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VOLUME 1.

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MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a shmall vite lamb,
Mit fur so fine like silk,
Und efery dime dot lamb vood shgwail
She'd gafe id bints of milk.

He vas a nice und poody lamb,
He's fond name dot vas Pede,
Und ven dere vas some milk around
He vas bully on der ead.

Dot lamb he use to blay mit her,
Und frisk, und jump, und run,
Und shase her all around der black—
By golly, dot vas fun!

She keebed an awful vile dot lamb.
Und he growed, und growed, und growed,
Dill bimeby den he vas a ram,
Und he's leedle horns dem showed.

Den Mary use to gafe him grass,
Und oads, und beans, und corns,
Und ven he vas full ab mit dot
He'd bunk her mit her horns.

Bud Mary she don't like him den,
He vas doo shdrong und shdoud,
Und she voodn't had him in der house—
She said, "Dot vas blayed out."

Von day dem vent to took a walk,
Und he beginned to shgwail,
So she selled him to a butcher's boy
To cud up into veal.

Der boy he shnatched him by der shnoud,
Und says:—"Your fate vas booked!"
Den shticked a knife by he's left ear,
Und now he's mutton's cooked.

"OUR STORY TELLER."

MRS. ROCHESTER'S MAID.

BY DAISY VENTOR.

(CONCLUDED.)

Grace peeped in quietly. The children had evidently been left to their own devices, as usual, for Allie had erected a grand barricade of all the chairs in the room around Fred's crib, and was keeping him fast prisoner.

"Now, Allie and Fred, listen to me," said their aunt, "I have brought Rosa, here to take care of you, and make you good children. She loves little boys and girls when they are good; and I shouldn't wonder if she had something nice for you now. See," for Grace produced a new doll, with very pink cheeks and blue eyes, "will that do for Allie in place of the one Fred killed yesterday? And Noah's Ark for Fred, too!"

"I love 'ou like—like every'ing!" said Allie, coming to Grace's side with eyes round in admiration of her new possession. "I will be dood; its Fred 'ou's so witted."

"Ain't witted!" was the immediate response from the crib.

"You must both be good," said Mrs. Rochester, impressively. "I will come over to-morrow, Rosa, and see how you get along. These children are to be under your entire control; and whatever you can do in the household to assist Mr. Keith, you have my full permission to attempt. Good-by, monkeys," and with a playful kiss to Allie, Mrs. Rochester departed.

Grace found plenty to occupy her in the nursery for an hour or two, and after she succeeded in getting the children playing peacefully, she left them in charge of Maggie, and went up to her little room which the girl pointed out to her. There she had a good opportunity to look at herself in the glass; and she smiled at her own appearance, with her cheap dress, and her pretty, curling hair plastered straight down over her ears. As she stood laughing, and saying to herself that she half repented her compliance with Fanny's scheme; she heard the bell ring violently, and then a general disturbance in the lower hall; so she walked out directly, and met Soames, looking awfully frightened, in the hall.

"What's the matter?" asked Grace.

"I believe Mr. Keith's killed," said he, dashing past her, to open the bed-room door; and as Grace looked down the stair-case, she saw three men bringing something up between them. They passed her, as she leaned shivering against the wall, and laid their ghastly burden on the bed.

"Is there any one here who has nerve enough to be of assistance?" asked Dr. Archer, looking at the row of terrified servants, as they crowded together in the hall. Grace stepped forward as he glanced at her.

"I will do what I can," she said, briefly. Her face was white and set, but there was no giving away in it; and, with a satisfied nod, he motioned her inside the room, and closed the door.

"I want you to hold his head while I sew up the wound, my girl," he said. "This way, quickly!" Grace bent over the still form. It was a deep, jagged

wound, perilously near the temple, and the handsome, death-like face was covered with blood.

"How did it happen?" questioned she, slipping her arm under Percy's head.

"They were hoisting some iron in Broad street, just when Mr. Keith was passing, and the pulleys broke. A close thing—very close thing. A splinter struck him just here; see how near the temple it is—never mind," kindly for Grace began to shiver; "don't look at it more than you can help—he's beginning to grow conscious."

Percy opened his eyes, and stared wildly at them for a second, then fell into the same deathly stupor. The doctor finished sewing up the wound.

"I fear he'll have a serious time of it," said he, watching Grace as she washed the blood-stains away from Percy's face and hands. "He may have a fever, and possibly be delirious. Is there any one to send for? Do you want a nurse, or can you take care of him?"

"I shall send for Mrs. Rochester, Mr. Keith's sister," said Grace, steadily; "but I am quite competent to take any directions you may leave."

"I'll stay for an hour or so," said the doctor, seating himself; "you go and send the message for Mrs. Rochester. Please send that man (whatever his name is, who came for me) to me, and come back yourself as soon as you can."

Grace went out, found Soames, dispatched a servant for Fanny, and then finished her morning's experience by fainting away on the nursery floor, to the infinite alarm of Maggie and the twins. However, when Fanny came, she found Grace posted in the sick-room, able to answer all questions, and laugh away her fears.

And now began a real siege for Grace Elliot. Percy woke from his stupor in a raging fever, and Mrs. Rochester took up her station in the house every day, and soon worn out with anxiety, was obliged to relinquish her place to Grace, whom Dr. Archer declared was invaluable. Every spare moment that Grace had was devoted to Allie and Fred, who grew desperately fond of her, and only ceased to roar when she left them, by being told of "poor papa, so very, very ill down stairs." Grace—how could she help it?—grew deeply interested in her handsome patient, and toiled untiringly, day and night till the crisis came. He raved that night of "Laura," and sad, indeed, was the picture she drew from his descriptions of his slighted love, and lonely heart. It made Grace's own heart ache; and hot, regretful tears rained from her eyes on his face, as she knelt down beside him, and prayed for him. And into Percy's delirium stole a strange fair vision—a vision of a pale girl, with golden hair, all loose and flowing far below her waist, her white hands clasped in earnest supplication, and her tearful, gray eyes looking love into his; and he thought the vision bent and kissed his lips, and then he watched her fade away as he sunk into quiet, peaceful slumber.

The crisis was over; and when Percy Keith opened his eyes again, he turned toward the watching figure at his side. He moved a little, and the woman bent over him—a commonplace-looking girl—a mere servant, to judge by her dress.

"Who are you?" he said, in a faint whisper.

"Mrs. Rochester's maid, Rosa," said Grace, the darkened room preventing his seeing the color that dyed her face.

"And where is she?"

"Mrs. Rochester?"

"No; the pale girl with golden hair, who prayed."

"Hush!" said Grace, hurriedly, pained and frightened lest he had really been conscious enough to recognize her, "you must talk no more now"—and Percy, too weak to insist, soon fell asleep.

He grew better so rapidly after that, that Grace began to try to absent herself from the room. But he was dreadfully petulant and whimsical, and would take nothing for himself, but insisted on Rosa's waiting on him every moment. Even when his sister rather quizzed him, one day, about his absurd penchant for Rosa, he said, briefly and sternly, "she suits me as no one else does;" and wicked Mrs. Rochester turned away to hide her smile of triumph.

Grace's three weeks, meantime, had grown into six; and she was intensely annoyed at feeling so contented about it. The days were very pleasant to her now, for, since Percy could sit up and move about his room, he had a fancy for mak-

ing her sit and read to him; and often they wandered off into long talks afterward, until Grace, with a start, would remember her role of nurse, and hurry off to the children.

Once a day Allie and Fred paid papa a visit; and on one memorable Saturday, they came, as usual, looking pretty droll as ever.

"How are you, monkeys?" said their papa, twitching the curls of the pair, as they stood on tip-toe to be kissed.

"Pity well," said Allie, gravely. "Oss was cwoos dis morning, and pulled my turls dwedfully."

"Serve you right," said Percy. "I suppose you didn't stand still. Why did you think Rosa was cwoos?"

"Oss kyed!" put in Fred, desirous of notice.

"Nonsense, Fred! you were dreaming!" said Grace, quickly.

"Oss mustn't tell wrong stories," said Allie, severely; "it's witted. 'Ou did ky—I saw 'ou! and 'ou said 'ou mus' go away from here."

Grace's face burnt like fire.

"It's true that I must go away before long, sir," said she, addressing Percy. "Mrs. Rochester is still without a maid; and she has been so very kind to me that I feel as if I ought to return, as soon as you can provide yourself with a substitute."

"It would be hard for me to do that," he said, a little under his breath, looking steadily at her downcast face. It was an absolute relief to Grace that Fred, at that moment, upset a cut-glass dish containing jelly, breaking it into bits.

"Oh, Fred!" said Grace, "you are getting naughty again. Did I not tell you never to touch anything on papa's table? I shall have to take you both down to the library, and give you a long lesson as punishment. I will be back before long, Mr. Keith, and finish that review for you;" and off she went, the children clinging to each hand.

They were unruly pupils enough at all times, but that morning they were especially rebellious. Fred would not be convinced that "a," "b," spelt anything whatever; and Allie insisted that "d" and "b" were the same letter. Grace was busily engaged in trying to conquer Fred; so Miss Allie improved the opportunity to give a clutch at the comb in Grace's hair, lost her balance in the attempt, and Allie and the hair tumbled down together.

"You abominable child!" scolded Grace, picking her up; "you shall be—" But the sentence never was finished, for, on looking up, there stood Percy! The room whirled before Grace's eyes, and she stood looking the picture of guilt as he came nearer to her.

"I had a dream while I was ill," he said, taking her hand, "a dream of a pale girl, with hair and eyes like yours; hair as I see it now, and not hidden, as you have worn it heretofore, and eyes full of tears. And the vision prayed for me!" he exclaimed, as he sunk into a chair, too weak and excited to stand. And then, as if uncontrollably, he drew her down beside him, and kissed her once—twice!

"A charming tableau-vivant!" said a voice. "Percy Keith, are you mad?" and Mrs. Rochester planted herself in front of the pair, looking like Nemesis in person.

"Oh, auntie!" screamed Allie, "papa tied 'Oss two times!"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Percy?" indignantly. "Even that child—"

"Fanny, be quiet! said her brother.

"I won't! When I've begged and besought you to look about you and select a wife; when there are New York girls by the score who'd give almost anything to have you; when I told you I had picked out that lovely Grace Elliot for you—to disgrace you—"

"Fanny! Fanny!" but the storm rushed on unheeding. "Yes disgrace yourself, and all of us. As for you, you good-for-nothing, artful, designing creature—"

"Oh, Fanny! be merciful!" and, turning red as a damask rose, Grace sat down on the floor, and then began to laugh hysterically, while Mrs. Rochester fell into the nearest chair, and laughed too, laughed till she cried.

Percy gazed at them both in blank amazement. "I think this must be one of my fever-dreams," said he, ruefully, at length. "Fanny, for heaven's sake, stop! Rosa, do explain what this extraordinary farce is!"

"Explain!" resumed his sister, in a fresh paroxysm. "I am quite anxious you should. So you begin to show how ar-

dently you hate her by kissing her before my very eyes, do you?"

A strong-minded woman! Yes, strong-minded enough to have Dr. Archer in ecstasies over her coolness when he performed that operation on your head. I should think you would be struck dumb, Percy Keith, whenever you think of that terrible Grace Elliot."

A faint glimmer of light dawned on Percy's bewildered mind.

"You don't mean," began he, and his hand went up to his head with a helpless gesture that brought Grace to him instantly.

"Forgive me," she said; "it was begun by a word. Don't you see the poor fellow's waiting for it?" "Will you love me any the less?" she said, placing her hand in his. "I didn't know you considered Grace Elliot such an ogre! I have not been treated fairly, Fanny. Exonerate me from any of your plots and plans—indeed, I am not—"

"No matter," said Percy, resignedly. "I'll forgive you, Fanny, and you may make much of my surrender. Grace, darling, if you go back to Fanny's, as I suppose you'll insist upon doing, now I've found you out, you'll promise to come home to me soon—a poor, miserable, sick man, who can't live without you. Besides, there are the monkeys, who would certainly drive me mad in three days."

"Considering the children," said Grace, archly, "and that you walked down stairs alone for the express purpose of my utter discomfiture—very soon? Yes."

"Oh, papa! 'ou tised her again—my turn now," said mischievous Allie, and she also kissed Mrs. Rochester's MAID.

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What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire engine.

The young lady at Allemaoogozelum who was up with the lark is now down with the rheumatism.

—A sign in Red Bank, N. J., reads thus: "New maid and old maid clothing always on hand."

A contemporary says, "The first printers were Titans." There are a good many "tight uns" among them still.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he honestly asked, "Pa, hadn't I better be mended?"

"You cruel man," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "My tears have no effect on you at all."

"Well, drop them, my dear," said Jones.

—The theater of war is closed for the present. A peace is in preparation which we hope will have an unprecedented run.—Punch.

A kind lady who sent up a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.

A Chicago girl, who has lost her right leg, advertises for a husband who has no right one; as thus they can buy their shoes together and have nothing over.

Many of our city tradesmen having signs in their windows, "Selling at less than cost," and others of a similar nature, one more enterprising trader has outdone them by the following: Selling at cost—and more too."

A recently married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question: "As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again."

A little boy in a Brooklyn Sunday-school was asked lately to say which was the most beautiful verse in the Bible. After some hesitation he replied, blushing, "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

—They have smart children "down east" A little six year old, daughter of a Methodist minister, committed a fault, and denied it. Her mother, learning she was guilty, asked her why she told the untruth, when she replied with great sang froid, "I should not, if I believed as you and father do, but I am a Universalist."

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