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HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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NO. 37.

At the School.

BEFORE SCHOOL.
"Quarter to nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"
"One more backseat, then—he quick mother dear!"
"Where is my luncheon-box?" "Under the shelf."
Just in the place you left it yourself!
"I can't say my table!" "O, find me my cap!"
"One kiss for mamma and sweet sis in her hair."
"Be good, dear!" "I'll try—9 times 9's 81."
"Take your mittens!" "All right." "Hurry up, Bill, let's run."
With a slam of the door, they are off, girls and boys.
And the mother draws breath in the hush of their noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!"
"O, mother! I've torn my new dress, just look here!"
"I'm sorry, I know you were climbing the wall."
"O, mother! my map was the nicest of all!"
"And Nelly, in spelling, went up to the head!"
"O, say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"
"I've got such a toothache." "The teacher's unfair!"
"Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear!"
Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast.
These nursery whirlpools, not long do they last.
A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise.
Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys!

A FRIEND UP TOWN.

Nurse Maycock was sitting in a disconsolate attitude, her cap ribbons hanging limply about her under lip almost in contact with her nose. My youngest-born, sprawling tily on her lap, found hardly holding room there, and was sliding down the inclined plane of her knees all unheeded. Nurse, like her master, has occasional fits of gloom and depression, and her sadness, as his, generally proceeds from the same cause, that is, lack of money.

"Well, Maycock," I said, glancing round the nursery, "how are you getting on here? Children all right?"
"Yes, sir; there ain't nothing the matter with them," with a sigh. "I don't feel just right myself."
"Spasms again?"
"A vile pain in the small of the back—just there, you know, sir," said Mrs. Maycock, giving herself a sharp blow with the fist on the part affected. "Liver, no doubt," I said. "Take a pill."

"I've got 'em till I'm tired of 'em, sir. Not but what I should feel better, I dare say, if I was more comfortable in my mind."

"What's your secret grief, Mrs. Maycock?"
"Money, sir—money. I don't know where it really goes to, really; and children, sir, they're always dunning of you. Here's my daughter Mary going out to service, and money wanted to get her things, and where it's coming from I don't know."

"I wish I knew where money would come from when it's wanted."

"Ah," said Mrs. Maycock, resignedly, "you can't get blood out of stone. Well, thank goodness, I've got a friend up there," she said, with a backward jerk of the head, "that'll help me."

"A happy frame of mind, nurse," I said. "I wish I had such confidence in the powers above."
"Bless you, sir, he's the same to one as another, as long as you've got anything for him."

"Your meaning, Maycock? I don't exactly understand your doctrine."
"My friend up town, sir—Mr. Gedge, the pawnbroker."

Mrs. Maycock knew that I should not be shocked at this allusion; nor was I. Still I felt bound to offer up a moral maxim or two. "It's a wasteful way of getting money," I said. "You pay about thirty per cent."

"Ah, but it's better than borrowing, after all, sir. There's no remarks made, and he don't ask you for your money back again. Not but what there's some people sets their faces against it, and my sister-in-law was one as 'ad never go nigh such places, and she said she drove to it, and made her fortune by it the very first time she went."

"Made her fortune," I cried, my curiosity excited, "out of a visit to a pawnbroker?"
"Yes, sir, her fortune. He's a master builder, sir, now, her husband, and they live in a height-roomed house, he built himself, and was having parish relief no longer ago than that."

"Tell me the story, nurse. I should like to know how it's done."

Mrs. Maycock vigorously stirred the nursery fire, latched her young charge into a more easy position, adjusted her cap, and began:

"My sister-in-law Emma, as was formerly a Maycock, was in service for many years with Admiral Brown, living at Withenfield Lodge, Kingston, till she met with Rogers, being a carpenter, a journeyman, but a very good hand, as kept company with her for a good while, and then married. The admiral's family was very kind to them. They give her her wedding clothes and a breakfast the day they were married, and the young ladies presented her with a beautiful silver tea-pot. And as they were going off—a fly and a pair of horses and everything grand—the admiral comes down the steps, and says he, 'Good luck to you, Mrs. Rogers,' says he, 'My daughters have found you a tea-pot and I've found the tea, and I hope it'll do you good.'"

"Well, sir, Emma was crying a good deal, through having been in her place ever since she was a little bit of a girl, fifteen years in one place; and, 'Thank you kindly, sir,' says she, 'for all your goodness to me—you and the young ladies'—and nothing did she think about the tea except that the admiral meant it was for a good thing of it, and they'd had tea, for to be sure, and everything first-rate."

"Emma had saved a bit of money, and with that her husband went into

business. He was a hard-working man, but unfortunately through speculating in buying timber, and then he was taken ill with rheumatic fever, and little better than a cripple for years; and Emma had a lot of children, seven in all, and she had her hands full with them, as you may judge. And by degrees they brought very low. Nothing in the cupboard, and seven children tugging at your apron-strings ain't no child's play, is it, sir?"
"I can sympathize with Mrs. Rogers. How did she manage?"

"Well, sir, she went to the parish. She'd got some friends among them as was on the board, and all right, as how she'd struggled hard to keep her home together, and the gentlemen kindly give her some relief till such times as her husband could get into work again. Well, sir, they had a deal of money against their rules, and she said, and so on; but the end of it was as they gave her a shilling a week for each of the children, and three and six for her husband and her. And with that and what she made going out washing they kept body and soul together."

"They'd always managed to keep a decent house about them, for that was her pride, poor thing; as I should have been too proud for to go to the parish, and would have sold every stick and board sooner than do it. But she'd got a new plan, and she'd rates herself, she says, 'as low as we could, and now let them pay for us,' says she. And there was a reason in that."

"Yes, sir, she'd a nice little house, with a parlor as they never used, that was a new piece of furniture, and a pet on the floor, a little round table in the middle, two little cupboards, one on each side of the fireplace, and on one of 'em a mat in violin-work, and a top of that silver tea-pot."

"Do you mean that it was the fiddle you sold, Mrs. Maycock?"
"I don't know what pattern it was, but it was a beautiful tea-pot, as always stood on that mat of violin work. She'd never used it, bless you, never had made no tea in it; not when she'd company or nothing. There it stood, just as she'd had it from the admiral's family, with the silver parer inside it and all! She cleaned it every week on Saturdays with whitening, and brushed it over with an old tooth-brush."

"Well, sir, Emma had just come home from a day's washing, and was fighting herself up the best way she could for to set down to mend the children's things, when there was a knock at the door, and Emma answers it; and, lo and behold! there stood a lady in a black silk dress with a drawn bonnet, and says she, 'Are you Mrs. Maycock?' 'Yes, ma'am, and what's your pleasure?' says Emma. 'Says she, 'I'm—'

"Not the district visitor again," said I, laughing, as by Mrs. Maycock's knitted brow and pursed-up lips, I conjectured that she had conjured up before her mind's eye an image of her *bet* nurse."

Mrs. Maycock shook her head in a way that implied a good deal. "Yes, the district visitor," she went on; "and so Emma says, 'Indeed, ma'am!' and shows her into the parlor, being a bit nervous, and she goes and gets the parish relief. So the lady looks here and there, and up and down, and axed Emma ever so many questions about this and that and the other; and in the middle of it all the baby cries, and away goes Emma to 'tend to it. Well, when she comes back the lady looks very cross and uppish, and she says, 'Mrs. Rogers,' says she, 'may I ask if this here's your tea-pot?' 'Why, yes, ma'am,' says she, 'as was gave me by Admiral Brown's family.' 'Oh!' says the visitor, in a towering rage, 'and you receive parish relief, with a silver tea-pot, as never could afford such a thing for myself!' says she; and with that she flings away."

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