

"DEAR CHILD." In the village by the river-side. She dwelt, long years ago. Where the sweet sun 'woks her every morn.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

HAT a life!" repeated the man to himself with almost a wince. "Making bricks without straw all the year round. I wish—there, I wish to God I'd never learned how to write!"

"What is the matter?" she had paused half way, with hands together. "Can't you write?"

"Write! I've nothing to write. I'm drained dry. And I've promised a tragic story with half a dozen for the Society Sun. Tragical! What's the time?"

"It must be nearly 6." "Six? Dark in another hour—dark now! I've done nothing. And you—you've done nothing to help me by so much as writing a word!"

"Never help you!" she echoed, and repeated it to herself. "I never help him! But when have you asked such a thing? What good would be my ideas?"

"Oh, not much. Women seldom have real ideas—they're fitting superficialities. Still—"

A long silence. The door creaked again, but he knew she had only closed it and was still hovering behind him. He was somewhat surprised, but would not turn, vaguely conscious of the

ed cheerful faces and relaxation after his work, and the wife was only his ghost creeping about the house. And so at last, for her the only alternative to a broken heart was a heart hardened to stone. And oh! she had so loved him—had so determined always to look her brightest and best for him!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER. Quaint Sayings and Cute Delays of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Leaved Edwitt Westroth Brown lived in Beacon street, in Boston town, with a lineage almost as long as your arm.

And when he went out, I tell it with shame, He spoke very rudely to Nurse Mary Jane.

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in a yellow coat half feathers and half down and half bare skin (but that's not many halves). He looked so splendidly sorry for Virginia. He looked like a little blue head at her and blinked one night eye.

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