

For the Young Folks.

The Good Woman.
(Continued.)

"Why," said he to himself, "could Miris not restore my spirits, with all her kindness, while Lorette has done it with a single little word? Two is one too many—Lorette is enough for me."

On the other hand, Miris was plain. Lorette was now twelve years old, Miris thirteen, and Finin fifteen, when one evening, after supper, they were all seated in front of the cottage with the Good Woman, who instructed them in a hundred agreeable things. The youthful Finin, seeing Lorette playing with the jewel on her neck, asked his dear mamma what it was for? She replied that she had found one on each of them when they fell into her hands. Lorette then said, "If mine would do as well as yours, I should be glad."

"And what would you have it do?" asked Finin. "You will see," said she, and then taking the end of the ribbon, "Little cherry," she continued, "I should like to have a beautiful house of roses."

At the same moment they heard a slight noise behind them. Miris turned around first, and uttered a loud cry; she had caught a butterfly, and she appeared one of the most beautiful creatures that could possibly be seen. It was not a butterfly, but the roof was formed of roses that would bloom in winter as well as in summer. They entered it, and found the most agreeable apartments, furnished magnificently. In the midst of each room was a rose-tree in full flower, in a precious vase; and in the first which they entered, they found the partridge Finin had lost, which flew on to his shoulder and gave him a hundred caresses.

"It is only to wish," said Miris, and taking the ribbon of her jewel in her hand, "Little medlar," she continued, "give us a garden more beautiful than our own." Hardly had she finished speaking, when a garden was presented to their view of extraordinary beauty, and which everything that could be imagined to delight the senses appeared in the highest perfection.

The young folks began immediately to run through the beautiful alleys, amongst the flower-beds and round about the fountains.

"Do you wish something better," said Lorette. "But I have nothing to wish for, except to be loved by you as much as you are loved by me."

"Oh," replied she, "my heart can satisfy you on that point. That does not depend on your reward." "Well, then," said Finin, "little almond, I wish that a great forest should rise near here, in which the King's son shall come to hunt, and fall in love with Miris."

"What have I done to you?" replied the beautiful girl. "I do not wish to leave the innocent life which we lead."

"You are right, my child," said the Good Woman, and I say that this King is a cruel monster, who has put to death the right sovereign and all his family; perhaps the son may be no better than his father."

called the partridge, which flew to her, and taking the paper from it, she read these lines:

To Lorette, dear bird, repair—
Absent from her sight I languish—
All my love to her declare—
Sweet joy and silent anguish.
Much too cold her heart, I fear,
Such passion e'er to know.
Were I to her but half as dear,
No greater bliss I'd crave below.

"What words!" cried the Good Woman, "what phrases! Simple friendship does not express itself with so much warmth." Then she stopped the fawn, which came to lick her hand, she unfurled the paper from its neck, opened it and found in it these words:

The sun is setting—you are absent yet,
Although you left me by the light of night!
Return, dear Finin; surely you forget—
Without you, day to me is endless night!

"Just as they did when I was in the world," continued the Good Woman; "who could have taught Lorette so much in the desert? What can I do to cut between the root of so pernicious an evil?" "Eh, Madam, what are you so anxious about?" said the partridge; "let them alone—those who conduct them know better than you."

The Good Woman remained speechless; she knew well that the partridge spoke by means of supernatural art. The notes fell from her hands in her fright; the fawn and the partridge picked them up; the one ran and the other flew; and the partridge called so often "Tu-tu" that the Good Woman thought it must be the powerful fairy who had caused it to speak. She recovered herself a little after this reflection, but not feeling equal to the journey she had undertaken, she retraced her steps to the House of Roses.

Meanwhile Finin and Miris had hunted the live long day, and, being tired, they had placed their game on the ground, and sat down to rest under a tree, where they fell asleep.

The King's son also hunted that day in the forest. He missed his suite, and came to a place where our young shepherd and his sheep were resting. He contemplated them for some time with wonder. Finin had made a pillow of his game-bag, and the head of Miris reclined on the breast of Finin. The Prince thought Miris so beautiful, that he precipitately dismounted, from his horse to examine her features with more attention. He judged, by their scarp and the simplicity of their apparel, that they were only some shepherd children. He sighed from grief, having already sighed from love, and this love, even, was followed in an instant by jealousy. The position in which he found these young people made him believe that such familiarity could only result from the affection which united them.

In this uneasy state of mind, not being able to tolerate their prolonged repose, he touched the handsome Finin with his spear. He started up, seeing a man before him, he passed his hand over the face of Miris, and awoke her, calling her "sister," a name which disappeared in a moment the alarm of the young Prince.

Miris rose up, quite astonished; she had never seen any one but Finin. The young Prince was the same age as herself. He was superbly attired, and had a face full of charming expression.

The Good Woman, however, was quite astonished at the strange wishes of these wonderful children, and knew not what to think of them. When night was come, she retired into the house of roses, and in the morning she found that there was a large forest close to the house. It formed a fine hunting-ground for our young shepherds. Finin often hunted down in it deer, harts, and roebucks.

He gave a fawn whiter than snow to the lovely Lorette; it followed her as the partridge followed Finin, and when they were separated for a short period, they wrote to each other, and sent their notes by these messengers. It was the prettiest thing in the world.

The family lived thus tranquilly occupied with different employments, according to the seasons. They always attended to their flocks, but in the summer their occupations were most pleasant. They hunted much in the winter; they had bows and arrows, and sometimes went such long distances that they returned, with slow steps and almost frozen, to the house of roses.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

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HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

DRY GOODS.

MILLER'S STORE.

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RAIL ROADS.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

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GROCERIES, &c.

CONFECTIONERY.

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CONFECTIONERY.

CONFECTIONERY.

CONFECTIONERY.

CONFECTIONERY.

CONFECTIONERY.

CONFECTIONERY.

CONFECTIONERY.

IRON, TINWARE, &c.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

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NATIONAL FOUNDRY.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

HENDERSON'S PHARMACY.

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