W. A. R., can no longer keep you away.

Migionette, Muriel, Romance, Sigma, and more of you, will you give me your photo for a very plain-looking one in return ?

Uncle Merry, I hope to call at "111" some time this fall. Now please get into a brown study and forget to use the manipulator.

LIZZIE E. N.

ANTIGONISH, Oct. 2, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—As I am a subscriber to the MUSEUM, and live in one of the pretty villages of Nova Scotia called Antigonish, and as none of the girls or boys take the MUSEUM, I am going to try to get some of them to subscribe for it, so I can get a Merry badge.

If any of the Merry family ever come so far away down East, I should be happy to see them.

I am happy to say I can walk into Fleta Forrester's Labyrinth without help.

I am a little girl, eleven years old. I have taken the MUSEUM nearly a year, and like it very much, and would like to become a member of the Merry circle.

ORENA.

You are right welcome, Orena, to our Merry circle, and we trust you may be successful in your efforts to obtain the badge.

ILLINOIS.

MEMBERS OF THE MERRY CIRCLE:—Happy greetings to each and all of you, Uncles included, from a far-away subscriber to the MUSEUM.

Far away, indeed! Why, the Mississippi rolls onward to the Gulf only a stone's throw from the spot where I am writing, while the green hills and fertile vales of Iowa smile back from the opposite side.

Saucy Nell, allow me to suggest the impossibility of your being good, if by that is meant sedate, sober, etc. Besides, I don't think that, in your case, any change would be for the better, so pray be your own saucy self to the end of the—chapter, I was about to say, but I'll alter it, and say instead, *circle*—when you find the *end* of which, you have my permission to be something else.

Uncle Merry, may I come again? Cousins, will you extend a welcome to

KIT NIBBLES?

October 11, 1865.

DEAR EVERYBODY:—Allow me to make my bow and pass on to the corner where Cousin Jennie is sitting. All the other Cousins have shaken hands and "made friends," but she still refuses. You see, in spite of her treatment, I've taken a fancy to her, and am anxious to convince her that I am not quite as bad as she thinks me. She wishes me to quit my "way of wrong-doing." I assure her I have. I've quit everything for fear it might be "disloyal." Why, I don't even make faces at a dog that bites me, if he has a *blue* ribbon round his neck. And, moreover, I have resolved henceforth and forever to walk as exactly in the footsteps of Massachusetts as the size of my feet will allow.

Jasper, I saw a friend to-day from that section of the State in which you are interested, and he says they have no mails at all. I have "opened communications," however, through Hy, and will be happy to aid you.

Cupid, I defy you! TENNESSEAN.

Special Notices.

We would call the attention of all the Merry family to our Prospectus for 1866, among the advertising pages of this number of the MUSEUM, and hope you will all help us in extending our circulation. We offer more liberal premiums than ever before, consisting of the latest games, puzzles, books, etc., and trust that you will all commence your lists for the coming year at once. We intend to make the MUSEUM more interesting and attractive, and a welcome visitor to every household circle. A fine steel engraving of Lieutenant-General Grant will be sent in the January number of the MUSEUM to all who send their money for 1866 before the 20th of December. It will also be sent to all new subscribers. We would also call attention to the advertisements in this number. We insert those which advertise the choicest and best books for holidays, and hope you will read them all carefully. We will send any book by mail advertised in our columns, on the receipt of the retail price.

THE AMERICAN UNION COMMISSION.—This Commission is organized for the purpose of aiding destitute Unionists of the South, in the distribution of food, clothing, medicines, etc., establishing schools, assisting emigration, and in every way possible helping to restore and establish industry, education, freedom, and Christian morality. We are happy to say that they have materially assisted "Mrs. T—," of Charleston, S. C., the lady referred to in the "Adventures of a Merry Boy," in the February number of the MUSEUM of this year, who gave such prompt and timely assistance to "Eugene" at the time of his escape.

ANTONY WAYMOUTH; OR, THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS, is the title of a book of 294 pages of thrilling incidents and adventures and hair-breadth escapes upon the sea—beautifully illustrated with twelve spirited engravings in the best

style of art. It is published by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, for \$1 50, and we place it in our premium list, so that all the Merry family may have one free by sending us three new subscribers, and 20 cents for postage, if it is to be sent by mail.

MILLER'S STRANGER'S GUIDE FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—This guide-book to New York and vicinity contains maps of the city and Central Park ; comprises notices of almost every object of interest to strangers, and gives views of buildings, churches, hotels, etc., and is one of the most complete guides through the great metropolis ever issued. Published by James Miller, 522 Broadway, New York.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS is the title of one of the prettiest Christmas presents for the little ones we have seen. It consists of the pleasing little poem, made more attractive with twelve beautiful illustrations in oil colors by L. Prang & Co., of Boston. Price 30 cents.

We will send it on receipt of the price, or will send it as a premium for one new subscriber.

THE FARM-YARD STORY is another little poem beautifully illustrated, which we will send for 30 cents, or give to any one who will send one new subscriber.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, a set of twelve elegant album cards, beautifully printed in colors, illustrative of the principal scenes in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, from his starting with his burden on his back and entering the wicket-gate to his triumphant entrance into the celestial city. It consists of three parts, of twelve cards each—price 50 cents each part.

We will send either part on receipt of price—or will send either part to any one who will send us two new subscribers—or the three parts for five. Every child in the land should have them, and with a little exertion they can be easily obtained.

THE TEMPERANCE MANUAL, containing a historical sketch of the several Temperance orders, together with facts and incidents connected with their origin and growth and present standing. It is a valuable compendium, and should be in the hands of every Good Templar and Son of Temperance. B. H. Mills, publisher, Upper Alton, Ill.

DENMAN'S GAMES.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS TO THE ILLUSTRIOS DEAD.—This new pictorial and printed puzzle consists of twenty-four blocks, in a neat and substantial box, upon which are the faces of all the Presidents, coats of arms of all the States, and a variety of other pictures and reading. With them can be erected Monuments to the Presidents, National Monuments to Geo. Washington and Abraham Lincoln ; a Children's Monument and a Freedman's Monument to Abraham Lincoln. This is one of the prettiest games for the young we have seen, and they ought to be in every family of children. It will make amusement for the long winter evenings around the home fireside. Published by Oakley & Mason, New York. Price \$2.

THE HOUSE OF WASHINGTON ; THE PALACE OF SANTA CLAUS ; DOMINOES ; and THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—This box contains twenty-nine blocks, upon which are a great variety of figures, words, sentences, etc., with which can be played fifty-nine games and puzzles, including a perfect set of dominoes. Innocent, instructive, and entertaining, it is the cheapest and most beautiful present for children and youth of which we know. Price \$1 25.

THE KINGS OF ENGLAND AND THE ALPHABET comprise the two other games, a full description of which will be found on the last page of the cover of the MUSEUM for this month.

These games we offer as premiums for new subscribers, as will be seen by our prospectus. They are also for sale at our office. Just the thing for the holidays.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

MORE ABOUT THE PRIZE CONTEST.

I HAVE been requested to give some definite rule for the use of "W" and "Y." After careful deliberation I have decided as follows :

1st. "W" shall, for convenience, be considered a consonant in all cases

2d. "Y" shall be admitted as a consonant when it begins a word.

3d. Two or more parts of speech spelled alike (*e. g.*, "better," adv., adj., and verb) shall count as only one word in the lists; but can be used once in each way in the sentences, and will count accordingly.

4th. Obsolete words will not be allowed.

5th. The singular and plural of the same word will not be counted as two words.

6th. The same word variously spelled (*e. g.*, *Behen*, *ben*, *beken*) will not count as more than one in the lists, but can be used in one of its forms only in the sentences.

7th. Different parts of the same verb will be considered as separate words (*e. g.*, *be*, *been*, *were*, *wert*, etc.).



AND



answer correctly all but four of the September puzzles.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

- 255.** I am steel, or water,
I am iron, or wire;
Oft I rudely jounce you,
Oft new life inspire.(1)
Much that's wicked in me,(2)
Much that's jovial, too,(3)
You will see, provided
You can look me through!
I contain a circle,(4)
And entertain with sweet

Harmonies.(5) What friends give,
When friends each other greet.(6)
I am black(7) and comely(8)
In the street to-day!
To-morrow green, and homely,(9)
In forests far away.
Entire, in rocky coffin,
Or in my cotton shroud,
I humbly wait your pleasure
To speak my name aloud !

Gracie.

ANAGRAMS.

- 256.** All icy gin meat. *Schoolboy.*
257. A hard request. *Fleta F.*
258. O, rich Kate ! " *Double you see.*"
259. Spaniels. *Alf.*
260. Slim pegs. *Curly.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 261.** Transpose a bird into a sercaml. *Forrest.*
262. Transpose a helmet into a small column. *Venus.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 263.** An article of transportation in the distance. *May of Irvington.*
264. Increase the term of life. *Violet Forest.*

- 265.** A couple of evil spirits. *Gertie N.*
Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed :

- 266.** We — awhile in the —. *Georgius.*
267. — recited — lessons. *Cis.*
268. He — to be a famous — man. *Fred.*

- 269.** 500 1000 10000 $\frac{1}{3}$ 15 $\frac{1}{3}$. *Howard (H. J.)*.

- 270.** I am composed of 8 letters :
Omit my 4, 5, 7, transpose, and
I become a depository.
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 8, transpose,
and I am silent.
Omit my 2, 3, 6, 8, transpose,
and I am silent still.
My whole is silent evermore.

Harrie B.

- 271.** I am composed of 22 letters :
My 2, 21, 15 is indispensable to
a 11, 19, 18, 1, 22, 13, 6, 14, 4.
My 9, 8, 3 is apt to be troublesome.
My 17, 5, 20 is very useful.
My 12, 10, 16, 7 is unseemly.
My whole is the name of a great
General. *Tennessean.*

- 272.** Yemrrs lal moce stil ot em !
 A caft I liwl trelae ;
 How voless hist zupzle ruse liwl
 vale
 On pudsit metyp tape !

Silver Bugle.

Answers to the above must reach me on or before the 8th of December.

Send puzzles, answers, etc., to
 "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven,
 Conn.

Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

- 218.** Fortitude (42,D).
219. 1, Siberia ; 2, halt ; 3, eel ; 4, Russia ; 5, moon ; 6, aunt ; 7, Nevada ;—*SHERMAN, ATLANTA.*
220. Sex (X,S.E.), Tennessee. (Some say "Alf, Fla." "Ego, Geo.")
221. Reis, sire. (This is very generally answered "Real, earl.")
222. Lemon, melon.
223. Contemplatively.
224. Continental.
225. Interbastation. (*May of Irvington*, being unable to grasp this, exclaims with withering sarcasm, "Boast Itinerant !")
226. Metropolis.
227. Penetrates.
228. Acquainted.
229. Identification.
230. Weasel, easel, lease, seal, sale, ale, lea.
231. Starry (star, rye).
232. Acrostic (a cross tick!). (The puzzlers found no difficulty in selecting any number of "insects" eligible to the character required; although few thought of the "cholerick bug" in question.)
233. Sail-loft (sa(y), ill, oft). (*Fred* says "lion [lie on].")
234. Wood-box. (*Fred*, without having seen the "correction," probably says "wheat-bread," which comes as near as anything can to being a *good* solution of a missed puzzle.)
235. Independence Day.
236. Star-Spangled Banner.
237. Sloth, lost. (How many animals were pursued and deprived of

their caudal appendages by our enthusiastic young friends I do not know; but almost all return tugging a tail-bereft "lio(n)," which they eagerly inform us has enabled them to find that commodity so hard to find, i.e., "oil!" The world, nevertheless, continues to move on!)

- 238.** Subtle, bustle.
239. Tapes, paste. (*Keystone* says "casks, sacks;" *May of Irvington*, "posts, spots;" *Hero* and others, "plums, lumps.")
240. Angle, angel. (*Merrimac* says, "glean, angel;" *Aubrey* and others, "ramble, ambler;" *Roguish Kate and Oddity*, "tan, ant.")
241. Rats, star.
242. Because they can "charge"—up to anything! (*Merrimac* says, "Because they always obey orders, and make their 'charges' in solid columns!" *Hero* says, "Because they are continually receiving orders." *Aubrey*, "Because they do not shun or avoid a 'draft'!")

THE LABYRINTH.

The following send their names, having succeeded in reaching the center: Florence, Sid, Algre Phillips, C. L. S., Michigander, I. M. F., Bonnie Bell, R. C. Loesch, Jr., Cousin May, Hero, E. P. L., *May of Irvington* (found her way out!), Orena, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Mary Clark, and Georgius.

Fred answers all but 233, 234, 237, 238.—21.

Aubrey answers all but 225, 233, 237, 238.—21.

Merrimac answers all but 225, 227, 233, 234, 236, 237, 238.—18.

May of Irvington answers all but 223, 225, 227, 231, 233, 234, 236, 238, 238.—16.

Keystone answers all but 223, 225, 231, 232, 233, 234, 236, 238, 242.—16.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 218, 223, 225, 231, 232, 233, 236, 237, 238, 239.—15.

Blue-Bell answers 218, 222, 228, 229, 230, 231, 234, 235, 239, 240, 241, 242.—12.

W. C. C. answers 218, 219, 220, 222, 226, 228, 229, 230, 231, 235.—10.

Hero answers 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 230, 235, 239, 241, 242.—10.

Georgius answers 219, 220, 221, 222, 228, 230, 231, 235, 239.—9.

Rubie Linden answers 218, 219, 224, 228, 230, 235.—6.

J. H. M. answers 219, 224, 229, 230, 235, 241.—6.

Ivy Leaf answers 219, 222, 228, 230, 235.—5.

Ego Ipse answers 219, 228, 229, 230, 235.—5.

I. M. F. answers 219, 221, 222, 230, 235.—5.

Bonnie Bell answers 219, 222, 230, 235.—4.

E. P. L. answers 219, 222, 230, 235.—4.

R. C. Loesch, Jr., answers 219, 222, 230, 235.—4.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE—Violet Forrest, Quaker, Cis, Remus, Anna H. C., Forrest, Florence, C. W. J., Prairie Boy, Vincent, Julian A. P., Albert Wolf, Franc, Double you see, Schoolboy, Clara, Ella W., Nedloh, Merry May, Forestina, Austin Leonard, and a host of others, whose consciences will remind them all the same!

Answers to Correspondents.

Franc, your complaint shall be *spread*, even though it take three pages (in *livery?*) to do it? The fact is, I believe pretty much the whole Merry world (to whom prizes are owing!) are up in arms because they have failed to receive the just reward of their merit! Amid "the wrack (?) of worlds," I have sat serene, wondering with grave innocence who was at the foundation of all these heavings and pitchings of my chair of state! Suddenly, while the terror is at its height, the clouds open, and like a thunderbolt sent to shiver me into splinters, the astounding fact is hurled at me that *I am the*—Well, what?—is anybody hurt?—Where am *I*?—oh!—I believe I was going on to say—wasn't *I*?—that hereafter we hope there will be no such delay and trouble! “*F. F.*” did not properly notify Uncle, it seems, when a prize was due; and thus originated the confusion!

I have forwarded names and claims to

Uncle, who, I doubt not, will give them early attention.

W. C. C., and others who have failed to receive the prizes to which they were entitled, are requested to accept the above “*franc*” explanation. I do not need to assure them that no care, on my part, shall in future be wanting to secure to them the happy results of their faithfulness in the Puzzle Department!

Belle Brunt, what do you say to “*seat, seat, teas, eats, east—live, evil, vile, Levi, veil—Adel, lead, lade, dale, deal*, etc. ?

Rubie Linden, the Prize Contest is open to *all* subscribers, without distinction. (Unless Uncle Merry chooses to interpose a *monetary* one in favor of those who “*O O*” for the *MUSEUM!* !) You tell the truth when you say that you are credited as answering “*all but*” the very ones you had answered. Whose fault was it? *Fleta*, shall I rap *your* fingers?

Cis, the puzzle numbered “*61*”. I do not “*like*,” because I consider such *vision* of a word unfair!

Velvia, welcome. Your answers did not reach me until too late.

Blue-Bell nods fragrantly in at the door, and is invited to take a seat among the other flowers in our *vase*. But, we have one “*Blue-Bell*” already there, so what will our little visitor do?

Sigma, I should rejoice to see your hand o' writ often.

Hero, the “*scepter*” is pointing with exquisite grace in your direction!

Howard (H. J.), a “*Howard*” is on our lists before you.

Orena, I was pleased to receive your letter. I confiscated the postage stamp on your envelope, although defaced, as an addition to my “*stamp collection*.”

Keystone, the anagram which you send—“*best in prayer (presbyterian)*”—has appeared before. From the company it keeps, I conclude the other must be *antique* too!

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, ETC., to *I. M. F.*, *Bonnie Bell*, *Cousin May*, *Harrie B.*, *Hero*, *E. P. L.*, *May of Irvington*, *W. C. C.*, *Blue-Bell*.



A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

YES, it was a dreary day. And Christmas, too! Many a time had my little pug-nose been flattened out against the window-panes, and my eyes been rolled agonizingly skyward, on that stormy foggy morning. How many times had I rummaged the depths of my capacious woolen stocking only to throw the toys pell-mell again into their woolly crypt!

Santa Claus had dealt bountifully with me. He was loaded down with the good things which he brought to our door. He left a box of building blocks, with colonnades enough to rear a building as imposing as the

once far-famed Coliseum—and two or three cupolas; but they would not fit—the foundation was shaky, and there was no relief in my building blocks, so I put them aside.

And a curious vessel, built in a curious style, with real paddle-wheels and a real walking-beam, I imagined myself a mighty general with legions of leaden men—my vessel a transport. My men had a great inclination to lie flat on its deck.

But my army was repulsed—some fell overboard, and I was despondent; I tossed them in one promiscuous pile, with bayonets bristling; my vessel

would not work, because its motive power was exhausted, and I knew not the secret of its locomotion. I threw that one side, and while I sat, like little Jack Horner sucking my thumb, my mother entered the room.

"Why, Willie," said she, "what is the matter?"

I burst into tears and told the story of my misfortune.

"Well, my dear, don't cry. Be a good boy and you shall go out with me and your pa in a little while;" and mother kissed me and wiped the tears off my puffed-up cheeks.

I was happy then. So I walked to the window and shook my fist at the mist which hid the hills, and rubbed my nose on the window-pane out of pure spite.

Ah! there sat a little savings bank upon the shelf, a gift of Santa Claus, which I had not noticed before; I ran joyously and picked it up and shook it—it was full, too. And I straightway communed with myself in this wise:

"Now, I will buy some candy for poor little Robbie Evarts. He never has any, and all the boys in the school make sport of him."

Robbie Evarts was a poor boy about my own age, who traveled disconsolately to the little red school-house every morning. His father had gone to California while Robbie was a child, and his wife had never heard from him since, and from that time she had been sinking and fading away like the sun every night behind those huge western hills. And now, with a little money she had left to her, she was living without the comforts she was so greatly in need of. She had sold the neat little cottage that belonged to her, and the few acres that were attached to the Evarts' manse. It was a house that she parted with not without tears and

sorrowing. The honeysuckle that clambered so riotously over the lattice-work porch, and that was a tiny shoot when she planted it the first year of her married life, had since covered the whole front of the house. And the few clumps of shrubbery on the little lawn had grown strong and luxuriant.

I thought, suppose Mr. Evarts should come back a rich man some of these days, then would Robbie's playmates hold aloof from him because forsooth he had once had patches on his knees and on his jacket.

But Robbie was a smart lad in spite of his drawbacks—poverty and patches. And his bright hazel eye would shine and glisten with pride as he worked his way, day after day, toward the head of his class. I know not how much jealousy was mingled with each playfellow's hate at sight of Robbie's smartness. True, there must have been some, else their spite would not have been so deep-seated—would not have "endured forever."

I walked to the window and looked westward. There was one long stretch of blue sky, and the mist was lifting slowly and steadily off the brown hills, and already I could see the gaunt and naked arms of the trees that stood around the village church. I was dancing around the room with glee at the thought that we were to have a clear day after all. And while watching the snowy clouds as they sped across the horizon, mother entered the room.

"Willie," said she, "we are going to see poor Robbie Evarts' mother right away after dinner."

"It is clearing up now, mother," said I, "and we will have a nice ride."

"Yes! But where is your bank?" she asked, as she cast her eyes upon the shelf.

"Here it is! in my pocket;" and I laughed as I pulled the tin box out of my cavernous pocket and held it out to her.

"Well, take good care of it, my son;" and telling me to come down to dinner in a few moments, she left the room.

I had an idea! I would take this bank unbeknown to mother or father and give it to Robbie Evarts in the afternoon, and I put it in my overcoat pocket that I might not forget it.

Afternoon came, and with it the carry-all to which old Ned was harnessed, and to which I was consigned. I put my hand into my pocket to see if my treasure was all safe; I kept my hand on it until we reached the house.

Mary Evarts answered father's knock at the old door and dropped a graceful curtsey as she bade him enter. And Robbie, after bidding us good-afternoon, rushed out of the house and led old Ned to a post and tied him fast.

How long old Ned leered at the door, how long he stamped his fore feet on the frozen ground in restless impatience, I know not, for our visit was a long one.

Mrs. Evarts sat in a high-backed chair in the best room, and welcomed us with real delight and begged us to be seated. I was surprised at the neatness of the room, and stole cautiously to mother's side and in a whisper asked if they were poor.

They were poor—very poor, and the little mementoes of better days scattered around the room were sacred to the memory of a father. And the stately portraits—moe work of a father's hand--hung so primly on the papered wall, were spotless and free from dust; and even time sympathized with them and touched the staid old faces ever so lightly. The chair in

which he had sat on long summer eves, listening to the childish prattle of Bobby, was there. And the tottering youngster had grown up, missing a father's guidance, and now stood with downcast eyes thinking of the past.

But Robbie's heart was light. He had done considerable writing for a friendly lawyer, and with his gains in his pocket in the shape of a few little gifts for his mother and sister, he felt happy.

At length we were ready to go. I walked up to Bobby and very slyly introduced my gift into his hand, and then ran out of the house. He colored up, and then a tear of gratitude sparkled in either eye as he looked after me. I felt happy, too, and old Ned gave a shrill neigh as he caught sight of me, and after innumerable pattings on the neck became good-humored.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the hills, and the gold and crimson curtains were closing around his couch. I stood gazing at the scene, when a tall and bearded man, closely muffled up, touched me on the shoulder.

"Boy," said he, in a musical voice, "can you tell me where Mrs. Evarts lives?"

"Yes, sir!" He gave a convulsive start as I pointed to the house and offered to show him the way in. "Yes, sir, she lives in that house;" and bounding across the few paces that separated me from the stoop, I walked boldly into the parlor and said, "Mrs. Evarts, a gentleman wishes to see you;" and he stepped into the parlor, and stood for a few moments spell-bound.

It was she—his wife! And with the word "Dollie" on his lips he sprang forward and caught the fainting figure in the chair.

Mother caught me by the arm and

dragged me out of the house and helped me in the wagon. But where there was sorrowing before, there was now rejoicing.

The next day Robbie came running to the house quite out of breath; "Willie," said he, "father is home," and scampered off as quickly as his limbs could carry him.

And what a Christmas night it was in that home. Outside, the stars never sparkled more joyously nor the moon looked down so softly.

Weeks had sped by and the Evarts' family had removed to a more comfortable home, and Robbie bereft of patches was quite a hero. The roses bloomed again on Mrs. Evarts' cheeks, and joy and contentment reigned beneath their roof.

Years after I met Robert Evarts, who had grown to be a lawyer of some reputation and of recognized ability. But he has never forgotten the savings bank nor the Christmas reunion in M—.

SID.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

'Tis Christmas day!—glad voices
Repeat the pleasant sound;
And happy faces in our home,
And loving looks, abound.
Why do we thus greet Christmas
morn?—
It is the day that Christ was born.

With little gifts that tell our love,
With garlands on the wall,
With thankful hearts and helpful
hands,
We keep a festival.
Why do we thus keep Christmas
morn?—
It is the day that Christ was born.

Full eighteen hundred years ago
Christ Jesus came on earth—
He came, he lived, he died for
us;
We thank God for his birth;
And therefore we keep Christmas
morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was
born.

And on this Christmas morning,
When the frost is at the door,

Dear child, in your warm, pleasant
home,
Think of the sick and poor;
So shall you well keep Christmas
morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was
born.

Christ healed the sick, and helped
the poor,
When he was on the earth;
Do what you can to be like him,
This morning of his birth;
Help some one to keep Christmas
morn,
The day your Saviour, Christ, was
born.





SCENES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY HILDEGARDE.

IT is a cloudy, unpleasant morning, just such a one as I imagine is an excellent accompaniment to a fit of the blues. The skies look sullen and doubtful, and, as I heard it remarked a few moments ago, the trees look as if they would require a shaking before their leaves would stir. The air is sultry and thick; in fact, the state of the weather may be accurately described in two very short but expressive words—"dog-days." I am sitting by my open window, vainly endeavoring to catch a breath of fresh, cool air. Underneath, on the grass, is Spite, my little cousin's dog, who is stretched out at his ease, but panting and puffing in very much the same style, only a smaller edition, as a steam-engine.

In the street which my window faces, several urchins are amusing themselves, and enlivening any solitude which their neighbors may possess, by making as much noise as possible.

Their occupation consists in throwing horse-chestnuts attached to a string into the air as far as they can. Their starting words were originally, "One to begin—two to show—three to make ready—four to go." But that proved entirely too long a "pome" for boys at play to recite, so their very select form dwindled down to "One a 'gin, two a show—three a ready, four a go." Even that abbreviation was not short enough, and at present it is rendered, "'gin, show, ready, go!" and such a "go" as it is! Why, if it were to be uttered within the sepulchral precincts of the Pyramids, I am afraid the echoes would get so wide awake that they would never go to sleep again.

There is another window in my room, and if I were to look out from that, I should see a brick school-house—not the time-honored institution known as "the old red school-house

on the hill," but a more substantial building; for I imagine the former structures were built of wood, and that, you know, is old-fashioned, and of course not patronized by our Common Scoundrels. Oh! I beg their honors' pardons for that unfortunate mistake. I should have said our most worthy Common Councils. Well—as I was about to say, I judge that the school-house is divided into several apartments; some, I am sure, devoted to *very* young ideas, who shout entirely with their lungs. At present it is the hour for opening school, and each room sends forth a song. In one the children are singing "Will you go?" and I fancy I hear those very boys who, half an hour since, were at play in the street, joining in the chorus. I'm sure I hear one in particular, with snub nose and twinkling eyes, come in strong on the word "*go*," while in his fist he holds a horse-chestnut, and looks suspiciously at his instructor's nose. It is really amusing to listen to the variety of tunes which issue from the press over yonder: "The Prisoner's Hope"—*of course*; "Marching Along;" "Fox and Grapes," otherwise known as "Sour Grapes;" "The Golden Rule," etc. It's a pity that Sawyer isn't here to form a "medley"—he would find an abundance of excellent matter.

Ah! there are a few drops of rain, an earnest, I hope, of that which is to follow. Methinks I hear thunder in the distance; I'm *so* glad, for I think we shall have a refreshing shower; but, no—I'm doomed to disappointment.

"Georgie," shouts Annie, "mother says stop rolling those bagatelle balls, they make too much noise!"

That, then, was the fancied thunder. How stupid in me to mistake bagatelle for thunder! I ought to have known better. But there's Georgie coming

up the street; and as there is no one in the house but mother, Annie, and myself, there is, consequently, no one at bagatelle. It must have been thunder, after all, that I heard—well, I never knew before that bagatelle and thunder were so much alike.

There goes a little girl, staring at me, in a rather expressive comparative that a certain friend of mine frequently makes use of, "like a Cheshire cat." I never saw a cat of the Cheshire species, neither do I know in what peculiar manner she uses her optics, but I imagine that they are very much like an owl's, and I know the little girl's are—hence my supposition. I can't think what the attraction can be, unless it's my eyes; and her taste is decidedly in favor of eyes so gray that they are almost green. She has on a "Shaker," and in order to give herself full opportunity to see me she is walking backward. Ha! ha! just now she stumbled and fell; her curiosity is satisfied, and she has passed on.

The rain is falling beautifully now, and the trees already sparkle with the precious liquid. Precious, I say, for the dry earth has need of every drop. The grass was turning gray like an old man's hair, and the flowers drooped their pretty selves mournfully. Blessings on the shower! There goes a woman who has evidently been caught in the rain, and having gathered up her robes with more haste than care, is running home.

To return to the school-house: it is in close proximity to our own house, and as I sit waiting for an idea, there is borne to my ears the sound of a child's voice. Listen! R-e, re—a-d, ad—re-ad. Poor little thing! From the same direction comes a peal of laughter, in which I hear the voice of the teacher—at least it sounds very



pedagogical. Never mind, little one; when recess comes, and you are absorbed in a game of "Follow my Lady Tipsy-toe," your innocent blunder will be forgotten, unless when Lady Tipsey-toe returns from her walk, and finds you have not sewed your apron with enough stitches, she re-ad(d)s to

your sorrow, by an application of birch. That industrious hum of voices reminds me that I ought to be about more profitable business than gazing idly out of a window or writing nonsense, so I'll close my blinds, and work in hand, descend to the sitting room, wishing you all a very good-day.

THE GIRAFFE.

THIS singular animal of lofty stature participates of the qualities of the camel, the ox, and the antelope, in some particulars, and is known by the name of camelopard as well as giraffe. It is an inhabitant of the wooded parts of Eastern, Central, and Southern Africa, from Sennaar and Abyssinia to Senegal and the vicinity of the settlements of the Cape of Good Hope, although, like all wild animals, it retreats as the white man advances, and recedes before the approach of civilization. In domestication it serves no purpose but to gratify curiosity and to promote the study of nature, since it is unfit for draft; and although its flesh is said by hunters to be eatable, it is not suitable for furnishing either meat or milk. It is a gentle, shy, and timid animal, extremely docile in confinement, feeds from the hand, and becomes friends to those who are kind to it.

The height of a full-grown giraffe varies from eighteen to twenty feet, and nearly one half of this elevation consists of the neck, from the ears to the junction with the projecting angle of the chest, and the other half consists of the fore legs, ascending to the same point. The eyes are beautiful, extremely large, soft, and brilliant, and are so placed that the animal can see much of what is passing on all sides and even behind it, and it is supposed that the giraffe can command a wider view of the horizon than any other creature. The surface of the skin is smooth, the hair being short, close, and flatly laid. The spots, which are peculiar to this animal, are a dark brown, and of so generally regular a form and arrangement as to give the hide the appearance of being cross-

barred with whitish stripes. No animal has a more graceful or majestic attitude. Its aspect charms the eye and excites the admiration of all beholders.

HOME INFLUENCE.—“We shall never know, until we are ushered into eternity,” writes a living author, “how great has been the influence which one gentle, loving spirit has exercised in a household, shedding the mild radiance of its light over all the common events of daily life, and checking the inroads of discord and sin by the simple setting forth of that love which ‘seeketh not her own,’ but which ‘suffereth long, and is kind.’”

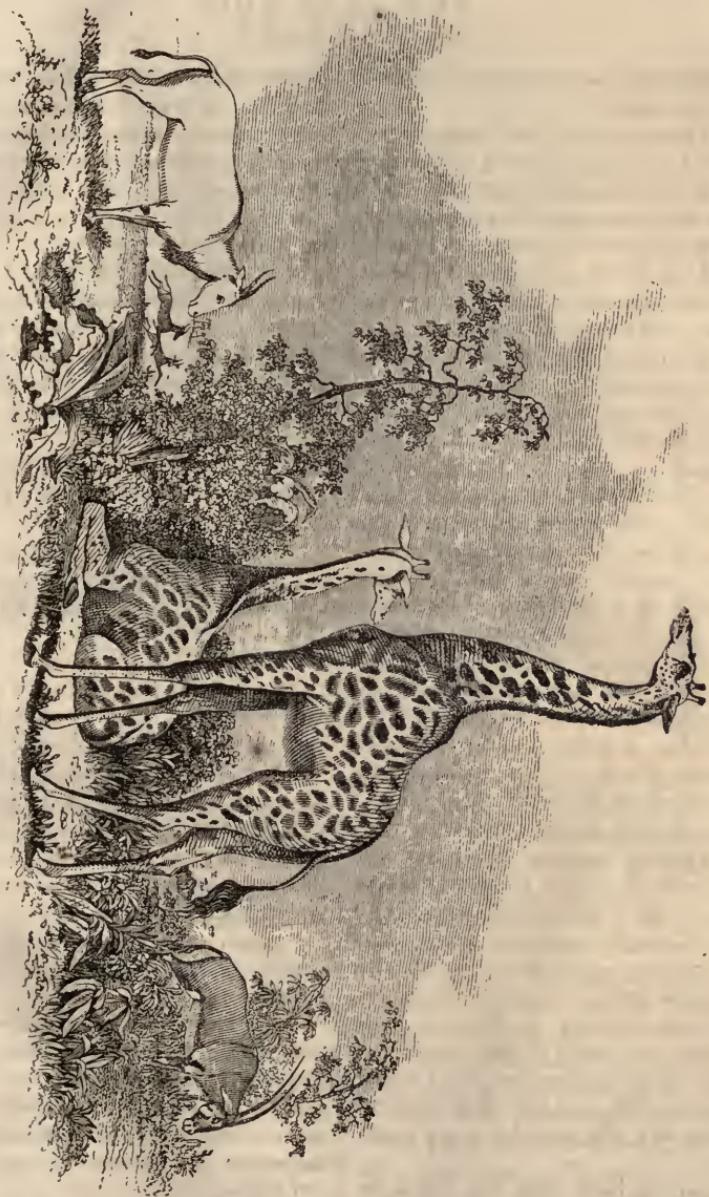
A YOUNG girl at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if “kiss” was a common or proper noun? In reply, the fair girl, blushing deeply, and with some little hesitation, said: “It is both common and proper!”

EVILDOERS NEVER HAPPY.—Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.

SMOKING AND GENIUS.—Napoleon never smoked. Goethe says a man of true genius can not cultivate both science and his pipe together. There may be a few illustrious exceptions; but they only prove the correctness of the rule.

“Did you pull my nose in earnest, sir?” “Certainly, I did, sir.” “It is well you did, for I don’t take a joke in that way.”

THE GIRAFFE



THE IRON EGG.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

THIS was the way cousin Persis told the story :

"Once upon a time a great prince sent to a fair ladye the gift of an oval piece of iron. In anger she threw the ugly lump upon the ground. But, as it fell, a secret spring was touched, and out rolled a second egg of silver. Within the silver egg was a golden one; and last of all, out of the egg of gold sprang a flashing diamond of exceeding luster."

"That egg was a jolly kind of an iron casket," said Aleck; "tell some more."

"That's all," said cousin Persis, winding the thread about her tatten-shuttle and dropping it into her pocket. "Only I see a child now and then with a hard, stubborn face that reminds me of an iron casket."

"Tisn't me," said little Eddy, serenely; "my face is soft, or the skeeters wouldn't love it so."

"And I have noticed," pursued cousin Persis, "that if one only knows how to touch the spring of such a hard outside crust, why, there are always layers of silver and gold underneath, and in the seeret chamber of all, a diamond of living light."

"Ahem!" remarked Aleck, who looked on a pill and a moral with equal disgust. "Come, Eddy Hayes, let's go out and see if some more pears have blown off the trees. You may have the wormiest and I'll take the soundest; or, *I'll* take the sound ones, and *you* may have the wormiest."

Half an hour later Miss Persis descended to the kitchen. Looking out at the side door she espied little Eddy sitting in the twilight on the garden

roller, with a sorrowful face. He was not inclined to say much, even to cousin Persis, who left him and went into the house, where she found Mrs. Hayes standing over the stove frying fritters for tea. There was an anxious look on the good lady's face.

"Cousin Persis," said she, looking up from the batter she was dropping on the griddle with a wooden spoon, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid I can't go with you to the concert to-night; I have a case of moral delinquency to look after."

Cousin Persis took the handled lamp from the table and held it over the griddle.

"Which child has been naughty?"

"Eddy," replied Mrs. Hayes, with a pang in her voice, "stole six pears and told a lie."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes'm—she's as sure of it as the world and the Bible!" cried Katie. "Aleck saw him his owny-dony self!"

"Yes I did," said Aleck. "He told mother he found them on the gronnnd, one at a time; but I knew the wind wasn't blowing so hard as that, so I just watched, and I saw him reach up his arms and shake 'em off."

"Sober, positive, true—lay him down and cut him in two," said Katie, solemnly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Miss Persis. "Now I know what made the little fellow look so sober when I saw him sitting on the garden roller just now. I asked him what he was crying about, and he said his eyes were full of dust."

"Another fib," groaned Katie.

"He was throwing dust in *your* eyes, cousin Persis," suggested Aleck.



Everybody was very sober at the tea-table that evening, for this was Eddy's first falsehood; and it was well understood that after supper there must be a serious talk with him, and perhaps punishment would follow. But Eddy held up his little head and looked as unconcerned as possible.

"His face is as hard as an iron egg," whispered Aleck to his cousin.

Miss Persis smiled in spite of herself as she glanced at the young culprit, who was trying to talk with his mouth full of bread-and-butter.

"There's a man down in the city," said he, "and he stealed—yes, he did! He stealed a pocket-book full of money—Aleck said so! And he telled a whole lot of lies about it. They

put him in the lock-up. Shouldn't you think he'd been ashamed of himself, stealing a whole pocket-book?"

Eddy told this for effect. He thought his mother could not fail to see the vast difference between the awful crime of this wicked man and the small sin of her little son. He meant to brave out his disgrace, and not show the white feather.

As soon as tea was over, Mrs. Hayes took Eddy up stairs with her.

"My dear little boy," said she, "you can't think how sorry you've made your poor mother feel."

"The pears fell off," inurnured Eddy, stoutly.

"Oh, Eddy, don't tell me that again—it isn't true."

"Yes, mamma, the wind blew right out of the sky, and then the pears tumbled down smash!"

"My son, my son," said Mrs. Hayes, with tearful eyes.

Eddy looked in his mother's face, and for the first time seemed a little touched at sight of her grief. "How do you know I picked them off? Did anybody tell you?"

"Yes, Eddy—somebody told me."

"Well, I did pick 'em, mamma!—oh, yes, I did now—but I didn't know anybody was looking."

"Aleck saw you from the window, Eddy."

"What window? Oh, mamma, I didn't pick 'em clear off. I didn't pull 'em hard. I just touched the stems, and they broke their own selves, and tumbled smash into the grass."

"Yes, Eddy; but you said it was the wind!"

"'Cause, mamma, 'cause the wind was blowing all the time, only it didn't blow hard enough. If it had blown hard enough, 'twould have shook off the pears; so I didn't tell a *whole* lie, did I?"

"Yes, my child, a whole black lie! I wish I could make you know what a dreadful thing it is. It not only grieves me, but grieves your dear heavenly Father, Eddy."

"Does? Did God see me?"

"Yes, my son."

"Ugly old pears! I wish I'd let 'em alone. I didn't know he could see me!"

The little boy's heart was touched with a sudden prick of remorse.

"Does God think it was very naughty? Won't he love me any more? Oh, I'm just as sorry."

"Then tell him so. Ask him to forgive you."

"No—you ask, mamma, I'm afraid."

"You needn't be afraid, Eddy. He will hear, and it will make him glad. When we are sorry for being naughty, he loves to have us tell him so. He never turns away, but listens, and is more ready to forgive than even your own mother."

Eddy dropped upon his knees before the oak chair and murmured in a choked voice:

"Oh, God, I've telled a lie, and you heard me. I've stealed six pears, and you saw me. But I won't do so again for ever 'n' ever, nor *never*. Will you forgive me? This I ask for Jesus' sake! And now mamma will forgive me too."

Mrs. Hayes embraced her little boy with happy tears.

"This, I think, is your first lie, Eddy, and I hope it will prove the last."

"But I hope it *won't* last," replied Eddy, swallowing a sob. "It's done and gone away. Nobody knows but you and Katie, and Aleck and papa, and cousin Persis and God. You'll never tell the plice and they won't put me in the lock-up—oh, no!"

When Mrs. Hayes and her little son rejoined the family circle, there was a peaceful look on both their faces which told that Eddy's first lie was repented of and forgiven.

"I think," said cousin Persis to Aleck, "that your mother didn't find it very hard to pierce Eddy's iron mask and discover the living diamond."

"I suppose you mean his *conscience*," said Aleck.

"Yes; Eddy is young, and it is now easy to touch his springs of feeling. They have not grown fixed and rusty with years of sin."

"And never can while mother lives," cried Aleck, with a little burst of enthusiasm.

ELVA SEEKING HER FORTUNE.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.



LET us go back and take a little peep at Woodford, and see what good Mrs. Newell meant by leaving Jane

Townsend's letter unanswered. The truth was, she had not received it. It had lain all the while in the village post-office,

where none of the Newells ever thought of going for letters. The two parts of the town were as distinct as two nations. "Woodford Corner" was the proper address; but this fact our heroine had not considered.

On the day of Elva's flight, Mrs. Newell had taken up the dinner as usual, wondering every now and then why she had no help from Elva, and what the child could find to do down cellar. When she had made all ready, except peeling the potatoes, and had gone to the side-door and sounded the horn, she supposed that Elva would certainly appear.

"Come, child," called she from the cellar-door, "what are you doing? You've been gone long enough to make an apple-pie."

Receiving no answer, Mrs. Newell ran down stairs in some vexation. She peeped into the "soap-room," into the "wood-cellar," but no traces of Elva. Taking a pie from the "swing-shelf" she hastened up with it, think-

ing, very naturally, that the little girl was somewhere in the house, or, at any rate, within sound of the horn.

But dinner passed without her. "I've been up to her room, but she is not there," said her mother; "she must know that dinner is ready. I am afraid she is off somewhere having a pout. Elva never had these sullen fits until Wendeline Gilman came. It is high time the two girls were separated. For my part, I am rejoiced to know that Wendeline is fairly gone."

"Don't be too hard on a motherless girl like Squire Gilman's daughter; be charitable, Betsey," said her husband, mildly.

Mrs. Newell washed the dinner dishes, spent ten minutes killing flies, and then rocked the little one to sleep. By that time she began in good earnest to wonder what had become of Elva. Was it possible she had gone to Louisa Flint's without leave?

When Perley came in to replenish his jug of molasses and water, she bade him go directly to Mrs. Flint's. He muttered something about "Elf's being big enough to take care of herself," but did the errand, and came back to report that no one at Mrs. Flint's had seen Elva for two or three days, and he had left Louisa in a sad fidget lest she might be drowned.

After Perley had been sent to several houses on the like fruitless errand, the affair began to look serious.

"I'll tell you *my* opinion," said the oracular Seth at last, "and you may let it go for what it will fetch. Them girls was up till 'leven o'clock last night; for as I came home from Mrs.

Johonnet's paring-bee, I seen a light through the trees there at Gilman's. I'll bet you a silver dollar Elvy's gone to Philadelphia!"

This shrewd suggestion made Mrs. Newell "feel fairly faint." She now searched her daughter's room; and, as if to confirm Seth's opinion, all the child's best dresses were missing, as well as her little purse, and the carpet-bag which had been given her when she went to Augusta. Yes, it was but too evident that Elva had undertaken some kind of a journey.

"I don't know as you can call her really accountable," said Mrs. Newell's particular friend, Mrs. Jenkins, "she has acted like a different child for several months. Why, I've often thought and said the influence that Gilman girl has over her is an awful thing."

"I feel to reproach myself," said excellent Mrs. Newell pacing the floor, "I haven't done right, I haven't done right."

So far Mrs. Newell's words were precisely what Elva had hoped they would be; she had wished her mother to reproach herself and think she had not done right. But the dear woman's regret was not exactly of the kind Elva had anticipated. Mrs. Newell did not mourn at all over her little scoldings, her gentle fault-findings.

"I ought to have been more careful of her *associates*, Mrs. Jenkins! I have been too careless of these things, and you know evil communications corrupt good manners."

"Yes, indeed," replied her friend, glancing meaningfully at the "Romance of the Forest" on Elva's book-shelf. "But if the Lord should spare the child to come home again, you can be more watchful, Mrs. Newell."

It was soon proved that Elva had purchased a ticket to Boston. Beyond

that city no trace was to be found; but no one seemed to doubt for an instant that her final destination would be Philadelphia.

Mrs. Newell wrote a kind letter to her fugitive daughter, asking Mr. Gilman to post it, that it might be sure to reach her. In this letter she freely forgave Elva's undutiful conduct, on condition of her returning home immediately.

In the course of a week a reply came from Wendeline, returning the money Mrs. Newell had sent, and declaring that Elva was not in Philadelphia, and had never spoken of going there.

If Wendeline had chosen, she might have told the little girl's whereabouts and put an end to this suspense; at any rate she might have directed Mrs. Newell to inquire at Vinton's in Boston; but she made it a point of honor not to betray her friend's confidence.

When the Newells learned that Elva was not in Philadelphia, their astonishment and alarm were unbounded. They had rested quite easy in that belief; but now, what was to be done?

"You have often asked me, Mrs. Jenkins, if I loved Elva like my own child? I can answer you just at this time more decidedly than ever: I do. If we are to lose her now, it will be even harder for her father and me than the death of our little Elvira."

Mr. Newell proposed to advertise at once in the newspapers. Perley was in favor of sending scouts in every direction. Suspicious Seth was still firm in his belief that she was in "Philadelphia," in spite of Wendeline's statement to the contrary. Seth had no faith in that "Gilman girl," and rather prided himself upon his low opinion of human nature generally.

In the midst of this distress and in-

decision Abner arrived. He had seized the earliest opportunity to inquire into the mystery concerning his little favorite, and had little doubt that he should see her safe at home; at all events he supposed he should learn the particulars of her singular journey. But it proved that he knew more about the child than did any of the family. The strong man was well-nigh overwhelmed for a moment by the story he heard.

"It has been laboring on my mind ever since I left her at the Boston dépot," said he, "what she could mean by saying she was going to seek her fortune. I wish now I'd missed the train and found out! But I didn't mistrust it was anything but some of her nonsense. Well, well, it's high time the thing was looked into! I'm certain she's in Boston, now I think of it more; and if I don't search the city, my name is not Abner Hackett!"

Abner searched accordingly; so did Mr. Newell; but what did it avail, since no little bird directed them to Vinton's, or to Elva's retreat on Shawmut Avenue? They also advertised largely; but what is the use of advertising, unless the right people read them? So all attempts ended in failures, and four sad-looking people were seated one evening around the supper-table at Farmer Newell's. I say *four*, for Abner was there, and Seth is not to be counted, since he could not be made to feel uneasy, and persisted in declaring that "Elvy would come up one of these days when all the fuss was over."

Just as Seth was comforting the household with this stereotyped remark, a timid knock was heard at the back-door. It is clear enough to you and me whose little hand was at the latch. Perley answered the summons.

"Elf Newell!" he shouted, "what upon earth!"

The child lingered in the door-way, hesitating to enter. "But when she was yet a great way off, her father saw her, and had compassion on her, and fell on her neck and kissed her."

"Oh, mother! oh, father!" she sobbed, clinging close to them, "can you, do you, forgive me?"

"Bless your little heart!" cried her overjoyed father, taking her up in his arms and carrying her into the house as if she had been a baby. "Here she is, Abner, welcome home! Here she is, Abner, safe and sound! Put your arms around his neck, Elvy, and give him a sound kissing, for you haven't a better friend alive than Abner Hackett!"

This was a long speech for quiet Mr. Newell; but his wife had for once left all the talking to him; for her part she could do nothing but weep, kiss the newly-found daughter, and fall to weeping again. When Elva's hat had been removed by Perley, her head was seen to be shorn of its glory, the golden curls. This savage clipping had been done by a Boston barber at the express command of merciless Mrs. French. But as yet no one was allowed to ask any questions; Abner sternly forbade it.

After the wondering baby had received its allotted share of rapturous embraces, a place was made for Elva at the table, Perley bringing a clean knife and fork and plate; for indeed Mrs. Newell in her ecstasy seemed to forget that it was not customary for people to eat with their fingers.

After tea, Elva, with many tears and self-upbraidings, related the story of her sad wanderings.

"Dear child," ejaculated Mrs. Newell from time to time. "Poor Elvy,"



said her father and Abner. Even Perley, subdued as Elva had never seen him before, cried out now and then, "Too bad, Elf, by George!" But he never once alluded to the foolishness of "Dandeline Tangle."

Not a word of reproach from any one, not even uncharitable Seth. After the story—which was a very long one with frequent interruptions—Mr. Newell offered a prayer of special thanksgiving. Elva kneeling with her hand in her mother's, knew that she, too, was very thankful, and hoped she was thankful to her Father in heaven.

"Mother," said she that night as they both sat in the little whitewashed chamber which Elva had so much longed to see, "I haven't told you yet

what made me run away: I wanted to find my true parents—I fancied I must have been born a lady."

"My dear child, I never dreamed that you were not satisfied with your home, you know. I could have told you your parentage long ago, if you had only asked me; I took pains, some years since, to trace it out."

"Oh, mother, mother," gasped Elva with distended eyes.

"Your mother, Elva, was an honest washerwoman who came over from Wales with her husband about eleven years ago. On the passage your father died, and after a year of struggle and privation your mother died too, leaving you, a poor little orphan, among heartless strangers. That is the way

you happened to be left at the orphan asylum."

The story was simple enough. Here was an end to the many colored romances which had turned Elva's little head!

"Oh, mother!" cried she, clapping her hands and waltzing about the room, I didn't mistrust that my mother was a washerwoman. But I'm glad! I'm glad! I mean I'm glad I know! Now I shall never fret again about being a lady! I'll build no more air-castles. I'll try to be good—I tell you I'm tired of being wicked; if I can only behave so you'll own me for your daughter, I'll be satisfied, mother!"

There was really a wonderful change in Elva, and it lasted, too. She re-

sumed her old duties with fresh zeal, feeling that she could hardly do enough for her excellent parents. Not a word of fault did she henceforth find with her lot. The remembrance of her Boston experience was enough to check all murmuring.

The half-crazed Wendeline did not return to Woodford for two years. Elva met her with politeness, but the time had passed when her romantic ideas could work any real harm on Elva. She had long ago taken up again her old friendship with sweet Louisa Flint. Many happy years have passed. Elva is now a noble woman, and universally acknowledged as a "real lady." But you may be sure that only once in her life did she ever run away to seek her fortune.

AUNT EMILY'S TEA-SET.

"I WOULD like my tea-set a little while, mother."

What was it that brought so much joy to Mrs. Bayne's heart at these simple words? It was because they came from the feverish lips of the restless little girl on the bed beside her who for more than a week had been too ill to notice her playthings, or take much interest in anything about her.

Little Lizzie had been very sick. A few days before she was taken ill, a very dear aunt of hers had visited her mamma. The evening she came she called Lizzie to her, and her little sister Lucy, only two years old, and gave to each of them a nice large box. What could it be? The children danced for joy as soon as their mother slid back the pine covers and revealed something shining through the bed of dried moss in which it was carefully packed.

"Ook, 'ook!" cried little Lucy, holding up a tiny china cup, with a gilt band around the edge, and a dash of gilt on the handle; and her joy was unbounded when her mamma took out from the moss another and another just like it—then a cunning pitcher, sugar-bowl, and creamer, with a tall little teapot to match.

"I'll be taffle," she said, as she danced off with a saucer in one hand and a sugar-bowl in the other. Lizzie's pleasure was no less real, though more quietly expressed. Her dishes were larger than Lucy's; and there was more gilt and a prettier design on them, but each little girl was as happy as she could be; and pretty soon both remembered to steal up and give their kind aunt some warm kisses and very real thanks.

"When I is old enuff," little Lucy repeated, with longing eyes, as her mother at length put her box up on a

high shelf till she might be able to play with them safely.

Their aunt's visit was over, and soon after Lizzie was taken sick. The two tea-sets had been put away, and for the time forgotten, when one day, as I told you before, Lizzie called for hers.

Her mother was not long in placing the box on the bed beside her; and very glad was she to watch the thin white fingers pull back the lid, and take out one after another the pretty cups and plates.

"I would like some *real* sugar in my bowl, mother."

"What kind of sugar would it be if not *real* sugar?" asked her mother, smiling.

"Oh, '*pretend* sugar,' such as we often had in our acorn-cups—paper, or almost anything."

"And then you would like a little 'real' tea, I presume," said her mother.

"I 'ood 'ike 'eal tea and hoogah in my hoogah-bowl," said Lucy.

Lizzie laughed, and their mother said,

"To-morrow is Thanksgiving day. I shall let you and Lucy have your dinner together by your bed here."

"Oh, with our little dishes?"

"Yes—and real tea and sugar and toast, and, may-be, a little *real* jelly."

"How nice it will be!" said Lizzie; "I will put them away now, and only look at this pretty bowl. How pretty that gilt acorn knob, to the cover, is, and those small leaves and little ten-drills curling over the stem!"

Presently Mrs. Bayne looked up from her sewing and saw that Lizzie had fallen asleep. One hand still held the sugar-bowl, and a pleasant smile rested on the half-hidden face as she dreamed of her coming feast.

The next day Lizzie's mother left

her longer than she had done any day for a week past; but she was so much better that she lay very quietly, and never called "Mother!" once.

Pretty soon she heard a little rattle of dishes by the door; and then she remembered the Thanksgiving dinner, and, sure enough, it had come. The stand was set out and a snowy napkin spread upon it. Then Lizzie, carefully wrapped in a heavy shawl, was propped up in a large rocking-chair, with pillows about her. Little Lucy stood near, watching the pleasant arrangement, and when it was completed, said,

"I want to be sick and nice too, and have a 'hall around me!"

Her mother shook her little body heartily, and covered her with kisses as she lifted her into a chair without "hall" and "pivos" (as she called the pillows), and drew her near the table. Then came the dinner. Such polite passing of tea, after it was duly sugar-ed and creamed! A plateful of thimble biscuit soon disappeared, and a cup of clear sparkling jelly was served and eaten with evident enjoyment; and if Aunt Emily had looked into their chamber just then, she might have thought, as their mother did, that there was not a happier Thanksgiving dinner in the State.

"I think there is turkey below," said Lizzie, at length, looking as if she very much wanted a bit on one of her plates.

"Will not this do for a *sick* little girl?" asked her mother kindly.

"It is very nice, and I will not ask for anything more."

"What are you thinking of, Lizzie?" asked her mother, after their dinner was over, and Lizzie was laid back on her bed, tired, but looking very thoughtful.

"I was thinking, mother, of poor little Roxy and her brother Will. I have so many things to make me happy; it hardly seems right when I think of it and remember how little they have to please them, ever."

Roxy was a bright little girl, the daughter of a poor woman who often did work for Lizzie's mother; and Will was her lame brother. They had lost their father, and their mother worked hard to get enough money to make herself and two children at all comfortable.

"Would you like me to send them their dinner to-day?"

"Oh, yes, mother—turkey, and plum-pudding, and whatever you have that is very good. And—I was thinking"—

"What was you thinking, Lizzie? I have already filled a basket for them, and sent it by their mother—enough for them all."

"Oh, I am so glad! but if I could have a very special favor, just this once, wouldn't it be nice? If only Roxy had a tea-set! How it would

amuse her and little lame Will! Oh, they would be so happy! and Lizzie's eyes sparkled as they did when her own box was first opened.

"I want 'Oxy have a tea-set," chimed in little Lucy, who was so fond of saying what others said, as often to be called a mocking-bird by her papa and mamma.

Their mother hesitated, and Lizzie went on: "It needn't be like *this*, you know; I saw some very pretty earthen ones at Mr. Gray's store before I was sick—white, with a pink border. I have got a little money—mayn't I have them got for Roxy?"

"Yes, she shall have them," said Mrs. Bayne, pleasantly. "I am very glad you do not wish to enjoy your good things alone. It is very pleasant to be remembered by our friends, but it is more pleasant to make others happy. And if we are really grateful for the good things we have, we shall grow more unselfish, and do more for others. You have *had*, and you will *make*, a very happy Thanksgiving.

Oct., 1865.

KRUNA.

A SNOW-STORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

IT was a terrible storm that 31st day of December, 1863, and will long be remembered through the Northwestern States for its great severity. Early in the morning the snow commenced falling, with a strong wind from the northeast, which soon changed to the northwest; and as the day wore on, the wind grew stronger and the cold increased, until the thermometer sank to zero, or thirty-two degrees below the freezing-point, and the wind blew a furious gale. If a person faced that storm for a moment, the fine snow-flakes stung like so many cambric needles, and a person

might be within twenty steps of a dwelling-house and not see it. Large drifts grew larger all the time where the snow could hide itself from the furious wind, and men, beasts, and birds fled in terror before the terrible blast, and sought some shelter from its fury.

All that long day the storm raged; and how anything that drew breath could live through its pitiless pelting is hard to tell, for if a person faced that storm for a moment, with his face unprotected, the storm took his breath from him, and he must right-about-face to catch it again.

The storm was terribly destructive

on sheep, as large flocks of one thousand each were quietly feeding in their rich pastures without a shelter to protect them. To make them face that storm for a place of safety was impossible; they ran frightened before it until some fence stopped them, when those behind would press on over, and rolling over those before them, until fences, sheep, and snow would grow into one huge drift, fast and immovable, and large numbers were smothered or froze to death.

In the mean time, when the storm ceased, the cold increased, and on the morning of the new year, 1864, the thermometer had fallen to 24 degrees below zero, making an increase of cold 56 degrees below the freezing-point in twenty-four hours. More than ten thousand sheep perished during that storm, in the State of Illinois, besides large numbers of hogs, horses, and cattle.

It would be better to our feelings, perhaps, if the narrative could stop here, and not extend the record of that terrible storm, but candor compels the pen to travel on.

Children who left home in the morning bright and rosy with health, sparkling and active, to attend the country schools, after spending the day in a comfortable room, left it for home at the close of school, got lost in the blinding storm and among the many drifts of snow, and were found next morning in little clusters, here and there, over the Great West, under their cold winding-sheet of snow, stiff, cold, frozen, and dead!

Families who had been away on friendly visits, and felt anxious to reach home, and not being aware of the terrible storm which was sweeping down upon them, would venture out, or were caught out, on their return home, and

paid the same fearful penalty. Some long lanes were to be passed, or some large prairie to be crossed, and they would become entangled in some huge snow-drifts, and in struggling to get through would only plunge them in the deeper, and finally stick fast. Benumbed with the cold, they would seek some farm-house for shelter, and again get entangled in the drifted snow; their blood became chilled, drowsiness came on, and if they could only sit down and rest awhile they would feel so much refreshed. But death was the penalty for such sleeping, and they knew it not, for father, mother, and child slept the sleep of death, and the cold snow covered them.

It has been estimated that one hundred persons perished in the Great West during that terrible storm; and the only redeeming feature about it is, a great many years will probably pass away before we witness another of like severity.

UNCLE TIM.

A LAUGH.—How much of character lies in a laugh. It is in fact the cipher key, oftentimes, wherewith we decipher a man. As a late writer observes: "You know no man until you have heard him laugh." There are occasions—there are humors—when a man with whom you have been long familiar will quite startle us by breaking out into a laugh, which comes manifestly right from the heart and yet which we have never heard before. And in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen, until some happy moment awakens it.

WHY may doctors be justly charged with want of feeling? Because every one of them is under the influence of *apathy* (*apathy*).



“SUCH A LITTLE THING.”

THAT was what Charles was in the habit of saying when mother or teacher corrected his faults. “Such a little thing, I don’t see why you need make such a fuss about it.”

He could never realize that anything was of serious importance that concerned boys’ habits. He could leave off everything that did not suit him when he grew to be a man. Just as if a man could spend months and years in welding iron fetters on his limbs, and then when he grew tired of them, or other folks complained of the noise they made clangling about him every time he stepped, he should decide to shake himself and have them all drop off. That is just as consistent as for a boy to suppose he can shake off these iron habits he has been welding on so long.

“Charley, don’t stoop over your writing,” said the teacher. “Take an easy position and keep your shoulders back. You are disfiguring yourself badly.”

His desk-mate, George, promptly

heeded the counsel given and assumed a fine upright posture, taking pains to preserve it all through the writing-hour. But Charley soon settled down into the old lazy position—“It was so much trouble to take the pains; and it was such a little thing.”

He seldom sat down in a proper manner—but usually lounged about on the sofa or chairs at home, with his head drooped on his breast and his feet on a chair. Habits of mind and habits of body are quite sure to go together. Charley soon became known as a careless, lazy lad, with little energy of character, and but poor prospects of success in life. His health, too, suffered from the constant cramping of his chest, and his whole life bid fair to become a failure, just from want of attention to little things.

Those matters we regard as least, often are in reality of vast importance to us. It is hard for children to realize this, but it is a very good rule to lay down early, “Mother and teacher know best.”

MRS. GRAY'S CHRISTMAS.



"IT will be a cold Christmas dinner," sighed the poor widow as she plied her bright needle in and out of the delicate cambric she was hem-stitching. "I am sorry for the children, but I can not afford them a pudding, even on holiday times—nor a morsel of meat, I am afraid. If the work should fail, I do not know where even the potatoes will come from for the rest of the winter."

Oh, how apt we are, in the enjoyment of our abundance, to forget the poor, who are distressed for even the morsels we waste! What millions are spent every year for folly and vanity, while mites only are given to help the starving and freezing.

The widow hastily brushed away the tear that dimmed her eye. She could not spare the time from her work. The beautiful hem-stitched skirts must be ready for Miss Sophia by Wednesday evening. It was the first work she had done for her, and she was especially anxious to be prompt.

"I hope she will pay me when the work is done," thought the poor woman, anxiously. "When the rent is off my mind, I can work so much more comfortably."

The work was folded up just as the sun went down, and leaving little Kate in charge of her younger brother and sister, she set out for the princely house of the fair lady.

She took the work in her jeweled hand, and her bright eyes glanced along the delicately traced edge. It was an anxious moment for the poor widow, accustomed as she had grown to the harshness and unkindness too often found in great houses. But she had no need of fear. The work was pronounced perfect; and when the modest price was mentioned, which the needle-woman feared might be thought too high, it was laid down without a word, and a rustling new bank bill, with an unmistakable X on it, was laid upon the top, as "a Christmas gift to her little ones."

Oh, what relief, what happiness that gift brought to a humble, worthy home! The mother laid out from it a tithe for a little holiday feast for the children. She knew it would do them all good; and with a lighter heart than she had known for many a long day, she set out with her market-basket to make the needed purchases.

The butcher brought his cleaver down on the leg of mutton she ordered, and then wrapping it up in a bit of paper, dropped it into her basket, with "You are welcome to it, Mrs Gray. It has been a prosperous week with us, and I shall never be poorer for the trifles."

Surely the Lord put it into his heart, for he was not noted for such doings.

"Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," thought the widow; "I will never mistrust my Father's hand again."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



UNUSUALLY bright and cheerful faces gather round our Merry table this month, ready with happy hearts to welcome the new year so rapidly approaching. We are glad to see

you all present, and hope that at the roll-call next month you will not only all be present, but each bring at least one new friend to share the pleasures of our Merry circle. We need say but a word in reference to the coming year, and intend the magazine shall speak for itself. The MUSEUM will abound with good things, and we shall spare no pains or expense to continue to make it what it has been for the last quarter of a century, the children's welcome friend and fireside companion.

We shall commence a new story in the January number, entitled "WILD OATS;" or, the Doings of a Smart Boy, by that charming writer Sophie May, which will in itself be worth the price of the magazine. All those who have read "Elva Seeking her Fortune," should also read Johnny sowing his "Wild Oats."

The Puzzle Drawer, by Fleta Forrester, will be made more attractive and puzzling, and valuable prizes will be given during the year.

We would call special attention to the announcement of the steel engraving of Lieut.-General Grant. This life-like portrait of the greatest living General will be sent in the January number to all subscribers who send their money for the coming year before the 20th of December. It should be in every house-

hold in the land, and will be sent to all, old and new subscribers, who pay in advance for the MUSEUM. The portrait will be accompanied with an article from the pen of William M. Thayer, one of the best writers for youth in America. Our arrangements for the improvement of the magazine will involve a large outlay of money, and we hope that you will use your best efforts to send us a large list of new subscribers. Our list of premiums is the best ever offered.

The Merry Badge or Denman's Games will amply pay you for your trouble, while Dora Darling, Antony Waymouth, Three Merry Men, Merry's Book of Puzzles, Visit from St. Nicholas, Pilgrim's Progress, and other premiums, are all attractive and desirable. If you obtain five subscribers and prefer the premiums offered for three, and two instead of the one for five, they will be sent to you, and the same of the other premiums.

But here comes Jasper, Sid, In the Corner, Pontiac, and Leslie, from the Committee appointed last month to make arrangements for a grand Merry meeting during the holidays, bringing the following report :

The Committee to whom was referred the matter of the Convention of the Merrys beg leave to submit the following :

At a meeting held at the residence of Cousin Sid, November 7th, 1865, it was decided to have a Convention of the Merrys on Wednesday evening, the 27th of December, 1865, as proposed in Jasper's letter, published in the November number.

The object of this Convention is to strengthen the bands of love and friendship which have so long held together the Cousins in the Chat columns, and to bring about a personal social intercourse between all those who though not personally acquainted have always felt a lively interest in each other, thereby promoting general good feeling and per-

fect harmony among the subscribers of the MUSEUM.

The report of the Committee is accepted and adopted by the unanimous Merry "Ay" of the 20,000, and the Committee continued, with "power" to select a suitable place and give due notice of the same. But I see Jasper stands with smiling countenance and hat in hand, as if wishing to "say something." What is it, Jasper?

MERRYS ALL:—In connection with our report, I would like to add, for the benefit of those incredulous ones who doubt the *reality* of our Convention-al intentions, that the meeting we propose will certainly take place, and that we purpose having, and *will* have, a grand, good time. We (the Committee) shall be pleased to give any information to those Cousins out of town who may desire it, and pledge ourselves to look out for them when they come in town.

At the MUSEUM office will be found a book in which we would like to have all Merrys register their names and addresses when they arrive in the city. And I would here add, that we should be pleased to know the address of all those in this vicinity who feel disposed to join us.

The meeting will take place in Brooklyn; but as the exact place can not be decided upon until about the middle of December, we will send a notice at that time, with all necessary particulars, to those who desire to be present with us.

Lucy W. C., A. N., Wanderer, For-estina, and all ye Merrys who favor our project, let us hear from and see you.

Grasshopper, Teaser, Fiddlesticks, Jean du Casse, and all of you Rip Van Winkles, wake up and join us. JASPER.

The following Committee will be pleased to answer all communications concerning the Convention: Pontiac, Box 587, New York. Sid, Box 625, New York. In the Corner, 72 Wall Street, New York. Jasper, care of Uncle Merry, or to Uncle Robert himself.

We hope all the Merry family who can be present will send us their names and address, and a circular letter of invitation will be sent to them stating place of meeting and other particulars. All are cordially invited, and we hope to have a full attendance and a Merry

time. We also hope as many as can will secure the Merry badge before the meeting. What more have you to say, Jasper?

I have just received a letter from "Le Magnet," encouraging the Convention. She writes: "I think a committee of the Merry girls to co-operate with you and your friends also quite essential. I expect to be in New York soon, and if in time, would gladly "enter the lists." Now I, too, think it a brilliant idea. I do not like to offer any suggestion, but think that if the girls (say Hattie Lee, Le Magnet, Kitty Clover, M. E. A., Rubie Linden, or whoever they may decide upon among themselves) would make some arrangement together, it would be a capital thing for "the cause." And I further take the liberty of asking any of the city Merry girls who agree with Le Magnet, to address her on the subject, care of Uncle Merry.

Will you offer my proposal (!) to the girls, Uncle?

All right, Jasper. We will answer for the girls that they accept the "proposal," and have wondered why you did not "propose" before. We appoint those named on the Committee, and hope they will report to headquarters at once.

The following letter, from a warm friend of the MUSEUM, will be read with interest:

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—Do you remember my writing to you some time since, and asking you to send your magazine to a soldier's child in New Jersey? I remember it, if you do not, for it has proved an event of great interest to me, though you send "MERRY" to so many New Jersey youngsters, that probably the incident passed quite unnoticed.

I can see the order being carried out in the cosy office at 111—Miss Hattie taking down the big subscription-book, and with her head just a little sidewise, and her twinkling eyes sobered to a business expression, jotting down, indifferently, "Amy C—, Newark, N. J." But, ah! who more than kind-hearted Miss (or, rather, Mrs.) Hattie would have rejoiced to see little Amy reading "MERRY" a few weeks after that day—a pale child propped up by pillows, and

fairly weeping tears of joy over the welcome gift? I had never seen little Amy when I wrote you, and never expected to. I only knew she was a soldier's child, very poor, and exceedingly fond of reading; and as an indifferent act of charity, easy to do, and costing but a dollar and a half, I sent in a subscription for her.

Months afterward I had occasion to employ a seamstress, and being recommended to 125 G—Street, went there in search of one. The girl was sick, and could not undertake any work, but the glance of sorrowful, almost heart-breaking, disappointment that she gave when refusing to engage with me, convinced me that, neat as the room was, its inmates were much in need of money. Sighing inwardly, because I was not rich, and could not give them a goodly sum to help drive away the specters of want and cold, I glanced about the room. Lying upon a tiny bed, in one corner, was a child, a helpless little cripple, with such a weary, suffering look in her patient eyes, that involuntarily my own filled with tears while looking upon her.

"Poor child!" I exclaimed, turning to the elder girl, "what is the matter with her?"

"The old story," whispered the girl, drearily—"a fall when she was a baby. The poor thing has not walked for two years, and the time hangs so heavily on her hands, it's hard knowing what to do for her. She's just as patient, ma'am, as an angel, but you see there's no children around to brighten her, and I'm either sick or busy all the time. Mother's dead, and father's a soldier, and this little sister is all I have, ma'am. It almost crazes me to see her looking so sorrowful."

Just then a hasty knock came at the door.

"Oh!" cried the child upon the bed, clasping her hands in sudden delight, "there's my book! It's the postman, Ellen!"

Sure enough, it was the postman. He thrust a little roll into Ellen's eager hands, and slammed the door after him as if he was afraid of the two sick faces.

"Give it here! quick, Ellen, do!" cried the child. "Oh! oh! oh! I am so glad!"

I saw her open the roll with eager fingers—saw the sweet, young face brighten into a something even more beautiful

than health, and I could not forbear stepping to the little creature's bedside.

"What have you so fine, my child?"

She held it out toward me, almost laughingly, and I saw—what?—just a number of MERRY'S MUSEUM, with "Amy C—" written upon it.

I knew then, Uncle Robert, who my "soldier's child" was; and to tell you the simple truth, I felt so happy that I leaned and kissed the child, burst out crying like an old goose, and went home without giving a word in explanation of my conduct.

It's a long story, Uncle Robert, and you may not care to tell it to any one else; but I do wish you'd print it, because it might tempt some other careless woman, who feels well disposed toward some poor, unknown child, to send a dollar and a half to you for its sake.

Yours, ————— MARY A. M.

September, 1865.

DEAR UNCLES:—Please do let me in—I will only stay a little while.

Flib, is your address the same as it was in the March number of 1864? Please write to me—won't you? Uncle Robert has my address.

Black-Eyes, have you forsaken us?

Rubie Linden, please send me your carte; ditto Ella, Jessie Bell, Mamie, Rosebud, Grasshopper, Violet, Leslie, Wanderer, and a host of others. ELVA.

ALBERT WOLF challenges Ray to "mortal combat," and says he can "fight as well as howl."

C. P. sends a full and interesting description of a recent visit to the museum at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., which we wish we had room for, but we are obliged to leave out many good things because our columns are so crowded.

IDA ELLIOTT steps cautiously in and "looks fearfully around for the hatchet's shining edge uplifted high," but finds the vision vanishes, and seeing happy girls and boys "chatting Merryly," makes herself quite at home, and soon meets warm congenial spirits.

FORESTINA, we are glad you are making arrangements to be at the Convention. Hattie will be there, of course. Call at "111" when you come to the city.

LARKSPUR comes all the way from Minnesota, bringing love to the Uncles and Cousins, and a kiss for Aunt Sue. We are sorry we have no room for the letter.

TINY WILD Rose will please accept our thanks for a "Tiny" face for our Merry Album. Tiny desires to exchange with "W. A. R.," "Saucy," and "Addie W."

ADMIRAL wishes to borrow a pair of ears, as the manipulator has clipped his. We fear he will have to borrow a pair of eyes if he expects to see his letter this month.

SID, DAN, HERO, and others, will receive due consideration next month. Some letters are so long that we have hardly time to read them through; they must be short to receive attention. We have room only to thank the following for their letters, and hope they will come again: Tulip, Waif, Cousin May, Muse-ing, Northern Star, Cis, Vincent, Jersey, Prairie Rose's Little Sister.

LOYALTY writes from "Yale" just as we go to press, lamenting he has not made the acquaintance of New Haven girls, and hoping he will be at the Convention.

HEARTSEASE, send along the c. de v., and you shall receive ours in return.

REMY ST. REMY; OR, THE BOY IN BLUE.—This is one of the most readable books connected with the war just closed. The thrilling incidents of the "Boy in Blue," so charmingly narrated by the writer are among the most marvelous in the history of the great struggle. Historical incidents are so interwoven with personal experience as to make the book both valuable and interesting. James O'Kane, publisher, 126 Nassau Street, New York.

Mr. O'Kane has also some of the most inviting books for the holidays. Give him a call.

ARTHUR MERTON; OR, SINNING AND SORROWING, is a plain, simple narrative of facts, by Miss Caroline E. Kelley, a writer of much vigor and earnestness of purpose. The teachings of the book, and the impression made on the mind, are so clear, and good, and forcible, that we wish it could be placed in the hands of all young people.

It should be in every Sunday-school library in the land. Published by J. C. Garrigue & Co., Philadelphia.

Ella Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.



Fred,



Aubrey,

AND



Kate M.

each answer 18 out of the 21 puzzles in the October number. *Fred* graduated last month, while *Aubrey* wins his third prize this month. We congratulate both, and think *Kate M.* happy in winning her first prize in such distinguished company.

MORE ABOUT THE PRIZE CONTEST.

"THE" is, of course, one of the "necessary exceptions." One of the Cousins thinks that if the verb "be" (with its parts, *been* and *were*) were also included, the construction of SENTENCES would be greatly facilitated. It is accordingly *passed*, and will be considered an exception.

Those interested in the Prize Contest will find the latest advices in regard to it among Answers to Correspondents.

The word "not," in Rule 6th (page 158, November number), occurs surreptitiously; and I hope no one will pay the slightest attention to the provoking little intruder!

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 273.** Like a leaf, like a feather,
When there's rain in the weather ;
With the current I float
I' the air ; as a boat,
Pressed by on-coming gale,
Rides the waves, so I sail !

But behead me ; I fall !
With the lowest of all
Not ashamed now to grovel,
I'm at home in a hovel !
If you doubt, then behead,
And admit what I've said.

- 274.** Curtail an animal, transpose, and leave a promise. *Rubie Linden.*

- 275.** Transpose an animal into a perfume. *Fred.*

- 276.** Curtail an humble flower and leave a lofty throne. *M.*

- 277.** Cut off the first two letters of a contest and leave an clement. *Ray.*

- 278.** My first is an article ; my second, a pronoun ; and my whole is an ancient city. *Aubrey.*

- 279.** 10080 ——. (*Historical.*) *Pansy.*

ANAGRAMS.

- 280.** Come spy me this, S. ! *Rhoda of Gylford.*

- 281.** Other paints. *A. O.*

- 282.** Wide rows. *G. N.*

- 283.** So here I grasp her. *Clite Clinton.*

- 284.** O, scars ! *Eddie.*

- 285.** Mean Fred. *Sigma.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed :

- 286.** This —— may save my ——. *Tiny Wild Rose.*

- 287.** The —— got under the ——. *Cis.*

- 288.** —— are often so poor as to be in great ——. *Alf.*

- 289.** 1511000 8. *Euclid.*

- 290.** Men wishing to do my first to my second make my whole. *Ego Ipse.*

- 291.** My 13, 8, 7 is an animal much used in England.

My 10, 17, 1 is a natural chair.
My 5, 3, 14, 15, 11, 2 can do a great deal of damage.

My 6, 9, 16, 4 is the way most people get their food.

My 12 is a numeral.

My whole is very beautiful.

S. C. Satterthwait.

- 292.** I am composed of 10 letters :
My 6, 7, 8 is not a beginning.
My 3, 2, 1, 4 can crow.
My 10, 9, 7, 8 is to tear.
My 5, 9, 2 is a decoction.
My whole is a great relief.

A Subscriber.

- 293.** Entire, I am expressive of sorrow ; behead, and I am part of your head ; transpose, and I am a space of time. *Bonnie Bell.*

[!] Answers to the above must reach me on or before the 8th of January, 1866.

[!] Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for the Drawer to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

- 243.** Strange ; gnat, rat, nest, great, net, tan, ear, Gretna, art, (?) stare, age, tears, rage and anger, sage, (?) stag, east, (?) grate, tar, stern, tags, ant, rags, tares, eat, range, stage, nag, rate, gates, ten, neat, near, seat, tea, rents, star, rest, sent, rent, grant, get, set. (Some of the items are missing. *Hero* and *Aubrey* send correct answers, but no items. *Kate M.* says "Astrologians," and her list of items is so complete, satisfactory, and so like the original, that I credit them. *Fred* says "Painting in water colors." Of course he gets a goodly number of items out of so many letters, but such a lengthy answer is "out of bounds!"

- 244.** 1. Somerset. 2. Beaver. 3. Canton. 4. Economy. 5. New Castle. 6. Indiana.

- 245.** Coracle, oracle. (Only *Virginia* and *Delia* answer this correctly. *Aubrey* says "Bark, ark.")

- 246.** Amoor, Amoo.

- 247.** Plow, low, owl.

- 248.** 1. Incogitant. 2. Slaughter. 3. Haruspice. 4. Diaspore. (All answer this "Parodies," except *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*) 5. Ptarmigan.

- 249.** Nat-ural.

- 250.** Odor, rood, door.

- 251.** Ned, den, end.

- 252.** Sacramento.

- 253.** Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

254. Easily enough! You can make him fast any minute—by simply tying him to a post! (All failed to see the “catch,” except *Hero*, who gives the idea, if not the words.)

FRED^g answers all but 243, 245, 254.—18.

Aubrey^g answers all but 4 of 244, 3 of 248, 254.—18.

Kate M. answers all but 3 of 244, 245, 254.—18.

Remus answers all but 1, 3, and 4 of 248, 250, 254.—16.

C. W. J. answers all but 3 and 4 of 244, 245, 3 and 4 of 248, 249.—15.

Virginia answers all but 243, 3 of 244, 248, 249, 254.—12.

Delia answers all but 243, 3 of 244, 248, 249, 254.—12.

Tiny Wild Rose answers 2, 5, and 6 of 244, 246, 247, 2 of 248, 251, 252, 253.—9.

Rough Kate and Oddity answer 244, 246, 247, 2, 4, and 5 of 248, 251, 253.—8.

Hero answers 243, 244, 246, 247, 251, 254.—6.

Ego Ipse answers 244, 250, 251, 252, 253.—5.

Black Hawk answers 246, 247, 251, 253.—4.

Sabrina answers 244, 246, 251, 252.—4.

Angie P. answers 252, 253.—2.

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, etc., to Violet Forest, Ego Ipse, Delia, Virginia, Cis, Remus, and Eddie E. Perkins.

Answers to Correspondents.

Cis, in a very small way I am “making a collection of stamps.” “Eight hundred and fifty collected in eight months!” I can not but record your unexampled success! I thank you for your generous offer, and will consider it. I am rather afraid of No. 61’s substitute.

Ma Hitub, when I have leisure, I may shed a little ink to convince you of my entity.

Anna N. K., you will find answers to most of your questions in the Drawer for November. One or more errors in your list of words would not nullify the remainder. The words would simply be struck out; yet ~~JES~~ I should be glad to have those forwarding lists, etc., as particular as possible in making them cor-

rect, clear, and complete, so that they shall need little or no revision at my hands. What is it about the conditions of 1st and 2d Prizes that you do not understand? Latin and French words—except such as have been adopted into our language and sanctioned by Webster—are not to be admitted.

Tiny Wild Rose, see Rule 3d, November number.

May Clayton, in making out the lists, you can write on both sides of your paper. If the words are written in columns, instead of across the page, I should like it better.

Tennessean, I have not the least spark of information to impart to you on that subject. The “endless o’s” that you desire to be peacefully tucked away under, are not to be had. I know nothing whatever of the person you mention. You will find your questions answered in November and December numbers of the MUSEUM.

Violet Forest and others ask for definite information with regard to names of persons and places.

~~JES~~ Any names of persons, not foreign to our language, or not identical with words already given in your lists (as *Green*, *Shepherd*, *Bell*, etc.), may be sent, and will be counted. Scriptural names may be included with the above, or sent under a separate heading.

~~JES~~ Names of places, rivers, etc., such as may be found in any ordinary atlas, will of course be admitted. Those identical with words already given in your list of words, or names of persons, must be omitted.

Sigma, I am glad you are doing so finely. Your plan of dividing off your list under various heads will save me much confusion and trouble in reviewing them.

C. W. J. also reports progress. He is getting on bravely!

Tennessean, take care that your ponderous Imp. Dic.(k?) does not “swamp” you! Don’t send anything with which *Webster and I* (!) are unacquainted.

* Graduates.





