

"Mon Brave,"
Brave one, who loyally fell,
A simple little soldier,
And love you honor far too well
To wish that you might live,
It is because I love you,
With love that's limitless,
My thoughts can't quite themselves above
The common things of a grave.
Just, brave, and good, and true,
Pure heart, of spotless name,
I'm proud to call you mine,
And glad you're not your name.
And grief must not appear
To grieve with a heart so true,
Dear heart, it is hard to bear—
The glory of your life.
Yet if our best must die,
Why is there a "Mon Brave"?
Why should the weak have victory,
The strong and true have graves?
But from their graves they speak,
"This is our victory,"
"This we go down to save the weak,"
"This we have done to save the weak."
Yes, you have loved me,
The express in my name,
But in my heart I'll always
The morning sign I'll wear.

Scatter Out Your Crumbs.
Amidst the freezing sleet and snow,
For whoever craves it,
The poorest they will welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.
All have to spare, some too poor,
When want with winter comes,
And scatter out your crumbs.
Soon winter falls upon your life;
The day of reckoning comes,
Agree you now to help the poor,
As you would have them help you.

Jim Blinso.
Wall, I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see,
Lestwars, he's got out of the habit
Of being a soldier, you see,
What have you been for the last three
Years, Jim? You haven't been in
How Jim Blinso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He was not in—then engineers
All his pretty money he was
One with a Natchez—then the Hill
And another one in the habit
A homeless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row
He never flunked out of a job,
I reckon he never knew how.

And this was all the religion he had—
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To mind the pilot's bell,
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A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nose again the bank
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Her cheeks, until her merriment was
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"Ahem! I was to meet my niece here
to-day, and I don't see her."
"Your niece, sir? What is her name?"
"Verley."
"But she has been here these two
hours, bless her dear heart; she asleep
now."
"Asleep?" gasped Mr. Verley; but the
stevedores who hovered him by bustling
into the inner apartment and bringing out
what appeared to be a compact bundle,
with a pink face at one end of it, and a
sleazy looking creature at the other.
Joseph Verley recoiled as far as the
angle of the wall would permit him.
"It's—it's a baby!"
"To be sure it is," said the woman;
"and as little a little girl as ever I saw;
bless her sweet blue eyes!"
"But isn't there a nurse or some such
person here who would take charge of
her?"

There was a nurse brought her on, a
queer foreign-looking thing, with a yellow
skin and hair like black as night, and
big gold hoops in her ears; but she talked
something about the next steamer—I
don't remember her name, sir, and she
went right back to New York on the two
o'clock train."

Joseph Verley stood aghast, staring at
the tiny baby as it lay cowering in the
man's arms, and wondering which of his
lucky stars he should call on to fill him
in this unlooked-for emergency. A tall-grown
man with a nose that could have been
knocked—knocked—knocked—knocked—
I reckon he never knew how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To find his engine well,
New passed out of the habit
To mind the pilot's bell,
The smoke of the Prairie Belle,
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nose again the bank
If the last shot was a shell.

All boats had day on the Mississippi,
And her day came at last,
The boat was a day's boat,
And she came down the river,
But she came down the river,
And she came down the river,
With a sinner's soul on her side,
And her name was the Prairie Belle.

Jim Blinso's voice was heard,
And he had turned to the west,
And he had turned to the west.

WHY HE MARRIED.
"And don't you know when you will
pass through this part of the country again,
Mr. Verley?"
"No, I don't," said the old bachelor, de-
cidedly.
"It was something of a bear to answer
so crustily when Barbara Stued stood in
the doorway, with the shadowy lashes
drooping over the soft brown eyes, and the
rose meeting in the center of her forehead.
Her cheeks, until her merriment was
plain in comparison. Such a pretty, big,
bold, loving little creature as she was, in
all the best of her days, she had been
summer, and the soft light that fluttered
from her lips as the one-horse carriage
drove away, was a memory that never
left her. It was as if she had become a victim
of unrequited love, though she had rather
fancied Mr. Verley during his brief return
from his travels."

Mr. Verley drove away through the
rustling green draperies of the summer
house, whistling as he drove.
"I shall not see you again for the
1230 train," he meditated to himself.
"Punctuality is the soul of business, and
I shall be one of the behind-hand tribs,
thank Providence." But when he was
becoming dangerous to remain in that
place any longer. I am thirty-nine to-
morrow, and I just twenty years ago
I'd for me to go married. No you don't,
fancy me getting married! No you don't,
Joseph Verley, my friend."

The letter of the brother's exhorta-
tion came just in time, or I should certainly
have fooled away more time than would
have been sensible or profitable. Poor
creature, she had been so long in the
possession of him to fall sick and die on
his way home from Venice and leave his
daughter on my hands too. Why could
not have left her to her own devices?
Why I never did understand a woman's
ways, and what's more, I don't want
to. I am to meet her at Speedville, and take
her home with me, and I shall be
Verley, referring despairingly to his letter.
"And what I'm going to do with her when
she gets there, I'd like to know! I suppose
she's a great creature, but she's not a
ribbons, and just as likely as not to be
talking nonsense to her—a creature
that reads Byron and talks of the East
and eats salt-peas and chalk. I'll
take her to a boarding school, that's what I'll
do with my niece—and perhaps when she
has graduated there, I'll send her to
suggest some means of getting rid of
her."

And with this vindictive sentiment in
his mind, he hurried to the bank, and
chief over his head, and tried to lose him-
self in a series of brief, troubled dreams,
wherein the vision of a tall, nice young
figure loomed before him.
"Are we here already?" he stammered,
starting in his seat, as the conductor
bawled out "Speedville Station," and
singing umbrella, and looking out of the
window, with the bustling bustle of
peculiar to people just aroused from sleep,
he awoke.
Speedville was rather a large-sized vil-
lage, situated at the junction of several
rivers, with an imposing American
Gothic structure for a depot. Into this
building Mr. Verley walked, looking after
and left for the young lady whose guardian-
ship he was to assume.

Of course, he responded meekly,
"she'll be on the lookout for me; women
are proverbially curious."
But Harold Verley's daughter was not
to look for her uncle. When the crowd
was incident to the evening train had
subsided and the people had gone their
different ways, the only remaining oc-
cupants of the depot were Mr. Verley, a lame
old man who sold peanuts and apples, and
a decent looking colored woman, with a
brilliant Madras turban on her head, who
took care of the building. Neither of these
could be his niece. Mr. Verley, after a
little perplexed hesitation, addressed him-
self to the colored woman, who was busily
packing a tray with a piece of
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