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The Indian Girl's Reply.

[illegible] ask me to love you, to leave the green
[illegible] bower's
[illegible] the forest, abandon this bright land of
flow'rs,
[illegible] wigwam, the lodge, and my dear trysting
grove,
[illegible] each evergreen tree is a symbol of
love,
[illegible] flower-dotted plains, lakes and rivers so
bright,
[illegible] each varying scene thrills the heart
with delight.

[illegible] ask me to flee from the wild woods
away,
[illegible] bright haunts of fashion, false, gor-
geous, and gay,
[illegible] the homes of the pale face, the palace,
and hall,
[illegible] luxury stifles and passions enthrall,
[illegible] the temple of mammon is held as di-
vine;
[illegible] the goddess of lust is adored on its
shrine.

[illegible] my that you love me, that dream will ere
long
[illegible] away from thy heart like the nightin-
gale's song.
[illegible] may love for a moment, may flatter me
now,
[illegible] praise the dark locks that encircle my
brow,
[illegible] the maze of the dance, in gay fashion's
mad whirl
[illegible] forget the bright eyes of the Chippe-
wa girl.

[illegible] pale face, I answer my home is the
wild,
[illegible] nature's glad cradle to each forest
child,
[illegible] born 'neath the cloud or the sun's
ruddy glow,
[illegible] the storm or the tempest, the mist or the
snow;
[illegible] the gloom or the darkness, the light or the
shade,
[illegible] in the grove is the wild Indian
maid.

[illegible] this forest home is all Eden to me,
[illegible] serves for the soul, no forbidden-fruit
tree;
[illegible] purity dwells, and the charm of love's
dream
[illegible] bright on the green-wood, the prairie,
and stream;
[illegible] the song bird is free and the wild deer
is fleet,
[illegible] grove has no pit-falls for innocent feet.

[illegible] the wild dove to forsake the green
shade
[illegible] cage in some parlor to pine and to
fade;
[illegible] the young fawn the gay forest to
leave,
[illegible] tinselled boudoir to languish and
grieve;
[illegible] not a maid of the forest to flee
[illegible] sins of the city—the Indian is free.

[illegible] dwell in the wildwood where love is
supreme
[illegible] heart and the soul—not a myth, not a
dream;
[illegible] maidens are pure and affections are
free,
[illegible] purchased like hearts in the towns by the
sea,
[illegible] woo me where nature has hallow'd
each scene,
[illegible] waters so bright, in the forest so
green.

—Charles J. Beattie, in Inter-Ocean.

SISTER NELL.

[illegible] was a very meanly-furnished room, [illegible] yet it looked bright and cheerful [illegible] as the light of the single lamp [illegible] on the table dispelled enough of [illegible] shadows to soften and round every [illegible] without disclosing the shabbiness [illegible] furniture, and the thinness of the [illegible]-worn carpet that covered the [illegible].

[illegible]re were a few books on a swing-[illegible] shelf over the table, a pot of ferns [illegible] rude bracket in one corner of the [illegible], and some cheap chromos tacked [illegible] wall.

[illegible] girl of eighteen, in a faded calico [illegible], the sleeves of which were rolled [illegible]ove her dimpled elbows, was just [illegible]g her hands on a coarse towel, [illegible] making answer to the questions of [illegible] thin-faced child, with large [illegible] eyes, and a tangled mass of gold-[illegible]rly hair, who sat, propped up by [illegible], on the bed that occupied the [illegible]r of the room opposite that where [illegible] ferns were placed.

"Are you tired, sister Nell?"

[illegible] face of the girl with the towel [illegible]nly brightened, and she laughed [illegible]rily.

"Tired? Not a bit, Essie, dear!" she [illegible]wered; "see, it is only eight o'clock," [illegible]ting to the face of the cheap time-[illegible]e that ticked on the mantel, "and [illegible] dishes are washed, and the room [illegible]pt clean, and the stove polished, and [illegible]re two whole hours before me for [illegible].

"Must you sew to-night, Nell?" asked [illegible] child on the bed, with a half-sob in [illegible] voice.

"Why?"

"Because—because"— and here the [illegible] came to the surface—"I wanted you [illegible] tell me a story—a real good-fairy [illegible], like the one you told me last [illegible]. Your stories are better than any [illegible] I read in the books, and you know [illegible]any."

[illegible] this open compliment Nell's face [illegible]ed crimson, but she laughed mer-[illegible], and seating herself by the bedside, [illegible] the thin wasted hand of little Essie [illegible] her own, and said:

"I'll tell you a short one to-night, [illegible], and then you must go to sleep. [illegible] day, when my ship comes in"— [illegible] said this a little bitterly—"I'll have [illegible] stories you like so well printed [illegible] great big book, full of the quaintest [illegible]res you ever saw, and with crim-[illegible] and gold covers, and when I'm [illegible] at work you can sit here and [illegible] them yourself."

"[illegible] if we're rich, Nell, you won't [illegible] to go to work," said Essie a little [illegible]ly.

[illegible] Nell, with a shrug of her round-[illegible]shoulders, laughed again, and began: "Once upon a time there lived in a [illegible] black forest an ugly and very [illegible]d ogre."

[illegible]d in following the fortunes of the [illegible] knight who bearded this ogre in [illegible]den and rescued the imprisoned [illegible]sse, Essie's great brown eyes grew [illegible] with wondering admiration; and [illegible] at last the tale ended happily, as [illegible]ch stories do, she clapped her hands gleefully and fell back among the pillows with a little sigh of contentment.

"Now you must go to sleep, Essie," said the story-teller.

And she sat by the bedside until the quivering eyelids of the little girl dropped in slumber.

Then stealing softly to the table, she shaded the lamp, and unlocking the drawer of an old-fashioned bureau which stood against the wall, took from its depths a little package of neatly-written manuscript, some blank paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink.

"It will be a great surprise to Essie," she murmured softly to herself.

And drawing the paper towards her, she wrote rapidly, in a hand as clear and distinct as copper-plate, until the clock in the church tower just round the corner tolled the hour of ten.

"I timed myself accurately," she murmured half aloud; "and"—measuring with her eye the pile of manuscript on the table before her—"the book is large enough. Some day I'll get out Volume II. Now for the illustration. Luckily, I had three-quarters of an hour of spare time to-day, when the press broke down, and inspiration enough to dash this off."

She arose as she finished speaking, and taking down her lunch-basket from a nail driven in the wall, lifted the cover and drew out a thin package wrapped in brown paper.

It was a piece of bristol-board, on which was traced, with a bold hand, a picture that illustrated the story she had told that night to her crippled sister.

Artistically speaking, it was a very faulty picture; but it had the merit of originality, and there was a certain vigor and firmness about the lines that gave character to the faces of the giant ogre, the daring knight, and the imprisoned princess.

The girl, with her head supported in her hands, eyed the rough drawing with a contemptuous curl on her lip.

"It is very bad I know," she murmured; "but Essie will value it. Oh, if I were only rich, and could take drawing-lessons, and have time to practice composition, perhaps some day I might produce something that would cause the world to give a little bit of praise to Helen Gwinett!"

She sighed a little despondently, but she pasted the drawing in position at the head of the story she had written out, and made all the manuscript into a compact bundle, which she wrapped in a brown paper, and placed in the bottom of her lunch-basket.

Then, after a glance at the fire, to see that it was properly banked, she undressed and crept into bed beside her sleeping sister.

Before sunrise the next morning, she was up and prepared the simple breakfast, and a noonday lunch for herself and Essie.

When, presently, Essie awoke, she washed and dressed the child, and they ate breakfast together.

At half-past six Nell kissed Essie good-bye, laid two or three well-worn books within reach of the helpless child, and seizing her lunch-basket, tripped merrily away to work.

Nell worked in a great printing and publishing house, and earned a pound a week.

It seemed a pitiful sum; and she hardly knew how she made ends meet with it; but she was a rigid economist, and generally had a few pennies with which to buy delicacies for her little invalid sister, who had been her constant care since, two years before, they were left orphans.

Nell had day-dreams sometimes, but they did not interfere with the practical issues of life, and the foreman of the room where she worked considered her his best hand.

On the floor above was the bindery.

Nell knew the foreman, a middle-aged Scotchman, who had been in the employ of the firm since boyhood, and that day at noon she sought him out in his little office, railed off in one corner of the great room.

"Mr. Carnagie," she said, breaking the string that confined the manuscript of her book, "I want to ask a favor of you."

"Well?" said the foreman interrogatively, speaking with a strong Scotch accent.

"I've got some manuscript here—some little stories that I have written out from time to time for my crippled sister's benefit. If I were rich I'd have them printed, although I'm not fool enough to believe they possess any merit except for her. I've made the manuscript as much like a book-page as possible, with wide margins all around, and I want to know if you'll bind it for me in one of those pretty gift-book covers, with these letters stamped in gold on the front, 'Essie in Fairyland, by Sister Nell.' I want to——"

"I can't do it!" said the foreman, a little gruffly, shaking his head; "it's contrary to orders. One of those gift-bindings is worth five shillings. You'll have to see the manager down-stairs. He don't hire me to give away his stock."

"Very well," cried Nell, snatching up the manuscript with a defiant toss of her head. "I've done you many favors, and you can do this if you want to. It's not likely that I'd ask the manager, but the book's got to be bound if it costs me a week's pay."

She flounced out of the room, the angry crimson dyeing her face, and went straight to the business-office down-stairs.

"What'll it cost to have this bound in one of those fancy gift-book covers?" she asked of Mr. Johnson, the business manager of the house, not noticing that Mr. Cyril Cawthorne, the junior member of the great publishing house of Cawthorne and Son, and the head of the literary department, was standing close beside the business manager's high desk.

Mr. Johnson picked up the package of manuscript, on the first page of which was a picture done in water-colors, crude, like all the rest, but drawn and colored by the same free hand that gave to all her pictures life and character.

He glanced from it to the face of the girl.

"You're one of our young women up-stairs, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"It is not our custom to charge employes anything for little jobs like this;" and turning to young Mr. Cawthorne, he handed him Nell's precious manuscript. "We won't charge one of our hands anything for binding this."

Mr. Cawthorne took the manuscript, and, without answering, began turning the leaves.

The manager walked away, leaving Nell still standing in front of the desk.

Mr. Cawthorne seemed interested in reading what the girl had written down, and in examining her crude pictures, for the minutes passed away, and he neither looked at her nor spoke.

When the hands on the clock above the desk indicated five minutes of one, Nell ventured to break the silence.

"If you please, sir," she began, "I—"

"Where did you get these stories?" demanded Mr. Cawthorne with sudden earnestness, tapping the manuscript with his long forefinger, and raising his spectacled eyes to Nell's face.

"They are mine," she answered. "I wrote them out."

"Do you mean to say that you composed them, and that these drawings are yours?"

"Yes, sir. I know they are not very good, but my little lame sister thinks they are grand, and it is to please her that I put them in that shape, and want them bound, so that she can read them over while I am at work."

"Ahem! Miss——"

"Gwinett."

"Yes; Miss Gwinett, I want to talk to you. Walk into my office, please."

And before Nell could realize what it all meant, she found herself seated in the publisher's private office, telling him the story of her life, and how the fairy-stories came to be written, and all her hopes and plans and ambitions.

When at length she finished, the publisher spoke with an earnestness that nearly took Nell's breath away.

"These stories," he said, "are capital—at least, if I can judge from one that I have just read—and your sister is a most excellent critic. Our house has been wanting to publish a book like this for some time, and if you'll allow me, I'll make you an offer for the manuscript—including the sketches."

"Sir?" said Nellie.

And she began to feel faint and giddy, and the room swam around her.

"I'll give you one hundred pounds down, and, if the book proves the success that I venture to say it will, the usual royalty after all expenses have been paid. I make this offer without reading the manuscript. Amuse yourself, and I'll see if my judgment is correct by a further perusal."

He turned to the manuscript, and Nell, left to herself, could only sit and stare straight ahead at the opposite wall, on which danced a thousand pictures, more real and life-like than they had ever been before to her.

She did not go back to work that afternoon, nor the next day, nor ever again.

Young Mr. Cawthorne came to see her in the little shabby room, which never before had looked so shabby to her, and talked to her of a future so glittering and grand that several times she pinched herself, hardly daring to believe that it was not a dream; but when he handed her the crisp bank-notes for the hundred pounds, and went away, promising to call again, she knew it must be real, and, with Essie's arms around her neck, cried out her joy.

She has told, in her own inimitable way, this story of her first triumph much better than I have done it, and the thousands of little children all over Christendom who have read with pleasure the story of "Essie in Fairyland," do not dream that "sister Nell," now a staid matron, and the mother of children, known far and wide as the gifted and accomplished Helen Gwinett Cawthorne—for she married the fairy prince just as they do in the story-books—was once a poor working-girl, who found time outside of work-hours to write the most delightful stories of elf-land that have ever been printed.

A Boston newspaper man says that Greenough's statue of Franklin in that city is worth studying, because it illustrates a theory for which the sculptor had the authority of the great physiognomist, Lavater. It is that each side of the human face represents different phases of human nature, man being a dual animal, with a double set of characteristics. On one side of the bronze face of Franklin Greenough has depicted the expression of the man of science who drew the lightning from the clouds; on the other he has represented the features of the author of the homely philosophy embodied in Poor Richard's Almanac.

WIT AND HUMOR.

We regret to say that the new magazine guns are not for the purpose of shooting writers of war reminiscences. —*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

After all Adam was a fortunate man. Eve never observed to him: "O, I forgot to tell you, mother's coming to pay us a visit next week."—*New Haven News.*

In the country: "And is the air healthy in this village?" "Excellent, monsieur, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."—*French Fun.*

Lady—I can give you a little more of that clam chowder if you want it. Tramp—Thank you, I've had all I want, an' besides you'll need what's left to wash the dishes with.—*Life.*

Youthful Bostonian—Mamma, aren't Mr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell both absent from the city? Mamma—I believe they are, dear. Y. B.—Well, can't I call my trousers "pants," just while they're away?—*Life.*

There is not so very much difference between a New York Alderman and a tramp. One walks the street wondering where he will find bail, and the other where he can get something to eat.—*Charleston News.*

"I notice that you call your fiancee 'Mag,' Joggng. Is her name Margaret?" "No, that is a contraction for Magnet, Fangle." "Is that her name?" "Not at all. I call her that because she is so attractive."—*N. Y. Mail.*

When the rumble of the explosion at Bayside reached the ears of a Westchester lady she exclaimed: "John's been tryin' er pass that bad quarter again downter Purdy's. He hit the road hard that time."—*Puck.*

Riley—"Spakin' of religun, me wife, Mary Ann, is an infidel." Rafferty—"Shure an' hat's too bad. Why don't yez git a ditorce?" Riley—"On phat grounds, Raferty?" Rafferty—"On the grounds of infidelity, av coorse."—*Rambler.*

A young widow in mourning for her faithless spouse who died some weeks before: "I am very unhappy, she sighed, when her friends came to console with her. "But then one consolation remains. I know where he passes his nights."—*French Fun.*

Jawkin—That was a rather sudden death of old Skinflint's. What was the matter with him? Hawkins—Economy. The two undertakers are running each other, and funerals are away down in price. Old Skinflint never missed a bargain it his life.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Some men are very careless," remarked Dumley. "I went into a cigar store this morning and on the showcase lay change for a $5 bill, which some customer had evidently forgotten." "I say, Dumley," whispered Featherly, "have you got it yet?"—*New York Sun.*

A young man found a handbag at Tuscola, Ill. It contained $35, and belonged to a widow in Antwood, and when the young man returned it she rewarded him by marrying him the next day. We hate to print this item. It is such a discouager to honesty in young men.

He (who thinks he ought to say something)—"Haw, by the by, have you evah heard Miss Fitz-Morris play that little thing you just played?" She (having just finished her favorite nocturne)—"No." He—"Haw, you ought to, she plays it so beautifully."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Stage-struck lady (anxiously)—"Isn't the expression a little sad?" Lithographic artist—"You vos going to daig dot Migado on der road, ain't it?" Stage-struck lady—"Yes." Lithographic artist—"Vell, dot pordraid vill pe vust like you in apout d'ree veeks."—*Tid-Bits.*

They were standing on the deck of a Cunarder that runs to the Hub. "And what is that shining so?" she asked. "That is the dome of the State-house. I was born right in its shadow." "You don't say? And this is really America, then?" "O, dear no, this is Boston."—*New Haven News.*

A [illegible] maiden had married a gentleman named Young. "Allow me to congratulate you on the renewal of your youth," said the jester after the ceremony. "Sir," was the frigid and dignified response, "I fail to comprehend your meaning." "Why," said the jester, "don't you know your marriage has made you Young again?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Wilkesbarre lady has begun suit against a marriage association at Reading, Pa., to recover $1,000. In 1882 she signed a contract with the association by which she was to receive $250 if she married within a year, $500 if the doubling up came in two years and $1,000 if the event did not take place for three years. The insured lady remained single for three years and then married. When she sent in her claim it was refused payment.

Count de Lesseps is thus picturesquely photographed by a writer in the Washington *Post:* "The Count was in the best of form. His gray mustache was well waxed and drawn out at the ends as fine as a needle-point. The Count has a great nose which runs nearly the whole length of his face like a rabbit's nose, and when he smiles much, which is very often, the nose overshadows everything else, and his little eyes peer out peculiarly from a focus of wrinkles which seem absolutely to revel in the fun which brings them into play."

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