

Family Reading.

Where do You live?

I knew a man and his name was Horner. Who used to live at Grumble corner; Grumble-corner in Cross-patch Town. And he never was seen without a frown. He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that; He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat; He grumbled at morning; he growled at night; And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

New Select Serial.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE: Six Months of a Girl's Life.

CHAPTER V. AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTIAN. Mrs. John Hurd has never been called an unkind woman; and in this case,—well, to quote herself, 'circumstances, you know!'

leisurely, while in fact, the elder lady is skillfully turning the sincere little kinswoman inside out. 'My dear, supposing I could not have sent for you, what were your plans for the future?'

blantly. 'I spend many hours here. I wanted to show you what her winter wardrobe will need. If you know at first, you can more easily arrange your time systematically, for I fancy you are like sister on that point. In this drawer are Theo's patterns and measures—but I will oversee the cutting myself. The girls often sit here, so you will not be lonely. You are admiring my rosewood 'Wheeler and Wilson,' I see. It tucks and ruffles to perfection, which you will come to appreciate since baby has a lady's fancy already for frills and trimmings. But there's enough of this to-day, my dear. You will find the room well warmed every morning. I will cut the aprons sometime during the day, perhaps, if you would like something to do.'

By and by, after she has bathed her hot face, and is unpacking, there comes a light tap upon her door. It is her cousin Saidee. She enters with a bonnie smile, looking right into Lois' wet eyes. 'Why, my little cousin!' she says. 'Home-sick among us already? that will never do. Here, let me send Hannah to unpack for you! or, no, I will help you myself, and we can talk.'

look at your books?' she adds, glancing down into the trunk. Lois lifts them out upon the table. She smiles as she does so. 'I wouldn't wonder if I could be judged somewhat better by my books than by my clothes.'

Indian Girls. As an example of their stoicism, it is said that during a fight with the American troops, in the west, an Indian woman concealed her little girl in a barrel, telling her to remain perfectly quiet, whatever happened. After the battle the child was found with her arm shattered by a mini-ball,—but she had uttered no sound. Their distrust of the whites is as characteristic as their self-control. One of the little girls at the schools who retains her Indian name, Kesceta, bears frightful scars from wounds inflicted by her mother with a sharp stone. Their village had been taken by United States soldiers, and rather than have her child fall into the hands of the white men, the poor mother tried to kill her. Coming from such influences, it is surprising to note how quickly the young Indians show appreciation of what is done to them, and the intelligence and affection which light their black eyes as they return the greetings of the noble women who teach them.