

When Baby Died.

The chubby fingers were so cold, the white robe held each well-laid fold, and all in place lay the curls of gold, When baby died.

Kind friends came then, my grief to share, that dark as night was noontide glare; My heart was in the casket there, When baby died.

To more the pattering baby feet would daily run, my smile to greet— they were still and cold, in that casket neat, When baby died.

The flowers were so pure and fair, arranged by friends with loving care! My heart yielded to despair, When baby died.

Patting tongue—how can I bear when comes the hour of evening prayer, to have at my knee no head bowed there, Since baby died?

Would not think God was unkind, yet to his kindness I was blind; My grief was filling my whole mind, When baby died.

Now I know that it was best; My birding will in heaven rest, though empty is my own home nest, Since baby died.

Beyond the ether blue, rising as the angels do, I'll never know the grief I knew, When baby died.

Help me, O God, to be resigned, and now my duty's path to find, my yield to doubts that filled my mind, When baby died.

When my labors here are o'er, I'll meet my loved on heaven's shore, forgetting all my sad heart bore, When baby died.

The Balloon and the Bird. There is a balloon-man going by! Sure enough there was. Ted and me rushed to the front door to see the balloons.

'Blue ones and red ones!' 'Just like a great bunch of grapes!' 'See 'em bob in the wind!' 'Oh, oh!'

Two pairs of boy eyes gazed in an agony of longing at the balloons. Uncle Mark was sitting on the porch. Now got up and came toward the boys.

'When I was a small boy, I liked balloons.' 'I guess all boys do,' said Ted, modestly.

'Which color do you want?' he asked, holding some change from his pocket. 'Red,' said Ted.

'Red,' said Tony. 'Two red men,' said Uncle Mark to the man. 'Oh, no,' said Ted; 'we don't want red. They'll get mixed up.'

he'd let me have my balloon,' whimpered Tony.

'I wouldn't mind a bit if it was mine,' said Ted. 'It's so comical to see it bobbing in the wind while that little rascal works away!'

'I don't mind,' said Tony. 'You never had a balloon built into a bird's nest.'

An hour later the string was much shorter. Before night the balloon was bound down to within a foot or two of the nest. And there it stayed for weeks, probably to the envy of all other sparrows.

At last, in a wind-storm, it burst; and for the rest of the summer a little dab of red hung down from the nest, which was the last of Tony's balloon. —Vick's Magazine.

Baby Clarke's 'Chupper.'

BY MINNIE L. UPTON. 'No, said Baby Clarke, 'I tan't do to bed 'till after chupper.'

'But we had supper, baby,' said mamma. 'Don't you remember? We ate supper on the 'choo-choo cars' before we got to grandma's house.'

He shook his yellow head with sorrowful emphasis. 'Vat wasn't chupper.' 'Bless his dear heart!' cried grandma. 'He's forgotten. Boys do get hungry so often. Let me get him some bread and milk, Gertrude. That won't hurt him; and then he'll go to bed like a lamb.'

Grandma suited the action to the word, and in a trice Clarke found himself seated before a little round table in the high chair that had been brought down from the attic the minute that grandma and grandma had received the letter telling them that their little grandson was coming to make them a visit.

'What a quiet child!' quoth grandma. 'Is he always so still, daughter Gertrude?' Clarke's mamma looked puzzled.

'No, indeed,' she responded, 'if his appetite were not so good, I should certainly be quite alarmed. I suppose he is tired from his first journey on the steam-cars.'

'I hope it's nothing worse,' sighed grandma, settling her spectacles so as to see him better, and beginning to look worried.

Presently Clarke laid his spoon down, and wiped his rosy lips meditatively. Then mamma took him in her lap, and began to unbutton his tired little shoes.

But the astonished and reproachful expression in his wide eyes made her pause, with the chubby foot in her hand.

'O mudder, I don't want to go to bed before chupper! I hasn't been naughty!' Grandma dropped her spectacles, and forgot to pick them up.

Grandpa threw back his head, and laughed and laughed! 'Well, well, well!' he said at last: 'the boy's hearty, and no mistake. Glad to see it! Glad to see it!'

'He certainly is the beaternest,' said grandma, smilingly donning the 'specs' which grandpa had picked up between laughs. 'But do—don't scrip him on victuals. I'll get him some more bread and milk.'

'He doesn't need it,' said his mamma, half laughing and wholly puzzled. 'I can't imagine what makes him act so.' Clarke watched and listened, his eyes exceedingly bright and his lips beginning to quiver.

Straightening out the Furrows.

'Boys' he said, 'I've been trying every day of my life for the past two years to straighten out the furrows, and I can't do it.'

One boy turned his head in surprise toward the captain's neatly kept place. 'Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad; I don't mean land furrows!' continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became intense as he went on.

'When I was a lad about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case'—not exactly bad and vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her—but she never got impatient.

How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old.

'After awhile, tired of all restraint, I ran away—went to sea—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the sea, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending something besides empty letters. And such beautiful letters as my mother always wrote during all those years of cruel absence! At last I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to get back to the dear, waiting soul.

'So when I could stand it no longer, I came back, and such a welcome and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys; but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair and the deep furrows on her brow. I knew, too, that I helped to blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and draw those lines in that smooth forehead; and those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

'Her face was peaceful, and the expression was as contented as possible, but the furrows were still there. I hadn't succeeded in straightening them out. I never shall—never!'

'When they lay my mother, my fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there will be furrows on her brow, and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you that the neglect you offer your parents' counsel now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads—it will abide!'

'But,' broke in Freddie Hollis, with great, troubled eyes, 'I should think, if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter much.'

'Ah, Freddie, my boy,' said the captain, in a voice whose quavers showed the emotion he was trying to control, 'you can not undo the past! You may do much to make the rough places smooth, but you can't straighten out the furrows; my lads, remember that.'

'Guess I'll go and chop some wood mother spoke of this morning; I'd most forgotten about it,' said lively John Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

'Yes, and I've got some errands to do,' suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

'Touched and taken,' said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thoughtful, soldierlike way.—Lifeboat.

The Honest Bootblack.

'Shine, sir?' 'Yes; I want my shoes blacked.' 'Then I would be glad to shine them, sir,' said the boy.

'Have I time to catch the Hudson River train?' 'No time to lose, sir; but I can give you a good job before it pulls out. Shall I?' 'Yes, my boy; don't let me be left.'

In two seconds the bootblack was on his knees and hard at work. 'The train is going, sir,' said he, as he gave the last touch. The man gave him a half dollar and started for the train. The boy counted out the change and ran after his patron, but was too late, for the train had gone.

when a man became a partner in his friend's large business.—Farmer's Advocate.

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